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A WORD TO WOMEN

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A LONG time ago — all of three years, perhaps longer — I saw a floating item in a periodical to the effect that 41 per cent of our national wealth is controlled by women, and that the percentage is rising. Curiously, this bit of news did not make much of an impression on me at the time, but the recollection of it kept coming back to me afterward, and more frequently as time went on. After being pestered in this way for three years or more, I bethought myself of an acquaintance who has facilities for looking up data on such matters, and asked him to get chapter and verse for me, which he very kindly did.

It appears that a firm of investment bankers operating in Chicago and New York had made an investigation into the division of our national wealth between the sexes. They did this purely in the way of business, of course, to determine the amount of stress that could profitably be laid on female clientage. The general conclusion was that at the time the survey was made, say four years ago, nearly half our national wealth was controlled by women, and that the proportion was tending to increase steadily and rather rapidly.

Some of the incidental findings turned up by the investigation are interesting. It found that ninety-five billion dollars' worth of life-insurance policies were in force in this country, and that 80 per cent of their beneficiaries were women. This alone would considerably help along the rising proportion of female control unless there were somewhere some offset which the survey did not show. An even more interesting finding is that by wills probated in New York City, over a given period, fifty estates out of seventy were left by men to women, and forty-four out of sixty-nine were left by women to women. It found that women were taxed on three and a quarter billion dollars of income annually; men, on four and three quarters. One hundred and thirty-nine women paid taxes on incomes in excess of a half million, as against one hundred and twenty-three men; while forty-four women paid on net incomes in excess of

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a million, as against forty-two men. Women were found to be majority or almost majority shareholders in some of our largest corporations, for instance the Pennsylvania Railway, American Telephone and Telegraph, United States Steel, Westinghouse Air Brake, and National Biscuit Company.

It should be remembered, too, that American women have a good deal more purchasing power than this survey shows, because many of those who legally own nothing are on fairly liberal allowances from male members of their families, and many more are wage earners who spend their wages as they please. Women's collective virtual control is thus considerably larger than their legal ownership indicates. This surplus of petty wage earning and of what might be called delegated control is not a matter of interest to investment bankers, so the survey did not attempt to take account of it; yet its aggregate must be quite large. There seems little ground for doubt that, taking virtual control with legal control, our women now have more purchasing power than our men have. Four years ago they were within 9 per cent of equality in legal control, and quite rapidly on the rise; and surely the amount of delegated control which they exercise, plus their wage earnings, would be enough to carry the sum of their purchasing power well over the mark of 50 per cent.

II

In Europe one notices a general prevalence of the notion that our country is a paradise for womankind. Europeans think we operate our institutions greatly to the advantage of the female sex. Some years ago a highly placed English dignitary — I think it was the present Dean of St. Paul's — spoke of the United States as 'an ice-water-drinking gynecocracy.' The popular idea on the Continent appears to be that our women do as they please without let or hindrance, and that they have reduced our men to the Levitical status of hewers of wood and drawers of water, if not to that of mere skulkers upon the face of the earth. Continental women — those, at least, with whom I am acquainted — indulge this notion with interested curiosity, in which one sometimes discerns a touch of envy. A more conservative opinion is that, while our women have managed to gain an unshakable ascendancy, they have also managed to establish a roughly satisfactory relation of live-and-let-live with their male entourage, mostly by way of concession, which is not as a rule too onerous and not perhaps utterly degrading; a relation, however, which, with all the good will in the world, a male European would find hard and repugnant.

The wonderment is how the American woman has done it. This more than anything, I think, is what has always made our women an object of special interest to the European mind. I never saw anything to make me suspect that Europeans of either sex like our womenfolk or admire them especially or even much respect them, but they have always showed great curiosity about them, somewhat like our curiosity about the habits of the sea bear or the peculiarities of the lemming, or the traits in other creatures whose main interest for us is that they keep us wondering how they accomplish what they do, and do it apparently with no great fuss or effort, nor any consciousness that they are doing something unusual and striking.

One sees Europeans regarding casual specimens of our petticoated produce, more often than not pretty poor specimens, and wondering what on earth they have in them to have worked themselves into their highly privileged status, and to have got this status

accepted without objection or complaint. The European would say that such a notable collective manœuvre betokens first-rate ability somewhere, and he cannot see that they have it; his own womenfolk, by and large, seem much abler, wiser, more mature of mind. Cleverness will not answer; he acknowledges that American women are very clever, but no one can be *that* clever. Nor can such a piece of strategy be put through nation-wide on the strength of feminine fascinations, even granting that American women are endowed with these beyond all other women, which he thinks highly doubtful. All the horde of foreign 'observers,' novelists, dramatists, journalists, lecturers and the like, who beset our shores, usually with some sort of axe to grind, always show that this problem is in the forefront of their minds. They treat it with gingerly deftness, as a rule, and hence their observations are seldom valuable, but they always exhibit a lively curiosity about it.

The best that European opinion has done with this problem, as far as I know, amounts to saying more or less kindly that our women are shockingly spoiled and that our men spoil them. In its view the American man of family appears, by his serious side, as a kind of composite of Silas Lapham and Mr. Potiphar. By his lighter side, he appears when on parade with his frolicsome daughter (or wife or sister, as the case may be) much as he does in Mr. Georges Lauwerijns's utterly delightful ballet called *Hopjes and Hopjes*, which anyone going to Brussels should time his visit to see and hear. European opinion holds what it regards as our men's weakness, their easy-going good nature, their sense of essential inferiority, responsible for letting themselves be choused out of their natural and Scriptural rights over the women of their households.

There is something in this, of course, and there was formerly much more in it than there is now. Mr. Potiphar and Silas Lapham are real enough, but they belong to an earlier day. Mr. Lauwerijns's figures are modern and not greatly exaggerated — the simple-hearted and likable old boy who never learned how to play, out on a lark with his gay daughter who is rather fond of him in her careless fashion, is on good terms with him, and exploits him scandalously. Mr. Sinclair Lewis has perhaps a little over-vulgarized a somewhat similar pair, in his excellent portrait of Mr. Lowell Schmaltz and his daughter Delmerine. But there is no longer any point in discussing the distribution of responsibility. In citing the American man's traditional easiness with women, European opinion may have had everything on its side in the days of Daisy Miller, and may still have something on its side. What it has or has not, however, is no longer of more than academic interest, because a new factor has come into the situation since Silas Lapham's and Daisy Miller's day — the factor of economic control. It may be said, no doubt, that men were culpably shortsighted not to foresee this factor's coming in and to take measures against it; but that is little to the point now, because the mischief, if mischief it be, is done, and there is no help for it.

The thing now, I take it, is to measure the strength of this new factor, and to observe some of its bearings. I venture to suggest this because no one, as far as I know, has ever taken the American woman's proportion of ownership and her probable preponderance of purchasing power into account as affecting her freedom of action, and as in consequence putting certain definite marks upon our society which do not appear on any other. I am no such hidebound disciple of the Manchester

school as to pretend that the American woman's position is to be accounted for in economic terms alone. I say only that her economic status has a great deal to do with defining and establishing her social status, her social privileges and immunities, and that in this relation her economic status has never, as far as I am aware, been competently considered by any critic, native or foreign; and since one magazine article will hardly go around the whole subject, it may properly devote itself to this single aspect of it, even at the risk of appearing limited and partial.

III

To-day processes the refractory raw material of yesterday's heresy into the standard tissue of orthodoxy; and to-morrow re-processes its remnants into the shoddy of commonplace. Side by side with this procedure, and apparently related to it, go odd changes of fashion concerning delicacy and indelicacy of speech. A dozen years ago, it was most indecorous to say anything suggesting the doctrine that those who own rule, and rule because they own. We all knew that the doctrine was sound, but, like a sound doctrine of certain biological functions, there was a convention against speaking of it, above all against letting anything about it appear in print. The correct thing was to say that those who vote rule, and rule because they vote — standard eighteenth-century political theory. The fashion has changed now, and everybody speaks quite freely of the relation between ownership and rulership. Even our more progressive institutions of learning no longer make any difficulties about the fact that actual rulership of a population rests finally in the control of its means of livelihood, and that this is vested in ownership.

Our government 'buys,' we say, an island from a foreign government. One flag is hauled down, another is hauled up; one set of officeholders decamps, another comes in. But the island is actually owned by three men, and the same three men who owned it under the foreign government continue to own it under ours. They are the actual rulers of the island's population, because they can make it do what they please, — which is the essence of rulership, — since they control the source of its livelihood. Some years ago a Greenbacker or free-silverite, I forget which, discussing private land monopoly with Henry George, said, 'Give me all the money in the world, and you may have all the land.' 'Very well,' said George, 'but suppose I told you to give me all your money or get off — what then?'

Ownership means the ability to make people obey your will under the implicit menace of shutting off their supplies, or what we call in war time an economic blockade. I do not suggest this as an academic definition, but we all know that it is what ownership comes to. It seems clear, therefore, that the distinctive character of a preponderating ownership would be pretty faithfully reflected by the society in which that ownership was exercised. Hence, when Europeans see our society as deeply effeminized and wonder why it should be so, the most competent answer, surely, is found in the amount of economic control that is in our women's hands. How it got there is of no present consequence; it is there, and apparently there to stay. How is it possible for a society not to be effeminized when its women have so large a power of imposing upon it their collective will, of impressing upon it the distinctive mark of their collective character, their criteria of intelligence, taste, and style?

I suspect that the extent to which women direct our national development in the realm of the spirit is quite

imperfectly realized. Putting it bluntly, they control education, they control the church, the forum, publishing, drama, music, painting, sculpture. That is to say, in the United States the musical director, preacher, publisher, lecturer, editor, playwright, schoolmaster, always instinctively addresses himself to the quality and character of interest peculiar to the female portion of his constituency. In Europe he is under no pressure to do so. In fact, this is the most noticeable difference between the practice of these activities here and in Europe, and I think the most significant as well. It is surely more than a coincidence that the increase of women's control of our practice has gone on in a fairly direct ratio to their increase in purchasing power. A study of woman's rise to her present position discloses too many such coincidences for us to take stock in the presumption of coincidence. Her demand for political equality, for instance, was pushed hard and earnestly for nearly a century, but one observes with interest that nothing came of it until the time, almost to the day, that she arrived at equality in purchasing power; and then she got what she wanted with relatively little effort.

Now, in any society, the status of the pursuits I have just mentioned, the status of what goes on in the realm of the spirit, is the measure of that society's actual civilization. Exercise of the instinct of workmanship alone, no matter how energetic, is not civilizing; there must go on with it a balanced and harmonious exercise of the instinct of intellect and knowledge, of religion and morals, of beauty and poetry, of social life and manners. A society may be very rich, it may have any number of industries, railways, hygiene establishments, sport centres, banks, newspapers, telephones, finance companies and the like, and remain quite uncivilized. These things are in a sense the apparatus of civilization, because under proper direction they make for a diffused material well-being, and civilization can get on better if it has this as a basis; but they do not in themselves constitute civilization or even make directly and immediately toward it.

IV

My main design in writing this article is to address a word of exhortation to our feminists. Modern feminism has contented itself with asserting the thesis of women's ability and right to do everything that men can do. Perhaps some of our more thoughtful feminists have looked beyond this thesis, but I know of none, from the days of Fanny Wright and Susan B. Anthony on to the present, who has done so. Feminism has been content with demanding the right to vote, to practise politics and hold public office, as men do, and to enter commerce, finance, the learned professions, and the trades, on equal terms with men, and to share men's social privileges and immunities on equal terms. Its contention is that women are able to do as well with all these activities as men can do, and that the opportunity to engage in them is theirs by natural right.

This thesis is wholly sound. Every objection I ever heard raised against it has impressed me as *ex parte* and specious — in a word, as disingenuous. There is no doubt whatever that women can do everything that men can do: they have always done it. In the thirteenth century, women were not only studying and practising, but also lecturing, in the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Salerno. Joan of Arc made no special impression on the people of France as a military figure; they were quite used to seeing women under arms in the mediæval

wars. As late as the sixteenth century, Louise Labé got a bit bored with the routine life of a well-to-do merchant's daughter at Lyon, so she reached down the gun, sallied forth in men's dress, and fought through the siege of Perpignan. Then, having had her little fling at an active outdoor life, she went back to Lyon, married, and made her home the centre of a brilliant literary society, and wrote some of the most beautiful verse ever done in the French language, or, for that matter, in any language. She also wrote an excellent manual of housekeeping in a practical and sententious style rather reminding one of Cato's treatise; which seems to show that she was quite as handy with the broom and the rolling-pin as she was with the pen and the smooth-bore.

Then, as a type of the first-class executive and diplomat, there was Saint Radegonde, in the sixth century. Our feminists ought to look her up as the patron saint of feminism, and I say no more about her in the hope that they will do so; she will be a rich find for them. In the realm of public affairs, the women of the French and Italian Renaissance are too well known to need mention. Even the gun-moll, generally supposed to be a product peculiar to our time and country, has a very early prototype. In the sixth century two spirited hussies, mere youngsters, princesses named Chrodhilde and Basine, pranced out of Saint Radegonde's convent at Poitiers in dudgeon against the management, gathered a band of cutthroats around them, and shot the town to rags. The streets of Poitiers ran red with blood, and the forces of law and order had a frightful time putting down the riot. Indeed, the two princesses never were put down. They rode off somewhere beyond the reach of extradition — some mediæval Miami, probably — and lived to a green old age, full of ginger, and wearing the halo of popular renown. That was many centuries ago, but even to this day the Nuns' War is mentioned with uneasy respect throughout the Poitou.

At any period in history, I think, one may find women 'living their own lives' in the feminists' sense, about as satisfactorily as men were living theirs; doing, if they chose, just what men did, and doing it just about as well. One must observe, however, that these women were relatively few, they were always exceptional, and — here is, I think, the important thing — they were all marked by one sole invariable differentiation: they were economically independent. I say 'all' rather inadvisedly, perhaps, for I have not looked into the pocketbooks of all the notable women in the world, from Semiramis down; but out of curiosity I have lately examined the circumstances of a great many, here and there, and have found but one exception, Joan of Arc. She was a poor girl; but her enterprise was of a very special kind, not likely to be affected by her economic status, though if she had been well-to-do she might not, quite probably would not, have lost her life in the way she did. Given a certain amount of resolution, women who were economically independent seem never to have had much trouble about 'living their own lives'; nor, apparently, do they now.

It may therefore be said, I think, that the efforts of feminism have never been, strictly speaking, in behalf of the rights of women, but in behalf of the rights of poor women; and all the greater honor to feminism that this is so! Those who were not poor or dependent seem always to have been able pretty well to do as they liked with themselves, and, as our expressive slang goes, 'to get away with it.' It must be remarked that, for our present purposes, the wage-earning woman is

not to be classed as economically independent, for she holds her place on sufferance of an employer. By economically independent I mean those who are fixed quite securely in the owning class, as were the eminent women of the Renaissance, for instance.

It would appear, however, that feminism in America has not many more fish to fry in the way of its historic contention. If our women of the owning class very much want anything, they are able to concentrate upon it an amount of purchasing power which constitutes an economic demand hardly to be resisted; and their getting it would be likely to accrue to the benefit, if it were a benefit, of the dependent members of their sex as well. A rather trivial instance of this is seen in the latter-day style of dress. We remember that when women took to the wholesome fashion of wearing almost no clothes at all, especially on our beaches in summer, all the institutional voices of our society spoke out against them. The police and our prurient and officious local Dogberrys made trouble for them, and employers held a blanket threat of dismissal over the head of girls who would not conform to more conservative notions of propriety in dress. But there was enough purchasing power concentrated on the style to hold it in force and to bring all objectors to terms; and the poor and dependent women profited accordingly. Putting it broadly, Fourteenth Street could not have held up the style, but Park Avenue could and did, and Fourteenth Street shared the benefit.

Hence feminism can no longer get up an argument on the thesis that women can do anything that men can do. All interest in that contention has died out; everybody has stopped thinking in those terms, and our militant feminists are reduced to pushing minor issues, to smoothing out relatively petty inequalities of legal status, and the like. This is important and should be done; but I suggest that while it is being done the more progressive and thoughtful spirits among our feminists should consider the thesis that women can do something which men cannot do.

V

Women can civilize a society, and men cannot. There is, at least, no record that men have ever succeeded in civilizing a society, or even that they have made a strong collective endeavor in this direction; and this raises a considerable presumption upon their inability to do either. They can create the apparatus of a civilization, the mechanics of that diffused material well-being upon which a civilization is founded. Men are good at that; they are first-rate at founding industries, building railways, starting banks, getting out newspapers, and all that sort of thing. But there is no record of their handiness at employing this apparatus for a distinctly civilizing purpose. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether, left strictly to themselves, they would employ the greater part of it, the part that bears on what we call the amenities of life, for any purpose; they would incline to let it drop out of use. The standard cartoons and jokes on the subject all tend to show that when the missus goes away for the summer, the gent lapses contentedly into squalor and glories in his shame; and these may be taken as an allegory reflecting matters of larger consequence.

In the greater concerns of life it is the absence of the impulse toward civilization that justifies women in their complaint that men are forever children. Men feel no more natural, unprompted sense of responsibility than children feel for the work of civilizing the society in which they find themselves;

hence in respect of all life's concerns, even its very greatest, women have been figuratively cuffing and coaxing this sense into their heads, figuratively overhauling them, not so much for unwashed ears and unblown noses as for the persistent *tendency* toward these, the indefeasible disposition to accept a general régime of unwashed ears as normal and congenial, and to regard any complaint of it as exorbitant.

A while ago I took occasion to write something which bore on this point, and it elicited a very tart letter from a lady, asking me what I meant by 'civilizing a society.' I have no notion that the letter was written in good faith; still, the question is a fair one. Words, as Homer says, 'may tend this way or that way,' and nothing is ever lost by making sure that one's use of terms is always perfectly clear. We have already mentioned mankind's five fundamental social instincts — the instinct of workmanship, of intellect and knowledge, of religion and morals, of beauty and poetry, of social life and manners. A civilized society is one which organizes a full collective expression of all these instincts, and which so regulates this expression as to permit no predominance of one or more of them at the expense of the rest; in short, one which keeps this expression in continual harmony and balance.

To civilize a society, then, means that when this harmony is imperfect, when the expression of one or more of these instincts is over-stressed, the civilizing force should throw its weight in favor of the under-expressed instincts and steadily check the over-stress on the others, until a general balance is restored. Social development under these conditions is, properly speaking, a civilized development; and a civilized person is one who manages the expression of his individual five instincts in just this way, and directs himself into just this course of orderly individual development.

Men have, of course, managed this individual development in themselves; though even here, unfortunately, it is seldom clear what part a distinctly feminine influence has played in its direction. Men apparently, however, have neither the ability nor the aptitude to organize and direct a collective development of the kind; and women seem to have both. Men's collective influence has never, that I can discover, even tended significantly in this direction; women's often has. It would therefore appear as certain as any generalization can be that, while women can do everything that men can do, they can also do this one thing that men cannot do: they can civilize a society.

The correspondent whom I mentioned a moment ago intimated that in my interest in this matter I was entertaining myself with a mere logomachy, and that my reflections upon it were all moonshine. In a personal view, one does not mind this; one should be always glad of criticism, just or unjust. But the personal view is unimportant. The important thing is to observe that in the long course of human experience, whenever a society has gone on the rocks, as sooner or later all have done, it was invariably the collective over-stress on one or more of these fundamental instincts that turned it out of its course and wrecked it. One may look back upon any of these societies, — England of the Commonwealth, France of the *Grand Siècle*, any you please, — identify at once the over-stressed and the neglected instincts, and follow through the record of progressive over-stress and progressive repression, running directly on to final disaster. Similarly, one may work out the prospects of an existing society with almost actuarial exactness by observa-

tion of these symptoms, as critics have often done. Hence one is concerned with the degree of civilization attained by the society in which one lives, not on such grounds as my correspondent might regard as more or less fanciful, but upon the solid ground of security. An uncivilized society has in it the seeds of dissolution, it is insecure; and the lower the degree of its civilization, as measured by the means I have indicated, the greater its insecurity. The race is always instinctively in pursuit of perfection, always looking beyond an imperfect society, putting up with it perhaps for a long time, but in the long run invariably becoming dissatisfied with it, letting it disintegrate, and beginning anew with another.

Our American society, mainly on account of its wealth and material prosperity, has always come in for an uncommon amount of observation and criticism. Every complaint of it on the part of both native and foreign critics, as far as I am aware, is reducible to the simple thesis that it is not a civilized society. These critics do not use this precise formula, — not all of them, at least; some of them do, — but it is the sum of what they have to say, and this is as true of our most kindly critics as well as the most unkindly. It is the sum of Mrs. Trollope's observations at one end of the long array, and of Mr. Dreiser's and Mr. Sinclair Lewis's at the other. There is a complete consensus that our society leaves the claims of too many fundamental instincts unsatisfied; in fact, that we are trying to force the whole current of our being through the narrow channel set by one instinct only, the instinct of workmanship; and hence our society exhibits an extremely imperfect type of intellect and knowledge, an extremely imperfect type of religion and morals, of beauty and poetry, of social life and manners.

I am not concerned, at the moment, to comment on the soundness of this criticism; I say only that this is the sum of every criticism that has been passed on our society. Try this formula on any observer, native or foreign, and you will find, I think, that it covers the content of his opinion.

VI

Thus one is led rather seriously to wonder whether, in encouraging our women to do only the things that men can do, our feminists have not been encouraging them to take quite the wrong way with themselves. For my own part, I suspect it may be so. One may easily see how our society, if it had to, might get on without women lawyers, physicians, stockbrokers, aviators, preachers, telephone operators, hijackers, buyers, cooks, dressmakers, bus conductors, architects. I do not say we *should* get on without them; that is another matter entirely. I say only that we *could* get on. We *cannot* get on, however, without woman as a civilizing force. We cannot get on — at least, I see no way whereby we can get on — unless women apply the faculty which they have, and which men apparently have not, to the task of civilizing our society.

In encouraging women to do only what men can do, our feminists have encouraged them to put still greater stress on the instinct of workmanship, the one instinct which all critics say is already over-stressed to the breaking point; and this virtually decreases the stress on those which are already intolerably under-stressed. It causes a still more violent disturbance of balance between the claim of workmanship and the claims of intellect and knowledge, religion and morals, beauty and poetry, social life and manners. Considering the available indexes of these several claims, it would appear that our

critics (I venture, after all, to give my opinion in the matter) have a good deal on their side. The development of a sense of spiritual activity as *social*, as something popular and common, in which everybody may and everyone naturally does take some sort of hand — this development seems really not to have got very far.

There is, for example, a great deal of music in America; yet compare the development of our sense of music as a social expression with that which you perceive at work naturally and spontaneously in almost any German village! Similar observations may be made with regard to our literature. We all remember Mr. Duffus's examination of the state of the book market, and we are all aware of the extremely exiguous and fear-ridden existence of anything like a serious periodical literature among us; well, compare this state of things with what one finds in France, or indeed in any Continental country, for I believe our rating is reckoned lower than any of them — as I remember, we stand eighteenth on the list of nations in this particular, though I am not sure of the exact figure; it is, at any rate, shockingly low. So one may go on, through the whole roster of spiritual activities. It appears, then, that further stress on the over-stressed instinct, and further repression on the others, are not what will do us any good.

Here, I think, comes in the point that feminism is in a position not only to direct *interest*, but, for the first time in the world's history, to direct as much purchasing power as men have, or perhaps somewhat more. We have already seen that, in a commercial sense, women's interest controls all our organized expressions of spiritual activity. Take the advertising matter in any newspaper or magazine, and consider the proportion of it that is aimed directly at women's purchasing power, and you can see at once how far publishing policy must reflect specifically feminine views of life. Consider the proportion of woman's purchasing power represented on the boards of our orchestras, in the contributions to churches, in the maintenance of schools, forums, lectureships, and you will see at once the direction that their policies must take. It is a commonplace of the theatre that the verdict of women will instantly make or break any production, instantly establish any general mode or tendency, instantly reverse one already established. Test the question of women's commercial control of organized expression anywhere in the realm of ethics, manners, art, anywhere in the realm of general culture, and your findings will be the same.

Hence it would seem that there is here a great social force out of which our society is at present getting but little good. I believe it is a much greater force than our feminism has any idea of; and this is my justification for suggesting so directly to feminism that it should recognize and measure this force, and then do everything possible to give it a better direction. Our society cannot be civilized through women's attainment of the ends that feminism has hitherto set before them, laudable and excellent as those are. It can be civilized by giving an intelligent direction to the interest and the purchasing power of women. At present these are exercised very irresponsibly and casually in the direction of civilization, largely because women have been over-preoccupied with the idea of doing what men can do. Modern feminism has unquestionably encouraged and abetted them in this preoccupation; and hence it seems competent to suggest that feminism should henceforth concern itself with recommending a higher and much more rational ideal of social usefulness.

A BUSINESS MAN LOOKS AT POLITICS

BY HERBERT H. LEHMAN

I

BEFORE I began to write this article, I had never thought very objectively about the 'business man in politics.' Possibly during the past three years I had been too busy to do so. It may be, too, that I just took my immediate work, with its responsibilities and possibilities, too much as a matter of course to analyze it critically.

There are, however, certain things of which my experience has made me very confident: —

That all over the world there is a quickening of interest in government and a better understanding of its problems.

That no citizen can afford to stand aloof from government or fail to shoulder his share of civic responsibility.

That, generally speaking, the standard of government is improving.

And that the improvement, in turn, is due to the ever-increasing number of men and women who are interesting themselves in, and studying and watching, public affairs.

I firmly believe that we are on the threshold of a widening interest in political life and government which will undoubtedly lead to a better structure.

Of recent years I have frequently been asked the question: 'Should business men go into public life, and can they be as effective in government as in their own undertakings?' My answer to this question is emphatically 'Yes' — provided the business man has certain very necessary qualifications apart from his purely business training and experience. These qualifications I will discuss later on in this article.

Before moving to Albany, I, like many other business men, thought that government and business were things entirely apart. I believed that the cleavage between government administration and business administration was a very sharp one, and that at times the two were almost antagonistic. I have found that point of view by no means accurate.

II

Within the last two decades there has come a very great change in the philosophy both of government and of business. Greater ease of communication, better and more sympathetic understanding between races and nationalities, the growth of governmental activities everywhere, and the ever-increasing social consciousness of people the world over have developed many problems which have brought business and professional men into close association with government administrators and executives. Responsibility of industry to labor, and the relations of government to both, have become more and more generally understood. No longer is sectional or

national trade isolation possible. The prosperity of each section of a nation is dependent on the prosperity of all other sections. The prosperity of each nation is, to a large extent, dependent on world prosperity.

Economic considerations, therefore, must necessarily play a large part to-day in public relations and in diplomatic relations.

It is my experience that substantially every undertaking of government must be considered from three angles: the economic, the technical, and the social. These three points of view are closely related to each other and must be brought into perfect alignment if a permanently good government administration is to be maintained. Nearly every bureau and department in the federal and state governments, save those of a purely technical character, could well be administered by sound and broad-visioned business men. Their problems are largely those of administration and organization. Whatever technical skill and experience may be required can be obtained in the same way and in the same degree as in our large industrial organizations.

Because of the increased burdens imposed on executives and on legislative bodies alike, there has within recent years been invoked, in an increasing degree, the aid of temporary or permanent commissions in the Federal Government and in many of the state governments. This is a new development, but one that is likely to be enlarged as the complexities of government increase. In the State of New York there were created last year ten or a dozen temporary commissions, covering a wide range of activities. In substantially all of these the problems to be studied, or the activities to be undertaken, were to a very large extent economic in character, wherein the coöperation and participation of business men are valuable.

Even those undertakings which appear at first glance to be purely social in character are closely related to the economic life of the community. Institutions such as prisons, hospitals, reformatories, and the like, require trained technical social skill. But they all touch questions of business administration.

The construction of public works — buildings, roads, bridges, grade crossings — requires engineering skill and experience, but that engineer will be most effective who in addition to his technical knowledge has business experience. The administration of the Banking and Insurance Departments and kindred governmental supervisory activities again requires technical skill, but the important questions that arise must ordinarily be resolved through business judgment. The making of a budget requires a very wide knowledge of the activities covered by the particular governmental unit concerned, but it also requires business skill of a high order, because it relates not only to economical administration of departments, but to the methods and means to be employed in the raising of revenues.

The writing of a tariff schedule is no longer a cut-and-dried affair alone affecting the country which creates it. Economic and social questions of vast importance must necessarily enter into its formulation. No section of a country operates apart from the other sections. No industry is independent of other industries. No nation can afford to disregard the welfare of, or its relations to, other nations. These are neither technical nor diplomatic questions. They cover, in a marked degree, economic considerations of vast importance, frequently involving world-wide problems.

For instance, I sincerely believe that the prosperity of the world, to a considerable extent, during the next few decades will depend on the speed and completeness with which the older manufacturing countries can secure markets in non-industrial territory of the Near East, Far East, India, and certain parts of South America. New markets can be secured only through intelligent coöperation between our business leaders and our government officials. It is safe to say that to-day the State Department in our Federal Government is as much concerned with, and engaged in, economic questions as with those which formerly were looked upon as purely diplomatic.

III

Since the war the relations between the nations of the world have become increasingly interdependent. This fact has been brought home to us forcefully in the last few months through the unquestioned importance of the developments abroad in respect of international fiscal relations and the handling of war debts and reparations. Nothing is of greater importance to the peace and prosperity of the world than the intelligent solution of these intricate and delicate problems, which I am afraid will be with us for many years to come. It is my belief that diplomats, effective as they may be, will not alone be able to achieve full success in this difficult field.

All thinking men now agree that there is such a close interrelation between business and diplomacy that, in the handling of many international questions, business training may well be joined advantageously to diplomatic skill. The fact that the solution of almost all of these very important international politico-economic questions has been in recent years entrusted to business leaders such as Owen D. Young, Charles G. Dawes, Parker Gilbert, and Albert H. Wiggin is evidence that there is already a widespread recognition of the fact that, to an outstanding degree, they can best be solved in coöperation with intelligent, sympathetic, and farsighted business leadership.

In recent years, too, many problems have arisen which were quite unknown to our fathers — among others the question of public utility regulation, the development and control of hydraulic power, the care of the dependent aged, unemployment insurance, the relation of government to labor and industry, the protection of women and minors in industry. These are only a few of the many problems of comparatively recent development which require careful economic thought and study in their formulation and operation.

All of the problems I have mentioned, and many others, are directing the attention of the successful and progressive business man and professional man to matters which twenty or even ten years ago probably would have been entirely out of the sphere of his interest. They have broadened his point of view and have brought to him the realization that both a knowledge of and an interest in governmental administration and legislation — local, state, federal, and international — are necessary for his welfare. He now realizes that he owes it to himself and to the community to participate in them.

As a result, many men in business or professional life are to-day taking an active part in helping to solve the problems of the state and nation. I regret that the number is still relatively small, but it is ever increasing and I am hopeful that before long a very much larger number of men will

devote their ability and energy to matters of government. This must inevitably be the case, since business men and professional men are continually coming into closer relationship with government.

This does not mean, as some suppose, that government is interfering, or should interfere, in business. On the contrary, there is a growing sentiment that government at all times should interfere in business just as little as is practicable. On the other hand, business and professional men in many instances now feel that they cannot hold themselves wholly apart from government, critical, indifferent, and suspicious. At least some of them are growing to feel that their assistance and advice are wanted, that they actually can be of help, and through their efforts can raise the standard of government.

It is my experience that few problems of government are without their counterpart in business and industry, and that almost every problem of business and of industry is duplicated by a similar problem in government. Public relations, fiscal policies, commerce, communications, labor and social problems, are equally part of the body politic and of business. The keen, progressive business man, therefore, in interesting himself in politics will tread no unknown ground, nor will he face many unfamiliar problems. The very training he has had in business better equips him to take an active and definite part in government.

IV

At the beginning of this article I stated that I believed that business men, under certain conditions, can be as effective in government as in their own undertakings. I made the reservation, however, that they must have certain very necessary qualifications apart from a purely business training and experience. It is, of course, unprofitable to generalize about anything, even about business men. Obviously not every business man of great reputation will succeed in public life. I am acquainted with a substantial number of business men of high position and great reputation whose ability and efficiency unfortunately do not measure up to their reputation. Men who trade largely on their reputation without having actual ability to back up that reputation will not succeed in public life.

Then, too, there are those men who have become inflexible, or who have held themselves so much aloof in business that they have lost direct personal and immediate contact with their fellows and with the affairs of the day. These will also probably not succeed when thrown into a new environment. Men of this type are almost bound to become bureaucrats.

Nothing is more essential in public life than real understanding, flexibility, and adaptability. Without these qualities no one can understand the ever-changing conditions in government or the social ideals and aspirations of the people who, in the end, are the real source of government. The public official, to be really effective, must understand the problems of the smallest home as well as of the greatest business corporation.

The business man also must be able rapidly to adapt himself to the requirements of public life. I have previously stated that the business man entering politics will tread no unknown ground, nor will he face many problems unfamiliar to him. That is literally true. It is equally a fact, however, that frequently the method of handling these problems is vastly different in public life than in private enterprise.

A government official rarely has the freedom of action he obtains, as a matter of course, in private business. He is, and always must be, controlled to a considerable extent by statutes, regulations, and public opinion. These limitations are frequently very irksome to the business man who enters public life.

For instance, in private enterprise a man desiring to erect an office building would ordinarily go to an architect with whose work he was familiar and in whom he had confidence, and direct the architect to draw plans. He would then give the contract to a good, experienced, trustworthy contractor at an agreed price. The work would usually be done as a whole by one contractor. Specifications would be made as flexible as desirable. Inspection would be as rigid or as elastic as the contractor, architect, and owner agreed upon. Substitutions in materials could be made after negotiations and through mutual agreement.

The situation in public work is different. Necessarily it must be so, because of conditions inherent in government. In the State of New York, and in most other governmental units, the law requires that the contract be awarded on public tender to the lowest responsible bidder. What legally constitutes responsibility, however, is unfortunately difficult to define. It sometimes happens, therefore, that the contract must be given to a bidder of little actual financial responsibility or ability, with the result that delay in completion ensues. The state is protected against financial loss through its surety bond. It cannot, however, protect itself against delay. There have been a number of unfortunate and embarrassing situations of this kind within my knowledge.

In spite of occasional disadvantage, however, the statute or regulation that requires the award of a contract for government work on public tender to the lowest bidder, save in exceptional circumstances, is essentially sound, and any substantial deviation from it would lead to gross favoritism and frequently to the exertion of great political or other pressure. The state, unlike the private owner, must adhere closely to specifications and rigid inspection. The necessity of doing so undoubtedly increases the cost of construction work and occasionally causes annoying delay.

Nevertheless, my experience has convinced me that strict adherence to specifications and rigid inspection, while not at all necessary in private enterprise, is essential in public work if we are to be free of gross fraud and corruption.

I have mentioned only a few of the many statutes and regulations controlling the progress of public work. There are others whose genesis or purpose is difficult to explain or justify. On the whole, however, I believe that most of the regulations are calculated to protect the public against exploitation, and to give an absolutely equal opportunity to all desiring to do business with the state.

The business man, faced with limitations and restrictions, will undoubtedly chafe because he realizes that sometimes they increase the cost and retard the work. If, however, he is active, aggressive, and resourceful, he can do much, in spite of restrictions, to speed up public work and to overcome many of the limitations which, if accepted in a supine spirit, are very costly in money and time. Some of the unnecessary and unreasonable statutory limitations, as well as a certain amount of usual red tape, can undoubtedly in time be removed. There can be no doubt, however, that, because of the necessity of operating in a more formal

and technical manner, public construction work is more costly and less expeditious than private. I am afraid that this will continue to be the case until we can operate under government with the same freedom as in private undertakings. This seems difficult if not impossible of accomplishment in the near future.

V

The business man in public life, too, will resent the restriction imposed upon him by civil service regulations. He is used to hiring and firing and promoting and demoting at will. That cannot be done in public life. In the State of New York probably 90 per cent of the positions, exclusive of laborers, come under the provisions of the civil service.

As a business man I appreciate the fact that civil service is as yet by no means ideal. It certainly is not a panacea. Nevertheless, as a public official, I favor the operation of civil service because I realize that it provides conditions that are infinitely better than those we should have were it eliminated. If there were no civil service we should return to the old principle of 'To the victor belong the spoils.' With every change in administration there would undoubtedly come an almost complete change in departmental personnel. We should, obviously, have a purely political government rather than one based upon efficiency and permanent organization. It would lead to corruption. It would be unfair to a great body of loyal and hard-working public servants, and it would inevitably break down morale and efficiency. The business man in public life, as I have said, will unquestionably be restless under those restrictions, but to be effective he must adapt himself to them.

Again, it is necessary for the business man in public life to combine with his business training and experience a broad social outlook. There are few undertakings of government which are exclusively economic or administrative in character. Substantially every undertaking deals not only with problems of administration, but also with those of safeguarding, interpreting, and caring for the social needs and ideals of the people of the state. The state is unquestionably concerned as much with human relationships as with efficient business administration, and the two functions must operate simultaneously if the highest degree of success is to be obtained. They must almost invariably go hand in hand and carry, substantially, equal weight in the consideration of the problems of government.

Every project, to be permanently successful and to gain the support of intelligent public opinion, must justify itself both economically and socially. Education, the building of roads, the development of parks and recreational centres, the construction and humane administration of hospitals and prisons, old-age assistance, sound labor laws, all contain in almost equal degree economic and social problems. No public official, if he hopes to be of true service, can measure his problems or duties exclusively with a profit-and-loss yardstick, or alone by the standards of the social worker. He must strike a fine and accurate balance between the considerations of business and the requirements of social problems.

VI

Finally, the public official must realize the importance of public opinion and frequently invoke its power. I have often had occasion to say in my speeches and elsewhere that intelligent

public opinion sufficiently aroused can move mountains. It is my firm belief that, regardless of opposition, no fair and sound undertaking can permanently fail if it has the support of an aroused public opinion, while no vicious proposal can succeed, except temporarily, in the face of adverse public opinion.

The average business man looks on public opinion as something intangible. He has, of course, been taught the value of the good will of his limited consuming public, but he seldom appreciates the overwhelming power and force of intelligent public opinion. Sometimes it is difficult to arouse public opinion in matters far removed from the daily lives of the people, but that it can be aroused in behalf of constructive and sound undertakings I have no doubt. Those of us who have been in public life for some years have found it not only practicable, but frequently essential, to go to the people and ask their support for measures or undertakings believed to be in the common interest.

The essentials for arousing public opinion are a fundamentally sound cause and an ability to bring the facts to the attention of people in a simple and direct way so that they can be widely understood. In my experience I have known few instances where such efforts have failed. Governor Roosevelt and his distinguished predecessor, Governor Smith, have time and time again gone directly to the people and gained their support for sound measures.

The wonderful park and playground system of the State of New York, which is one of the greatest social developments with which I am familiar, and which will give enjoyment and health to countless generations, would have failed because of political opposition had not the weight of public opinion been enlisted in its support. The water power resources of the state would long since have been diverted to private interests had public opinion not been aroused in opposition. The modernization of our hospitals and prisons, and the more humane treatment of the wards of the state, were made possible only through the enlistment of public opinion. The adoption of workmen's compensation, laws for the protection of women in industry, adequate factory inspection, old-age assistance, and laws protecting minors are only a few of the humane and economically sound measures that at first met with strong opposition from small, selfish, but very powerful groups, which was overcome only through the force of public opinion.

The business man entering public life must be sufficiently adaptable to appreciate the force of public opinion and be ready and able to enlist its overwhelming influence. To do otherwise means impotence.

VII

If it is true, as I believe it is, that business men can render a distinct service to government and are often well equipped to do so, the question logically arises, 'Why are they so frequently unwilling to enter public life?' Undoubtedly, in many instances, this reluctance is because of the unavoidable personal and financial sacrifice involved.

And it will be obvious that sacrifice is unavoidable. In few instances do public offices, even those important in character, provide the same compensation as can be obtained easily through substantially less effort in private business. The demands of public life are so great that oftentimes a previously successful business man finds it impossible to give any time or attention

even to his private affairs. In addition to the financial sacrifice, which is usually a very great one, he is forced to give up much of his independence and frequently to suffer temporary separation from his family, friends, and home.

All of these things are very real hardships, the effect of which cannot be minimized. Yet I do not believe that they provide the real answer to my question.

There are, in my opinion, a large number of men who would be willing to make a substantial sacrifice affecting themselves and their families if they were confident that their efforts would be productive of public good and that they would be accorded reasonable and intelligent understanding. The average business man has, unfortunately, grown up with a distrust and prejudice against politics, which are only a reflection of a widespread existing public attitude. He holds the belief, which for generations has been shared by a large part of our population, that politics are 'dirty,' and that no one goes into politics without an ulterior or sinister motive. I believe that this distrust and suspicion should not too greatly influence the public-spirited business man.

That corruption exists in American political life cannot be doubted, nor is it by any means confined to any one locality or to any particular political party. The records speak for themselves and show that in many governmental units, federal, state, and local, corruption and graft have unfortunately been of not infrequent occurrence in the past. Notwithstanding this, I feel that the common belief of general and widespread corruption in public life is an exaggerated one. Some men will always prove unworthy of their trust, and these must be expelled from public life and be punished. We must not, however, overlook the fact that the number of unscrupulous or corrupt officials forms only a very small percentage of that great army of public servants who, as a matter of course, constantly carry on honestly, efficiently, and in the public interest, and who abhor corruption as militantly as do other classes in our population.

Nor do I believe that by any means all corruption that surrounds politics is due to politics itself. It frequently springs from powerful social forces which we are not able as yet to control. It comes from deeply hidden roots, and sometimes touches politics as an easy and convenient point of contact, just as it unfortunately does many of the other activities of our daily lives. I firmly believe that, in spite of present discouragement, politics are becoming cleaner, and that, with a further awakening of social conscience and a better understanding of government by the people, progress may within a reasonable time become rapid.

Certainly, whatever the situation may be, no person of good standing or character is justified in standing aloof or in refusing to accept his share in the responsibilities of government. He should at least make an honest effort to improve conditions. I have no high regard for the man who sits on the side lines and does nothing but criticize the players who are taking the hard knocks of the game. After all, nothing worth while is ever attained without substantial sacrifice. If people want good government they can have it — by working and sacrificing for it. It will not come for the mere asking, or through clamor or eloquence. Like any other business or profession, government must be conducted by men and women of character, ability, and ideals. It is only through the participation in government of increasing

numbers of well-qualified men and women that improvement can be had in a substantial degree. Were the attitude of critical aloofness to continue, progress in government would indeed be slow and the outlook would be overpoweringly discouraging.

VIII

There is no doubt, too, that the business man fears that his motives and actions in public life may be misunderstood and misinterpreted. Unfortunately, one must confess that this fear is by no means groundless. I have frequently seen a sinister interpretation placed on motives which were inspired by the highest public spirit, vision, and courage. That is bewildering and discouraging to the honest public official. Dishonest, or at best disingenuous, misrepresentation is largely due to the attitude of opposing political parties, which tends at times to place temporary political advantage above constructive effort for the public good.

I cannot deny that any man in public life may occasionally be subjected to misunderstanding, to unfair attack, and to misrepresentation. These are penalties which, I am afraid, come with democracy, particularly under our party system. Anyone in public life must accept them with the best grace possible as part of a situation for which compensation may be found in other directions. If he desires to be of real service and give the best that is in him, he must not be too sensitive to criticism.

He must above all things not expect, except in rare instances, the public recognition to which he may think his efforts entitle him. I am afraid that the public official can safely expect little immediate recognition. If he does, he will be disappointed and embittered. The public memory is short and frequently fickle. The only real compensation he can hope for is the satisfaction that comes from a task well done. With the ever-growing interest in and understanding of public questions and politics on the part of the people, I feel confident that there will come a greater appreciation of the motives and accomplishments of loyal, honest, and efficient public servants.

A more intelligent estimate on the part of the public of the aims and accomplishments of its officials can be hastened through a complete nonpartisanship in the editorial policy of our press. There is no doubt that already in many definitely partisan newspapers one finds a growing tendency to give to the public, through their news columns, an absolutely honest and fair picture of what is happening in government. I think that of late years there has come a great change in this respect, particularly in the press of our large centres. In most instances there is a very real effort to lay facts honestly and fairly before the public through the news columns. The spirit which now actuates most great newspapers, of 'printing the news' regardless of any other considerations, is a fine development. I hope it will rapidly progress.

Newspapers are naturally and properly desirous of securing higher standards in all departments of government. In this desire and sentiment they merely represent the people of the community. Nothing, in my opinion, will raise the standard of government more or develop a greater spirit of independence on the part of public officials than a really independent press, which through both its editorial pages and its news columns will seek to develop an intelligent and reasonable public opinion removed from partisan or opportunist interests.

IX

The business man, too, fears that he will be less effective in public life than in private enterprise. He has acquired the idea that the central drive behind a man's efforts is the profit motive: 'What can I get out of it?' And that if this motive is removed, his efforts will be less effective. If I agreed with his premises, I should, of course, agree with his conclusions. I do not, however, believe that in most instances the central drive behind a man's efforts is the profit motive.

Someone has recently said, 'Business comes first with Americans, but not money.' I think that is true. American business men, I am confident, are not mere money-makers, but builders. While they are in business they build with tangible materials, and their success, logically enough, is usually measured in terms of financial gain. Many of them, however, are endowed with a fine idealism, and with the ambition for accomplishment rather than acquisition. The yardstick of success is different in public life and in business, but certainly the satisfaction that comes with success in the one is no less than that which is derived from the other.

The number of business men who are taking an active part in politics is still relatively small, but I feel sure that the group is destined to increase. I am hopeful, too, that business men generally, even though they may not have the time or the opportunity or the inclination to devote themselves actively to politics, will more and more concern themselves deeply with matters of governmental policy and governmental administration. Government cannot be good government if left exclusively to the judgment of a mere handful of men, no matter how painstaking, conscientious, or honest they may be.

Government, administrative and legislative alike, requires, if it is to obtain the best results, the interest, adherence, and frequently the criticism of the widest possible constituency. After all, public opinion based upon intelligent understanding of current problems is the ground upon which sound administration and legislative action must stand.

SATAN WALKS IN THE GARDEN

BY FRIEDRICH RITTER

I

In my first article[1] I told you how Dore and I came to the desert island of Floreana in the Galapagos, having resolved to turn our backs forever upon civilization and establish for ourselves a solitude in the far Pacific. This spot is ideally suited to our purposes. We enjoy a tropical climate which is warm enough to enable us to go entirely without clothes, like the original Adam and Eve in the first earthly paradise, and at the same time cool enough, because of the constant trade winds, to keep us from becoming sluggish and enervated. We are living in the crater of an extinct volcano that lies high up on the side of a mountain overlooking the ocean. Here we built a temporary shelter to serve as our base of operations while we set about clearing the ground for planting our vegetable garden.

All about us lies a desolate waste land of brown thorn bushes, the only plants hardy enough to exist upon the dry and rocky hillsides, but our little valley is a veritable oasis in the midst of this desert. A large spring bubbles up in the centre of it to nourish a lush growth of tropical trees and fruits. We have christened the place Friedo, our Garden of Peace, and it would indeed be a garden of perfect peace if it were not for our only neighbors — some animals that were abandoned here by earlier colonists. There are cows, hogs, asses, dogs, and cats, at one time domesticated; in the long absence of man they have grown wild and now range like savage beasts over the whole island. To protect ourselves against them, one of our first tasks was to erect a fence about our domain.

We had been here only a few months when a friend in Germany sent us a clipping from a Berlin newspaper which had somehow got wind of our experiment and had published a long article about it.

The editor, with the omniscience that is characteristic of certain members of his profession, did not hesitate to analyze the motives which had prompted us in our strange flight from civilization. Said he: —

> Surely Dr. Ritter must have something of the adventurer in him, something which only the bizarre and sensational could satisfy. His experiment seems to be another way of escaping from the cares and dilemmas of the everyday world — a philosopher's way out. And it is a better way than that which many others have adopted — those who suddenly disappear from their accustomed haunts to roam the streets of distant cities, and finally turn up in a sanitarium or go insane or commit suicide, as so frequently happens nowadays. This Dr. Ritter is just another example of a restless thinker who, not content with life and lacking the strength of will to adjust himself to it, is helpless to face the battle of reality and gives up the struggle. But in his case he seems to have found a new one.

[1] Published in the October *Atlantic*. — Editor

No doubt many people will share this opinion, and it will probably be a waste of time for me to attempt to correct it. Besides, it matters very little to us what others may think; by coming here we have freed ourselves from the fear of hostile opinion. Just the same, if the reader is to understand the real meaning of our adventure, he must resist the natural temptation to dismiss us as two hysterical people who have gone into 'the blue' to find surcease from the struggle with reality. We have not at all withdrawn from life; we have merely withdrawn from a certain kind of life — the too highly mechanized existence of modern society.

Here in our tropical island we are living more fully, more vitally, than ever, and are not praying to material gods. It seems to us now that the outside world is altogether too poor for us ever to think of returning to it. We are in a new land which has something new to offer us — something which civilization has not. I feel that I am born again, that I have awakened to a new birth. The tyranny of dull routine, of established schedules and programmes, is over for us. Instead, we are now able to live just as we please.

And nothing could be further from the truth than to say that we have sought to escape from reality. In clearing this wilderness to make of it a suitable dwelling place, we are grappling every hour of the day with a primitive, dynamic reality which civilized man in his cities and towns has all but forgotten. Of our own free will we have taken on a burden of work that keeps us strenuously occupied from morning till night. Surely no romantic dreamer would knowingly take refuge in an 'ivory tower' such as this!

I often ask myself why I labor so hard, and what, specifically, is the satisfaction that I get out of it, for I am well aware that the work is intensely satisfying. My answer is that I find in this life an inward consciousness of an urgent duty performed. It makes of the hardest toil a joy. It is a kind of quiet happiness that springs from self-directed endeavor and endures long after each task is finished.

II

To illustrate the nature of our difficulties, let me describe briefly some of the conditions with which we have had to deal. At one time our Friedo was sea ground, and a fatty white clay collected on the rocky lava. Little by little the land rose out of the sea, and in the process the breakers washed lava fragments of all forms and sizes into the soft mud. Then one day a raging crater split the shore in two and spouted liquid fire high into the glowing air. This rain of melted stone fell hissing into the boiling sea, breaking into gravel and fine sand which covered the clay and the boulders several yards deep. With the passage of time the gravel bed hardened into a layer of natural cement. Titanic powers pushed the island higher and higher above the ocean level, then rain gradually permitted the first pioneers of the flora to gain a foothold. Through the centuries the plants overlaid the gravel bed with the vegetable loam of their dead bodies. This is now exceedingly rich soil, but it is not very deep.

Impatient man, however, cannot wait until the soil is deep enough for his pretentious cultivated plants. He must forcibly distribute Mother Earth to suit his arbitrary purposes. Here he levels down, there he fills up, for his foot demands a comfortable plain to walk on as he labors. Thus, after the trees and shrubs were cleared, we had to remove lava slabs and great boulders, then cart soil from dawn till sunset to level off the surface and make it ready

for planting. Months were consumed in this back-breaking toil.

When we had so carefully laid in our provisions before leaving Germany it had never occurred to us that we should need a wheelbarrow, so we had to do a great part of our landscape gardening with mere shovels and buckets. Later we were lucky enough to obtain a wheelbarrow from a passing ship; then the work went much faster. The ship which did us this service was the *Mizpah*. It was not really a ship, but a pleasure yacht from Chicago, commanded by Commodore Eugene F. McDonald, Jr. He and some of his guests took the trouble to pay us a visit while his vessel lay at anchor in Post Office Bay. They expressed great surprise when they saw how much of the dense jungle we had already subdued with the limited means at our disposal, and the Commodore readily volunteered the wheelbarrow when I mentioned our need of one.

At my urgent insistence he was also prevailed upon to leave us a quantity of dynamite, together with detonator caps for setting it off. I wanted it to use in blasting out stumps; without it I had only my axe, and the job seemed almost hopeless. The Commodore was troubled by this request, apparently fearing that we should blow ourselves to bits along with the stumps. In the end, however, I overcame his caution by explaining to him that I was not only a student of chemistry but had had practical experience with dynamite, having handled large quantities of it during the war.

Every day for months, while we were occupied in clearing the ground and leveling it off, our feet had to remain in wet shoes. We could not work in bare feet because there were too many small, sharp stones in the mud. The bed of a tiny brooklet served us quite successfully as a track for our wheelbarrow. In this fashion the damp earth of Friedo was dug out of the swamp around the spring and distributed where we wanted it. As for the blocks of lava, they had to be prized up and carried off. I should never have thought it possible that two weak human beings could move such stones with nothing to aid them but patience and a crowbar. When we actually did it, not once but countless times, I understood the exclamation of an ancient Greek physicist, 'Give me a firm point and I will lift the earth from its hinges!'

All along it had been my fixed idea to lay out our garden in an orderly manner, not being content merely to plant seeds hit or miss wherever nature had chanced to provide soil deep enough for them to take root. The plan was exceedingly difficult to execute. Just in the middle of the choicest spots the surly old earth spirits, with their inveterate hatred of any geometric design, seemed to have rolled the largest chunks of lava. Ours was the drudgery of putting their confusion to rights in a more or less intelligent way.

I know well enough that no other man would have been so stupid as to attempt to correct the bungling of nature. In fact, nature herself seemed to be aware that she had found a foolish one, for she kept whispering in my ear, 'The removal of this or that boulder is all that is lacking to make this a paradise' — and I was donkey enough to believe her. But who shall say that she cheated me, now that I have done her bidding and corrected her faults? We cannot expect to find a paradise anywhere unless we are willing to create it.

III

Too often people with ambitious plans attempt not only to correct nature but also to defy her, and only

learn by sad experience that natural laws cannot be altered to suit the whims of men. I wished to avoid this mistake by imitating the Chinese, who set out their plants and trees where they can grow in their most appropriate environment. To provide a space for our vegetable garden I had to transplant many of the native fruit trees which I was loath to destroy outright. But even when I sought for them more congenial surroundings than they originally enjoyed, it seemed strange how often my benevolent intentions were thwarted. For example, I would set a tree here, only to have it react in a way which told me as plainly as words, 'No, I can't settle my roots deep enough; this subsoil is too stony.' Another would say, 'This earth is too wet; my roots rot.' A third would demand dry, porous soil.

The bananas and papayas had to be placed within the limited tract that was watered by the spring. To this end heavy rocks had to be dug out to make a place for them, and the pit had to be charged with good earth. Even then our toil was often in vain. We sometimes discovered after the work was done that the spot we had chosen remained mysteriously dry, while there was plenty of moisture two yards farther off; for the drainage all depends on the slopes and contours of the underlying bed of clay. And so it went. Practical experience taught me much that I did not know, for nature herself became my teacher.

We laid out two pathways to run the entire length of our garden, one leading down to the eastern coast, the other to the pass over our mountain and thence to Post Office Bay. The garden itself slopes gently toward the open end of the horseshoe-like enclosure of the crater rim, which greatly simplifies our irrigation problems. Around the spring are palms. The water flows from their roots in two parallel streams to enclose our vegetable plot; then the brooklets come together again, and from this point we shall eventually pipe the water into our house. By opening the ditches that run between the rows we can easily regulate the flow.

In a deep recess of the crater walls we erected an enclosure for our chickens. We chose this spot because it adjoined the rocky ledge, which saved us the trouble of building a fence on that side. At first we had let the chickens roam at will, but this proved disastrous; several of them were devoured by the hungry wild dogs and cats that prowl all about us. Then, too, the chickens themselves began to show signs of running wild. Nature has given them no sense of order and organization; they seemed to delight in laying their eggs all over the place.

When our plans had taken form to this extent, it was a comparatively easy matter to plant the seeds which we had brought with us from Germany. We had been in no great hurry to get this done, because our supply of food was still ample and the native fruits had been a welcome addition to our stores. It would be several more months before we should actually have to call upon our own vegetables to help us sustain life. And in this warm climate things would grow rapidly once they got started.

In the end our garden was born with all the pains of motherhood. Just as it is the goal and purpose of all living to give life and reproduce, even so have we given new life to Friedo.

IV

The native part of the garden contains bananas, papayas, oranges, coconuts, guavas, lemons, and pineapples, as well as a species of yam which grows

very large, often finding it necessary to force its way quite out of the shallow soil, where the huge roots lie half exposed on the surface. The wild swine are particularly fond of these yams. This is one of the reasons why they break through our fence so often, and, once in, they inflict wanton damage upon our other crops.

In the cultivated section we have planted all the common varieties of vegetables, including beans, tomatoes, cabbages, peas, beets, potatoes, radishes, cauliflowers, onions, celery, and spinach. To provide ourselves with sugar we planted sugar cane. Since Dore and I are both vegetarians, we also had to see to it that we should have a sufficiency of vegetable oils and fats. The native coconut is excellent for this purpose, but for variety we also put in a crop of peanuts and planted some almonds and hazelnuts.

The first planting was a stupendous success. The warm sun and the plentiful supply of water from the spring acted in combination like some powerful magic. We could actually measure growth from day to day. Before many weeks the tomato plants had reached a height of more than six feet, so that when I walked between the rows their leaves waved above me just as if I were in a thicket of small trees. And they bore fruit in proportion, the average tomato being as large as a baby's head. Most of the other things did almost as well.

Amid the general fecundity there were only a few notable exceptions. For some reason the almonds and hazelnuts failed to germinate. We did not get a single sprout from them. The radishes, too, were a disappointment. The plants grew magnificently, but the tubers were wormy and often burst before attaining full size. On the whole, however, we had every reason to congratulate ourselves upon the success of our agriculture. We thought we could look forward to an abundance of vegetables for all time.

The second planting soon revealed the fallacy of this idea. Everything seemed to grow much less well than at first and each plant seemed loath to adapt itself to its new environment. Subsequent plantings have never equaled that first burst of vigor. It was just as if the perpetual sunshine had caused the first crop to dissipate all its strength in growing, leaving not enough vitality for the seeds; when those seeds were planted in their own turn they appeared to get off to a poor start, like sickly children. Now that we have been here eighteen months, long enough to watch several generations of our garden come and go, we begin to realize some of the difficulties of trying to grow Northern vegetables in this clime.

Moreover, all our later plantings have been attended by misfortunes which our first garden miraculously escaped. These misfortunes were of three separate kinds — wind, insects, and the wild animals, chiefly the pigs and the asses. I have never been able to arrive at a wholly satisfactory explanation of our almost complete immunity from these scourges in the beginning and our perpetual trouble thereafter. The wind just bothered us once, it is true, but it did a thorough job while it was about it. It blew down most of our sugar cane and uprooted several of our banana trees. Banana trees have very short roots, which makes it impossible for the top-heavy trunks to stand up before a strong gale. Fortunately for us, the trade winds that blow over the Galapagos are gentle and even-tempered most of the time. Since we have been here they have displayed their full fury only this once, and then it was all over in a few minutes.

As for the animals, it may be that

they were afraid of us at first and only gradually learned that they could break through our fence and trespass upon us with impunity. The same reasoning will not account for the strange behavior of the insects, but the fact remains that, like the animals, they left us pretty much alone in the beginning and have tormented us incessantly ever since.

V

The tender shoots of our second planting had hardly peeped through the ground when the insect hordes descended upon them like one of the plagues of ancient Egypt. Huge black cockroaches, brilliantly colored beetles, long fuzzy caterpillars, several varieties of plant lice, and two rival armies of ants — great black ones and smaller red ones — marshaled their forces and advanced upon us in platoons and regiments. They concentrated upon our garden as a feeding ground, seeming to prefer the exotic taste of our cultivated vegetables to the monotonous diet of native plants and trees on which they had been bred.

The bugs are at their worst during the rainy season and the month that follows, when the ground is thoroughly moist. So for half the year we have to contend with these ravaging pests. Anyone familiar with the tropics will understand how we were transported from the joys of heaven to the uttermost depths of hell by such ruthless destroyers. In Northern countries the frosts serve a most beneficent purpose by killing the vermin; here nothing avails to check their overwhelming numbers. We have found it a very serious problem to combat them without chemical aids.

The best we can do is to catch the insects with our hands and burn them. It is easy enough to collect them by the bucketful, but it is an endless job. No sooner do we wipe out one army than the enemy brings up its reserves, which are inexhaustible — and it all has to be done over again. In this perpetual battle there is no such thing as victory for us; the best we can hope for is a few days' truce, which lasts barely long enough for us to recover our strength for the next encounter.

Worst of all are the insufferable ants. They cover the green leaves in such numbers that the green disappears completely beneath the black or red of their bodies. They carry with them their aphids, and start colonies of these lice, their 'milk cattle,' on every plant. Even the tropical banana is not immune from them. And they work quite as effectively underground as they do in the sunlight. With remarkable perverseness they soon discovered that our potato patch and our peanut hills were the best places in all the island for building their nests. Though we pour boiling water down their holes and kill them by the thousands, new settlements spring up overnight. It is a wonder that we can get anything to grow, so frequently have we been compelled in self-defense to soak the earth in scalding water.

Not at all daunted by our ceaseless warfare against them in the field, they make bold to attack us in our very house. Nothing can keep them out. They swarm all over the place, and with a sure instinct make straight for our food supplies. If they can get at our delicacies in no other way, they will chew holes in the heavy cardboard cartons in which, for lack of anything better, we have had to store a large part of our provisions. They make daring raids upon our sugar, which tempts them more than anything else. We have tried every imaginable expedient to hide it where they cannot get at it, but to no avail. When we suspend it from

the rafters, they come down the cords; when we block this route by greasing the cords, they will climb up a spider's web, using it as the bridge of their desires.

At night we sometimes awake to find our bedclothes alive with them. Even the large black ants will push their way through the meshes of mosquito netting that surround us, or, if this is too much trouble, their strong jaws will clip the threads and make larger holes. Once in, they attack us savagely, and their bites are exceedingly painful. I can only shudder when I think of what would happen to us if we should become ill and too weak to resist them — by morning our bones would be picked as clean as if they had been boiled. Living so close to them, we don't waste any sympathy on them for their wonderfully organized social system. They are an inexorable enemy, and we deal with them accordingly.

Even in the garden we need a night watchman. In addition to the tireless ants there are myriads of moths and night butterflies that turn the hours of darkness into hours of destructive work. Though we see much less of them, they do almost as much damage as the other pests. With their long, sharp drills they bore into our fruit, laying eggs from which fat worms will hatch.

We have certain allies in our war against the insects — the birds and lizards, of which there are great numbers, but not nearly enough to deplete the ranks of our common enemy. Certain of the tropical flowers have developed a poison of their own for dealing with the moths and bugs, but the domesticated plants are helpless. The struggle to keep alive is almost too much for them. Without our constant help in fighting their battles, they would perish in short order.

VI

In times past, parties of sportsmen from Ecuador used occasionally to come to this island expressly to hunt the wild cattle. Perhaps it is for this reason that these have given us much less trouble than the other animals. The cows remain very shy, rarely coming near our enclosure except under cover of darkness. The other beasts, however, do not seem to share their fears. Our chicken yard tempts the ravenous dogs and cats, and now and then a fowl will be stolen in spite of all our precautions. The dogs find it easy enough to jump the fence, and of course any fence is a broad highway to a cat.

In dealing with all these animal intruders I am handicapped in two directions. First, ever since childhood it has caused me intense mental anguish to kill any living creature. The fierce struggle to survive in this wilderness has enabled me to overcome these feelings to some degree, but even now I prefer to exhaust all other measures before resorting to bloodshed. Second, I have nothing but low-calibre rifles, fit only for hunting birds and other small game. When I selected this place for our experiment in natural living, I was led by all the books and authorities to believe that no large animals existed on the island; hence it seemed superfluous to bring along powerful guns. In spite of this handicap, we are not left altogether defenseless. The prowling dogs and cats made themselves such a nuisance that I had to do something about it. By persistent efforts I have succeeded in killing many of them with my rifle, inadequate as it is.

The worst offenders, however, are the asses and the hogs, and upon them my weapons have no effect whatever. The asses are a mouse gray in color, gracefully built and somewhat longer

in body than their domesticated type. They can climb the rocks and crags of these volcanic hills with extreme ease and sureness of foot, but in general they prefer to keep to the network of old tortoise trails that interlace over the whole island. They thrive on a diet of thorn bushes, which grow abundantly on the dry slopes where no other green thing can live. The asses travel about in family groups. During the heat of the day they usually stay in some shady place, but the setting sun is their signal to be up and doing. As they venture forth to feed and make love, they shatter the stillness of the night with their trumpet-like brayings.

Often, in an excess of animal spirits, they will start a stampede — apparently just for the fun of it. We can hear them galloping madly in droves of a dozen or more, their hoofs ringing a loud tattoo upon the stones. Then it is that they may come dashing at full speed down the mountain side to crash through our fence in the darkness. Such stupid beasts I have never seen. As often as they have repeated this manœuvre, they have never learned that the fence is there. Just the same, once they find themselves inside the garden they have sense enough to discover that there *are* other delicacies in the world besides thorns. The only thing I can do to save our precious work from utter ruin is to rush forth clad in a sheet, yelling to frighten them away. But they always come back — if not to-night, then to-morrow night.

The pranks of the asses are so typically asinine that we can hardly find it in our hearts to condemn them. They are our comedians — practical jokers, to be sure, but still comedians; and they have given us many a hearty laugh. Not so the swine; they are ruthless destroyers and villains at heart. I sometimes regret that I am a vegetarian; though I dislike the taste of meat, I could find a very real satisfaction of another sort in killing and eating some of this wild pork.

These Galapagos hogs are coal black, which is doubly fitting since their color matches both the lava rocks of their surroundings and their own diabolical dispositions. In their wild state they have developed formidable tusks. They carry sand flies between their cloven hoofs, and during the dry months, when we pass a place where hogs have chanced to rest, swarms of the plaguish flies fall upon our naked bodies and sting us until the blood flows. Though these wild hogs of ours may differ from their tamer brothers in some respects, they retain that characteristic smell which proclaims a hog a hog the world over. Whenever they chance to pass up the wind from us, one would think our paradise adjoined a stockyard.

The pigs squeeze through the smallest apertures of our fence and root up everything in sight. For a long time this was almost a nightly occurrence. We were often awakened by the loud smacking noises they make in eating — my cue to go forth and do battle with them. Many times I tried my rifle on them, but though I hit them often enough, as I could tell by their squeals, I never succeeded in killing me a pig.

VII

Early one morning, just as the sun was peeping above the horizon, Dore went into the garden and was surprised to see what, in the gray shadows of the dawn, she mistook to be a calf browsing in the potato patch. But it was not a calf; it was a huge black boar, the leader of this band of swinish pirates. In a spirit of wanton destruction he had rooted up many of the plants, leaving the growing potatoes exposed on the surface. Apparently he had not

been eating them; he was just having a good time.

At sight of Dore the vandal made for the hole in the fence through which he had entered, and disappeared in the woods. Night after night following this incident he repeated his visits. Sometimes I would hear him and go forth to chase him off. Then he would withdraw to a thicket where I did not dare pursue him in the dark. Grunting ominously, he behaved like a hostiie dog which, driven from his dinner, only waits his opportunity to return to it. Again we would sleep through the night without being disturbed, but the destruction that met our eyes in the morning showed only too plainly that the great hog had paid us his customary visit.

It soon became evident that I should have to resort to violent measures to rid us of this unwelcome guest. I judged that if I could put him out of the way, that would be the most effective means of discouraging other members of his family as well. Again and again I tried my rifle upon the giant boar, but it was of no use. The noise sent him off in a panic, but the shots rebounded from his thick hide without hurting him. He learned that I was all bark and no bite, and with that he grew still bolder. He no longer waited for darkness, but began a series of daylight raids.

I attempted to kill him with poisoned bananas, but he must have detected the odor of the deadly concoction, for he refused to touch them. Next I made some large pear-shaped pellets of flour and oil, with which I mixed another poison, and left them overnight where he was wont to feed. The following morning some of the pills were missing. I computed that enough had been devoured to kill two hogs outright. But lo! before the day was over the brute was back again, none the worse for his new diet. Dore thought this a huge joke and improvised a song for the occasion, which she sang to the tune of an old nursery jingle. The double insult was too much; I really could n't permit it. I had to bethink myself of new plans to destroy the impudent ravager. I decided to trap him.

Accordingly I erected a figure-four trap and baited it with choice food. The device was quite ingenious. It was so arranged that when the robber entered he would not only ensnare himself, but at the same moment release a heavy log which, suspended above the bait, would deal him a crushing blow. I experimented and tried it out until it worked perfectly. Everything was now set to catch the marauder. At last we were to be rid of him. It seemed almost too good to be true. As the sun went down I placed the bait very carefully and retired to the house to await results.

I awakened repeatedly during the course of the night and listened intently for the slightest noise. I strained my ears, expecting every moment to hear the drop of the log and the squeal of my victim. No sound disturbed the silence of the tropical night. At break of day I hastily went to see what had happened. The device had functioned — functioned perfectly. The trap was sprung and the log had fallen. The thing had worked while I slept. But when I looked inside there was no hog! He was n't in the snare, nor had he been crushed by the heavy timber. He had sneaked through and with devilish cunning had stolen the bait, sprung the trap without doing himself any damage, and then — brazenly, defiantly — had rooted up part of the mechanism and trampled upon it.

I was angry, chagrined. It did n't help matters when Dore repeated her taunting song, and I reflected that the boar was probably lurking in the nearby thickets waiting to repeat his tricks.

VIII

Then a new idea occurred to me. 'I shall have to employ hellish instruments against this hellish beast,' I said, and set about it forthwith. I still had several sticks of dynamite and three electric detonator caps left over from clearing the stumps. I resolved to blow the hog to bits. I dug a hole, buried two sticks of dynamite, imbedding a detonator in each, and adjusted my wires. At nightfall I placed some tempting food over the explosives and withdrew into a thicket to be ready when the boar appeared.

Sure enough, he came. I restrained myself until I heard him smacking away with great gusto as he devoured the bait, then I crossed the wires. Nothing happened. Again I crossed them, and a third time. Still there was no explosion. I could not understand it. The dynamite had always worked before. With a lantern I approached the spot to find out what was wrong. The bait was gone and the ground was rooted up all about the spot where it had lain. On the surface I found the dynamite — that is, what was left of it. The omnivorous hog had eaten up half of one stick!

I listened. I could hear the boar breaking through the thorn thickets as he made his escape. I felt helpless, inconsolable. I ran my fingers through my hair, I racked my brain; it was all useless. My enemy led a charmed life. I could arrive at no plan shrewd enough to outwit him. I wished that I could somehow place a detonator cap in the beast's stomach to set off the dynamite he had consumed and was now carrying in his belly, but that would be a more delicate undertaking than that of the mice who wanted to hang a bell on the cat. It was imperative to do something. The garden could n't last much longer if these raids continued.

Finally, as a last resort, I determined to fight cunning with cunning. I began to leave food for the hog during the middle of the day, and before long he was coming for it regularly. In the course of a few weeks he would even tolerate my presence, although he watched me constantly out of the corner of his evil red eyes and would never let me approach too close. After he had grown thoroughly accustomed to this routine I again buried some dynamite under his regular feeding place. This time I wanted to finish the job completely, so I planted four sticks, together with a quantity of black powder, and took great pains to see that the percussion caps were properly inserted. Over the dynamite I placed a number of stones as big as a man's fist, so that when the explosion occurred they would assist in the complete annihilation of the hog.

When all was ready, I set out the food on top of the pile and moved just far enough away to be able to see and yet be out of danger. At his usual time the boar approached without any hesitation and began to eat. Now it was daylight and I could make sure that he would not again root up the explosives before my very eyes. 'The last meal for you, my pig,' I muttered under my breath, 'so you had better make the most of it.' Then I crossed the wires.

Wham! The roar shook the earth. Thick black smoke rolled heavenward and rocks rained down everywhere. Not waiting for the smoke to clear, I ran forward to examine the results. What was that scuttling away through the thickets? It was our hog making his escape, apparently unscathed. We who had envisioned hams and sausages hanging from the trees found only a great hole in the ground, while the pungent smell of saltpeter stung our nostrils.

Truly, we concluded, this creature must be of the Devil. We are power-

less to harm him. He is bewitched. To justify our impotence against him we named him Mephistopheles, King of the Devil Pigs.

The explosion, however, must have done him more damage than we first thought, for he has never returned to invade our garden again. But from time to time we have seen him in the woods. He still lives. He must have taught his family that we are more dangerous than we look, for the pigs have given us much less trouble ever since.

IX

From this series of incidents one can see how the most insignificant trifles become for us problems of great proportions. A hunter would have dispatched the giant boar with one shot. A pioneer would have had a faithful dog to help him. An ordinary settler would have used steel traps or a pit. For us it remained a problem to tax our utmost ingenuity. We do not have a heavy gun, we have no dog or any traps, we lack the implements to dig in this hard, cement-like subsoil a pit large enough to hold Mephistopheles.

Thus it goes with us in the abandoned solitudes of this remote island. We must live by our wits, matching them constantly against new and unexpected difficulties. By this time it ought to be manifest to the reader that in describing our experiment I have not yielded to the temptation to make it seem a bed of roses. We did not expect that it would be, and we have not been disappointed. Still we are amply content. We know at last those solid satisfactions that come to man from patient, honest, self-directed toil.

We cannot find it in our hearts to pity Adam and Eve for being thrust from their Paradise of slothful ease and forced to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. Though Genesis suggests the opposite, we suspect that they discovered before very long that they were the gainers by the change. Like us, perhaps they learned that there is another Paradise, with joys more enduring, from which one who has attained it cannot be ousted — the Paradise of contentment through work, of mental peace, of love. Truly this is the genuine lesson to be learned from that old folk story about the fall of man.

We have now been here a year and a half. In this warm clime, where the pulse of life beats quick and fast, the battle to survive becomes an unending state of war between man and the wilder forces of nature. Each passing day convinces us anew that there are lasting satisfactions to be derived from this natural strife, which for us has taken the place of the sordid and unnatural struggle between man and man that marks so-called civilization. Each day provides us with some thrilling drama to save us from the blighting curse which the mechanization of life has inflicted upon the human race — the infinite boredom of monotony.

To prove this point I shall send you a final article next month. In it I shall keep my promise to have you as our guest in Friedo for just one day, so that you may see with your own eyes how we live. I shall carry you through our new and permanent house, which is now nearing completion. And I shall invite you to laugh with us at the tricks we have had to play upon several queer people who, hearing of our experiment, have come here thinking they were conferring upon us the greatest imaginable favor by attempting to join our little settlement. None of them has stayed very long, I can assure you.

Auf Wiedersehen!

(*In December: Said Eve to Adam, 'Let's call it a day!'*)

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES—1931

BY CAROLINE A. HENDERSON

I

In all this great southwestern plains country the pale gold of the ripened wheat fields has day by day been changing to the duller brown of the cut-over stubble. Early and late, from all directions, has resounded the hum of tractors and combines. Trucks have been hasting over the roads, carrying piled-up loads of bright, hard, full-kerneled wheat to granaries or elevators. Toward nightfall in the sunset glow the air has been luminous with the incandescent dust rising in a cloud about each moving combine. I have never seen a more beautiful harvest.

Our own crew would seem at first thought hopelessly inadequate for our heavy task — a man and woman just past middle age and a young girl just graduated from a Middle-Western university. Yet, with the help of a small tractor and a twelve-foot combine, in a little less than four weeks we have harvested for ourselves or for other people six hundred and twenty-five acres of wheat and twenty acres of barley.

As I think back to childhood days in a Northern state, when we spent as much time laboriously harvesting our small fields of wheat, oats, and barley, I realize anew that we are indeed living in a different age. I well remember the fascination for us children of our old McCormick binder, the marvel of the tightly knotted bands, the knife that stood ready to cut the twine, the long sheaves heavy with the precious grain. Father was an old-fashioned farmer of Canadian training, and all the grain had to be set up in shocks built according to a definite pattern. After curing in the shock, the bundles were stacked in beehive-shaped stacks. Father was a good stacker and always did that work himself, kneeling on each separate bundle as it was placed in position. The slackness of stacking grain with a pitchfork was exceeded in his mind only by that of the farmer who threshed his grain from the shock. It was the tradition that wheat must 'go through the sweat' in the stack if it was to keep in storage.

What would my father think of our temerity in driving around our fields cutting and threshing all at one operation? Certainly he would expect retribution, and perhaps — in a sense — he would be right.

In our harvest crew the man was the only one able to shovel wheat into the granaries. The girl was already somewhat accustomed to handling the tractor, so it fell to me to manage the combine.

I might say, in the words of the old hymn, 'Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast' of any mechanical ability. No mature person could well have less. But I could tell if the combine motor for any reason began to play a different tune. I could see when a chain dropped,

or a shaft stopped rolling, or the straw spreader ceased to whirl out its cloud of straw and chaff. I could hear the tremendous clatter, if by any chance we picked up a wire yoke dropped by some nonchalant cow that had pastured earlier on the green wheat. I could shout 'Whoa!' to the tractor girl, throw out the gear lever, and wait for expert aid if the trouble proved beyond feminine adjustment. Fortunately the little combine seemed as nearly foolproof as one could possibly expect, and such occurrences were not common. Most of my actual labor was spent in shifting the lever to raise or lower the sickle according to the height and thickness of the standing grain.

Before the harvest was over, I realized that more of each day's weariness came from the constant need of alertness and from the heat and jar and deafening noise than from the physical work required. I felt a new sympathy for those whose daily toil involves the mere watching and tending of the swiftly moving mechanical servants of our modern industrial life.

II

The morning work was not unpleasant. We were up early, often eating breakfast by lamplight, and were in the field by six o'clock, fueling and oiling the machinery for the forenoon work. Sometimes when everything was quite ready we had to wait for the early morning dampness to pass away, since the wheat must be rattling dry if it is to beat out clean as the heads pass through the cylinder. It was always a real relief when at last we were started, and the sickle was flashing back and forth, shearing off smoothly the tall grain bending beneath the revolving reel.

When all was running well, it proved difficult for me in my inexperience to fix my attention upon the various chains and rollers which it was needful to watch. In spite of myself my mind would wander away into harvest fields of distant ages and places. I seemed to feel the kinship of a common task with the people of ancient Egypt gathering wheat to feed the Roman multitudes. I remembered the bent figures of Millet's *Gleaners* and seemed to share the pride of Ruth, the Moabite maiden, as she beat out her measure of grain gleaned from the barley fields of Boaz. I could in some degree feel the elation of Russian peasants now beginning to straighten their bent backs, 'bowed with the weight of centuries,' and enter consciously into the world's affairs.

My own people have for generations earned their bread from the soil. In our little family treasure box is a heavy bronze medal bearing my grandfather's name. Away back in the time of the Crystal Palace Exposition he sent wheat from the island of Montreal to London as a part of that display of the products of the Empire. The medal, with its fine workmanship and symbolic figures of the far places of the earth bringing their offerings to the mother country, was sent to him across the stormy Atlantic — so much wider then than now — in recognition of the excellence of his wheat.

As I fancied his pride in the results of his effort and thought of his small fields tilled with painstaking care, of the grain cut with the cradle and beaten out on the barn floor with the flail, as I watched the little stream of our own high-quality wheat falling steadily from the elevator spout into the grain bin, something racial and primitive of pride and thankfulness stirred within me: —

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

From such reveries a sudden jolt or unwonted sound would rouse me into more active consciousness of my task, and I would find myself grateful for the strength in chains and bolts and keys that had kept everything moving while my mind had been wool-gathering.

When the grain bin was full, the man's hard work began. Hurrying with the old truck to the granary, he scooped the hot wheat in the hot sun through the high windows into the bins.

Often I wondered about the man and girl. What were they thinking about as the little tractor panted along over the sun-bright stubble, or the truck bumped over the rough road with the beautiful wheat? Of only two things could I feel very sure: first, that near as we have been together through more than a score of years, their 'streams of consciousness' would not be like my own; and second, that as the shadows pointed more nearly straight north everybody would be growing more and more fiercely hungry, and more eager for the rest and relaxation that come with even plain food thankfully shared.

III

The afternoon work was much more trying than that of the morning. With temperatures ranging above 100 day after day, the platforms of tractor and combine burned our feet. Every bit of metal was too hot to handle comfortably, and the heat and odor from the exhaust pipes grew almost intolerable.

There were some blessed days when the wind blew at such an angle as to carry the dust past us and away. On other days there seemed no chance to escape the irritation of the prickly chaff and dust which surrounded us in a moving cloud and adhered to our clothing and sweat-damp skin. On such days all one could do was just to endure, to long for nightfall and the evening coolness, to reflect with sympathy upon Rupert Brooke's expression, 'the benison of hot water,' and eagerly to anticipate that benison at the close of the long day.

One afternoon just before sunset I was faint with heat and weariness, when all at once this extreme fatigue was lightened by a sight so unusual as to create an entirely new interest. At one edge of the field there suddenly appeared, as if from nowhere, a group of five almost fully grown skunks, out for an evening ramble. They paid us not the least attention, but went on playing 'follow the leader,' moving through or over the high stubble, a succession of black waves rising and falling, a bit of free wild life, untroubled by the fear of the morrow or the price of wheat.

So the days passed, full of effort, each adding to our accumulating weariness, even though we made the most of each diversion; enjoyed to the full the beauty of the pink bush morning-glories growing here and there among the wheat; appreciated the pungent odor as we cut through an occasional patch of mountain sage; loved the small rabbits hopping away to safety, and the pair of little mourning doves which I saved from destruction when, warned by their mother's quick flight, I climbed down from the combine and held them for an instant, pin-feathered and hot in my hand, while the combine roared over the tiny hollow which was their home.

When the last day came, the nervous tension increased and the anxiety grew deeper lest some oversight or accident should cause delay and prevent the completion of our task. But all went well. The loads moved regularly to the

barn loft where we were storing the last of our crop. The patch of uncut wheat in the centre of the field grew steadily smaller and narrowed to a thin wedge, and, as we made the last turn and cut back toward home, disappeared entirely. Our harvest was over.

IV

I was relieved to see that the tractor girl in her blue overalls had enough excess energy left to turn a few handsprings in celebration of the event. The man shoveled the last load into the loft while I brought a broom and swept up the scatterings for chicken feed.

It certainly seemed that 'something attempted, something done' ought to have earned at least 'a night's repose.' Yet repose is just about the last thing any of us has gained from one of the best wheat crops this country has ever produced in our twenty-four years of farming, beginning with the early days of homesteading.

Bewilderment, distraction, despair, would come nearer to suggesting the common state of mind as people are forced into selling their most important means of livelihood for less than the cost of production. Wheat has been going out of our community by the trainload, 162 carloads in two days from a little siding on our new railroad, at around 25 cents a bushel. It has been as low as 21 cents, is to-day 24. One neighbor, whose wheat did n't test out quite sixty pounds to the bushel, had to take 19 cents!

It is safest to talk of what one actually knows, and our own crop will do for an example, though in some respects our report is too favorable to be thoroughly typical. We were farming our own land, were free from indebtedness on land or machinery, used home-grown seed, hired no outside help, and were fortunate enough to produce a crop somewhat above the average — 4500 bushels from 294 acres. I believe the ten-year average for wheat in our state is a little over twelve bushels to the acre.

Yet, with these advantages, the report of our year's work reminds one of the boy's stone bruise. We are too big to cry about it and it hurts us too much to laugh.

Allowing 6 per cent on the value of the actual wheat acreage, figuring in the value of the seed wheat at 50 cents a bushel, and adding the actual cash outlay for fuel and oil for preparing the ground, drilling the wheat, and harvesting and marketing the crop, if, like many others, we had been forced to sell our wheat at 21 cents, we should have had, out of our 4500 bushels, a margin of $130 to pay for everybody's time and work, to say nothing of the depreciation of machinery or the wear and tear of bones and nerves and muscles.

Of course we hope to pull through somehow, though we hate to think about taxes, which will be around $200 this year. We are grinding our own wheat for breakfast cereal; sifting out the finest meal for muffins and brown bread; trying to keep our grocery bills within the limits of our weekly case of eggs at 7 or 8 cents a dozen; buying nothing that we can do without and still maintain any sort of standard of health and decency.

Yet some things we must buy or go out of business, and here is where we suffer. For example, we had to have repairs on our plough. Three little oil cups and an axle as long as my arm and thick as my wrist cost us yesterday $12.60 — fifty-two bushels of wheat. Apparently the infant industries are receiving the usual tender care and solicitous protection.

We shall, I think, keep on some way.

But what of the people who are paying rent, who are in debt for legitimate expenditures, who have the expense of illness or larger families to provide for and educate? How is the man to keep on who has no important reserve, who must sell his wheat for 25 cents or less to pay his harvest expenses, and has n't enough left to take care of the inevitably increasing taxes?

It might perhaps be easier for us all to take our bitter medicine if we felt that we had been guilty of fault or folly, if we knew that there was really too much wheat to satisfy the world's hunger and sow the fields again. We should n't mourn over the losses of a man who persisted in establishing hairpin factories in a bobbed-haired world. But we can't see the wheat situation that way, no matter what we hear or read about it. We can't be condemned for producing the one crop which is by all means best adapted to our own climatic conditions, while at the same time maintaining a reasonable diversity with cattle, poultry, and feed crops.

People naturally react to such a wholesale calamity according to their own understanding and disposition. There is unquestionably much bitterness, a feeling that farming interests have been willfully sacrificed. It is not reassuring to remember that four times in as many weeks, here in our quiet neighborhood, I have heard talk of war, — of all tragic things! — a war of the poor against the rich, suggested as a remedy for present conditions.

Surely there must be some better way than this to realize the ideal of contented, productive effort — the ideal which was so well put by one in olden times: 'And to rejoice in his labour; this is the gift of God.'

ARMS AND THE MIND

BY LEONARD ORMEROD

I

THE inquiring finger of Science is poking into every field of human experience. Printers, paper makers, and ink manufacturers are working overtime to put the results into the hands of the reading public, and whether it is the stars we see, the thoughts we think, the foods we eat, or the atoms that make up the tissue of our being, a new book about it has just come off the press and another will be offered us before the apple trees blossom again. In all this welter of scientific exploration nothing is attracting more expert or popular interest than the habits and vagaries of the human mind. Psychiatrists, psychologists, neurologists, are peeping into our inner consciousness. Hopes, dreams, fears, actions, and reactions are coming under their insatiable scrutiny. But with all that has been done and is being done, one field has been consistently overlooked — a field that might yield something of lasting importance in reaching a fuller understanding of human psychology. For want of a better phrase we may term it 'the psychology of the soldier.'

I say it is a new field so far as present studies go, for the man taken out of civil life and catapulted into a military career is at once subjected to mental strains, emotions, and situations that have no counterpart in times of peace. The physical wounds of the World War gave the surgeon a rare opportunity to add to his knowledge and experience. The filth incident to that conflict did the same thing for the epidemiologist. The emotions of the Great War might have opened such a door to the psychiatrist, but if he has taken full advantage of it, the fact has not been made apparent to those outside his profession. I do not discount the very able work that is being done for the mental patients in our veterans' hospitals, or the valuable data that are being drawn from this work. I am thinking now of the normal cases that survived the war with no obvious mental maladjustment, and of what might be learned from a proper study of them.

II

Let us consider a more or less typical case history, and, that we may be sure of our facts, we will take my own. The only peculiar thing about it is that I was thirty-four years old when I enlisted, considerably above the average age of enlistment; but that may give us the advantage of a more mature observation of the phenomena we are to study. Denied admission to the officers' training camp because of color blindness, I enlisted in the field artillery of the regular army. I was married, but had no children. We lived in Washington, D. C., and my wife took the Civil Service examination and worked in the War Department while I was away.

For the moment we will pass over the emotional strain of the days leading up to my enlistment, with my wife bursting into tears when she first heard me clumping up the stairs in my heavy field shoes. Let us turn rather to the routine of military life which I had to learn at once, and which was lived under the Grim Terror of the conflict we were preparing to enter. If it was my love of national freedom that impelled me to enlist, my first contribution to the cause was the surrender of all personal freedom. I had no voice in the selection of my wearing apparel. I was told when to wear an overcoat and when to leave it off. I was rebuked for leaving a pocket flap unbuttoned. I had no choice in what I ate or when I ate, and I was bound to the rigid and awe-inspiring wheel of 'military courtesy.' We are not here concerned with whether this routine was necessary or efficient or silly. What is important is that it made a peculiar and lasting impress on the mental structure of the average young man, who had in his past experience nothing that approached it.

Then came the last farewells, pride striving to conceal fear, and the relief when that emotional peak was passed. The embarkation camp, the rumors and counter-rumors, the frills, the discipline, the embarkation, the shouted curses and whispered prayers, the beauty and terror of the ocean, the debarkation, the strange new land, the discipline, the imminence of action, the long, long ride on the creeping train of funny cars, more drills — and then the grim and dirty business of destruction. No man who lived through such experiences came through them untouched. I do not say he is worse or better because of them, but at least he is different. In fact, there were some instances (I knew personally of only one) where by the time the soldier was ready to go into action he was totally incapacitated by his fears.

Extreme cases of this sort were labeled 'shell shock.' I heard a prominent neurologist and member of a university faculty say not long ago that shell shock was the result of a man's rebellion against the horror of killing his fellow beings. If that is indicative of the understanding of our experts, it is striking evidence of the need for a further look into the psychoses of the soldier. Having heard my full share of shells and suffered my quota of fears, I do not hesitate to say that the learned doctor was wrong. If he were right, there would have been more cases of shell shock in the Civil War than in the World War, for there was more individual combat, more of seeing one's enemy fall dead by one's own hand, in the 1860's than in 1918. I even venture to say that hand-to-hand conflicts will seldom or never produce shell shock, for action is the best possible antidote for paralyzing fear.

I have a very distinct recollection of lying under enemy shellfire and feeling that I could almost welcome a machine gun or rifle bullet that would 'kill me clean,' in preference to a shell that would absolutely obliterate me if it made a direct hit. The great agency of destruction in the World War was the high-explosive shell. Its scream as it arched into the earth, the bone-shaking crash as it exploded, the whir of the jagged fragments as they ripped through everything in their path, the yawning crater of death that marked where the shell had struck — all these built up the terror in the overwrought mind until the point of collapse was reached and passed. Sometimes a morbid imagination carried the victim beyond the breaking point even before he was under fire. My opinion is that most cases of shell shock were caused

by the natural horror of total obliteration.

Fear is an emotion associated with shell shock, but something else is necessary besides fear to produce a genuine case of shell shock. I came out of the war with the impression that a man has a definite capacity for fear — that he can get just so scared, and after that, no matter what happens, nothing can scare him any further. If his capacity for fear is below his breaking point, he can carry on no matter what happens. I do not mean to say, however, that this 'fear capacity' is constant in any individual. Undue fatigue or strain will sometimes cause a brave man to 'crack.'

Fear is, of course, contagious, but so is courage. In fact, courage seems to be the more 'catching' because we all like to think that we are brave, and even the meanest will struggle to imitate the man of stout heart. During the war I was associated with a number of officers and men whose calm demeanor in danger filled my shaking soul with reverent awe, and when things were hottest I was glad to be near such staunch characters.

There were other emotions than fear that surged within our cootie-bitten breasts overseas. I recall the fatigue more vividly than the fear. Long nights of plodding over muddy roads weighted down with a pack that carried all you had in the world — a suit of underwear, a greasy mess kit, socks, an extra pair of shoes (perhaps), a bundle of letters you had n't the heart to destroy, a dull razor, a sewing outfit made by loving hands, a pad of Y.M.C.A. paper and some envelopes (soiled), a can of beans, and a souvenir Iron Cross. After you had carried these *lares et penates* countless weary kilometres, had packed and unpacked them in numerous stables and dugouts, and had used them as a pillow while sleeping in the rain, they seemed to become as much a part of you as your toes and teeth — and all a part of the dirty, dreary, crazy, hopeless life that it seemed always had been and always would be.

Oh, yes, we had our moments. Sometimes the sun would shine warm against a white wall where we could drag away at a cigarette, relaxed in mind and body. There were infrequent pay days and universal gambling, because, when we were up on the line, there was little else to do with our paltry salaries (that is, 'salt allowance' of the Roman legionnaires). There were always old stories to tell and new songs to sing, most of them of doubtful morality and humor.

Looking back on it, I am convinced that during these moments we were kidding ourselves; that our conscious actions were prompted by our 'defensive mechanism,' in a clever effort to keep our subconscious from discovering to us the sick fear that slept in every soul; not the fear of death itself, but the fear of the suffering each death must entail — a mother bereaved, a wife left widowed, a sweetheart broken-hearted. For we lived in the certain knowledge that the next engagement, and the next and the next, would take their toll of us. We did not dwell on these things, but the subconscious kept them ever at the threshold of our consciousness, and I think all of us who had 'contact with the enemy' came out of it a little 'queer.'

III

It was an incident that happened more than six months after I had heard my last shell and all the agony of fighting was over that showed me how deeply the grisly lessons of the war had been etched into my nervous system. I had spent several months in

the Army of Occupation, and shortly after I returned home my wife and I were guests of some very dear friends.

'They say you soldiers do not want to talk about the war,' said our hostess after dinner, 'but I wish you would make an exception of us. Joe and I read so many different things and hear so many conflicting stories that we don't know what to believe. Won't you make an exception of us and tell us something about what you saw?'

'Of course I will,' I answered. 'I can't understand all this stuff about soldiers not talking. Certainly there is nothing that I want to keep dark, nor did I have any particularly horrible experience that I am afraid to tell about. This was not much of a war for looks. We never saw long lines of bayonets flashing in the sun, or squadrons of cavalry leading a charge. But here goes.' Anxious to give my two friends a true picture of the war, I warmed up to a description of the opening of one of the major offensives — the night marches, the rain-drenched camps in the woods, the last letter home, the eve of the attack, the final preparations, the opening of the barrage, and —

As suddenly as if you had hit me with an axe I went all to pieces! Tears coursed down my cheeks, I was shaking from head to foot; in short, I went completely 'blah.' Like a great tidal wave the thought swept over me that I was at home, that the days of weariness and the nights of terror were forever gone, that my wife was again in my arms, that life once more was sweet. And it was more than I could stand. The hostess was all apologies, but I outdid her. Discovering myself in such an emotional mess, I was more surprised and embarrassed than I should have been if I had found myself standing in that living room in my shirt tail. For I certainly had not gone through the war weeping. I swore occasionally on the other side, prayed a little, and cried not at all. But when I ruthlessly tore open the deep recesses of my subconscious, the result was an explosion.

Almost thirteen years have passed since I last heard the whine of hostile bullets and the scream of shells, yet to-day I watch myself when I talk of the war, for I have learned from several subsequent experiences that if I probe too deeply I shall find hysteria. Why? It is, I think, because the stern habits of life at the front were so deeply burned into us and were associated inseparably with our full 'capacity for fear.'

You may recall that Remarque in *All Quiet on the Western Front* tells how the veterans practised the trick of conserving themselves, while the rookies, who had not learned their grim lessons, died in greater numbers. The first trick you learn at the front is that of throwing yourself flat on the ground the instant (a full second is too long to wait) you hear a shell that will strike near you. Now a shell can be heard a long distance, and the great majority of shells we soldiers heard caused us no apparent alarm, for we could tell that they were going away over our heads, were falling very much short of our position, or were too far to the right or left. Yet I was to learn later that the subconscious mind of each one of us was listening all the time for that shrill scream that told us to fall on our faces instanter, and such constant unconscious alertness may have resulted in peculiarities that still linger with us.

Six days after the Armistice we started the long hard march into Germany. We knew that the war was over and the danger of shells was past. But I saw men cringe and all but flop into the mud on that march when a pebble caught between a brake

shoe and the steel tire of a gun carriage and split the air with a screech. Incidentally, this occurrence did not raise the laugh that one would expect. Instead, it seemed to fill us with a momentary rage — a fact which I think would interest the psychiatrist.

Some time after my return to Washington I was watching a sham battle in Maryland, standing on a hillside amid a large crowd and observing a realistic battle scene across the road. Suddenly someone out of sight at the bottom of the hill opened the throttle of his small automobile and the wail of the racing engine rose in a shrill crescendo. I was halfway to the ground before I caught myself, and as I straightened up somewhat sheepishly I saw a stranger near me in the same attitude.

'You must have heard something like that before,' I called.

'I've heard plenty like that,' he said with a grin, 'and I certainly thought I was back in the war.'

The point I make is that no one else in the crowd heard that engine race. What a profound impression the veteran carries with him, in what a bitter school he must have been trained, are made evident by such instances.

These emotions, common to all who saw combatant service, have no counterpart in civil life. Most men live and die without ever knowing the capacity of their fear or the fibre of their courage. Behind it all is the question: Why does a man go to war? The Second Division, of which my regiment was a unit, went to Europe with some 28,000 men, all of whom had voluntarily entered the service. Why did we do it? What were the motivating influences that prompted each individual to seek out the recruiting officer? I used to cast a speculative eye at my fellow soldiers and ask myself: 'Why did that man leave his workbench, that one his plough, that one his engine, that one his desk? Why am I here?'

Called on to testify, each one of us would have said something about 'patriotism,' 'love of freedom,' or 'duty,' but the same reasons to-day will probably not hold us in a line thirty minutes to vote on election day, or prevent us from 'knocking down' two dollars on our income-tax return.

Do not misunderstand me. I am glad that I left my home to serve under my flag, no matter what the consequences may be or might have been. Furthermore, I will do it again if the need is ever as great and I am able to go. But my action was prompted by some fundamental urge too deep for me to recognize; and my common service as a common soldier left me with peculiarities too involved for me to analyze. I wish a Dr. Menninger or a Dr. Dorsey or a Dr. Sadler would tell me something about myself.

BETWEEN GENTLEMEN

BY A. W. SMITH

I

WHEN Baz Khan, on the voyage to India in the *Domena*, told the story of his feud with Faiz Ullah, there was little enough hope that I should hear the end of it, for in Bombay Baz Khan disappeared into the maze of streets and gullies off Sandhurst Road. One thing, however, was quite certain, and that was that Baz Khan, following the tradition of the Indian Northwest Frontier, would never give up his search for Faiz Ullah. The feud had started, of course, when they were both serving in the Fortieth Cavalry, a fine regiment which was known throughout the Indian Army by the name of 'Mukwan Ki Risala.' 'Mukwan' was the Indian troopers' translation of the name of Captain Macklewhane, who had raised the regiment in Mutiny days.

Bound by the unwritten law of the Pathan, Faiz Ullah was safe while they both served in the regiment, and Baz Khan had to wait patiently for the Great War to end to deal quietly and efficiently with Faiz Ullah after the fashion of the Border. They both came from the village of Al'Stupr, and Baz Khan always hoped that some day he would be given the chance to shoot it out with Faiz Ullah in some red-hot cleft between the bare brown hills of the Tochi Valley.

Throughout the war Baz Khan nursed Faiz Ullah with most painstaking and tender care. When Faiz Ullah was wounded he gave him his own field dressing and even carried him out under fire. Faiz Ullah was his meat and no German artilleryman or machine gunner was going to be allowed to have the pleasure of doing what Baz Khan had reserved for himself.

Faiz Ullah, however, gave Baz Khan the slip. He deserted the regiment and shipped to sea as a fireman. Baz Khan, as soon as he could, took his discharge and followed. He hunted Faiz Ullah relentlessly over the Seven Seas. On the face of it his task was hopeless, but always eventually Faiz Ullah had to return to Bombay, and from Bombay Baz Khan could sometimes get news of him. On one occasion he missed Faiz Ullah by only a day in the Indian Seamen's Home in the East India Dock Road in London, and in Penang Baz Khan would have caught up with him but for the fact that the southwest monsoon was blowing and his ship was delayed for sixteen hours off Acheen Head. Some day, however, Baz Khan was bound to find Faiz Ullah, and then so much the worse for Faiz Ullah.

All this came from Baz Khan himself. He told it a bit at a time when he came up for air between watches in the grilling and airless heat of the Red Sea.

In the natural course of events we parted in Bombay. I never really expected to hear of him again, but one Sunday after Church Parade in Peshawar an old Pathan came to my

bungalow selling carpets. He spread his wares over the verandah and we dickered idly over rugs that I did not want. He showed me one piece — a strip of glowing Kermanshah carpet — and he smiled patronizingly at an offer.

'I have others,' he said, and called to the youth who was with him to bring up another bale which lay under a tree in the garden.

'I have others,' he said, 'at the Sahib's price —' he looked cautiously round — 'at the Sahib's price. And one whom he knows has returned to his village of Al'Stupr. *Insh' Allah* — if it is God's wish — another of whom the Sahib has heard will return there. And then —' His lips drew back, showing the gaps in his teeth in a wicked smile and he clicked his tongue significantly. 'And this carpet the Sahib would buy,' he went on smoothly as his lad returned, 'see the weave and the dyes —'

No other word but that. He went with my check for the rug in his pocket.

And so Baz Khan was back, presumably to wait for the return of Faiz Ullah, and Baz Khan had not forgotten me and my interest. He was waiting — waiting for the unfortunate Faiz Ullah to put in an appearance. Either he had got word that Faiz Ullah was likely to return, or he was suffering from nostalgia for his hills and he knew that sooner or later Faiz Ullah would be afflicted in the same manner.

It was, however, Dallas, of all people, who was able to fill in the gaps of the story. Dallas was in the Archæological Survey and he was an expert on Alexander the Great. He used to spend all the time he could knocking round in the hills, hunting down traces of the Macedonian, talking with the hillmen and piecing legend on to fact; for somewhere up in the tangle of hills which now form the Border lay the Rock of Aornos. For some reason Dallas had the ambition to establish the site of the Rock, which in the days of Alexander had been an almost impregnable fortress. It is said that even Hercules failed to take it, and then came the great Alexander. He stormed it with comparative ease, as one may read in the pages of Callisthenes.

The hill people let Dallas come and go more or less as he would. It is possible that his enthusiasm for Alexander won their confidence, for Sikander Khan, as they call him, has become a Pathan legend, and his name is venerated to-day as a saintly but ruthless destroyer of idols — as a man after the heart of the hills.

Some authorities contended that the Rock of Aornos lay up in the Pir Sar, but Dallas had his own ideas on the subject. He was determined that the site was somewhere in the valley at the head of which lay Baz Khan's village of Al'Stupr, and one day he returned from his wanderings excitedly exclaiming that he had found the true Rock. Possibly he had — but he brought back also the end of the tale of Faiz Ullah and Baz Khan.

II

Dallas, hot on the trail of Alexander the Great, was three days out from the last of the police posts on the Kurram River. He was making toward Safed Koh, — the White Hill, — for he was sure that there at last success was to be granted to him. With him was Zaffer Khan, an elderly ruffian who had been with him on these expeditions for years. One gathers that Zaffer Khan cared nothing for Alexander and his Aornos, but some queer bond of loyalty bound him strongly to Dallas. Dallas was unarmed; Zaffer Khan, however, had no illusions about his fellow tribesmen. Through bitter experience he was more cynical about their natures, and he carried his weapons, rifle and knife,

beautifully oiled and ready for immediate action.

This is not, of course, the way Dallas told the story. His account was too incoherent, bound up as it was with the technical details of his search. It is rather a piecing together of the information and a filling in of details.

They were walking up the valley of the Kurram, Dallas in front and Zaffer Khan behind. It was early afternoon and Zaffer Khan was cursing himself for a fool for letting Dallas be out even as late as this, for the frontier with dusk approaching was not his idea of the safest place in the world. He grunted as he picked his way among the sharp rocks of the river bed.

It was hot, too, for it was the month of May — a stupid time of year to choose to go hunting round the Safed Koh for traces of men long dead and gone. Zaffer Khan grunted as he wiped the sweat from his eyes. He had an uneasy feeling that something might be going to happen, and he surreptitiously eased the rifle slung over his shoulder and drew back the bolt to see that it was properly loaded.

He watched the valley walls suspiciously. This was just the kind of place for someone to be waiting for someone else to come up the Kurram Valley. A hundred and fifty yards ahead a dead bush lay beside the path. He eyed it with dislike. It was too much like a ranging mark for the waiting someone sitting safely behind a rock in the wall of the valley. Such a one would curl his finger round the warm metal of the trigger, and, knowing the range to a yard, nothing more would be needed than a rock to steady the rifle, a wait until fore sight and back sight came into line, a gentle pressure of the trigger — and he who came would never know a thing as he lay coughing blood under the spiny branches of the little dead bush.

'Wait, Sahib,' said Zaffer Khan. 'Let us go round a little. That dead bush is there for a purpose. Let us go round.'

'Nonsense,' Dallas replied. He had had experience with that kind of nervousness before, and nothing ever happened.

They passed the bush in safety, little thrills running down Zaffer Khan's spine. A hundred yards up the valley Dallas sat down on a rock and pulled out his pipe.

'Ho, Zaffer Khan,' he said, 'go on ahead and tell the folk at Al'Stupr that I am coming. I'm going up that hill to see the country. I may see the Rock from there.'

'But, Sahib,' said Zaffer Khan, 'it is not good to be alone and unarmed in these hills.'

'It is an order,' Dallas said indifferently, and, lighting his pipe, he turned up the hillside. Zaffer Khan knew him too well to argue, so, looking after him for a moment, he toiled on up the hot sun-baked valley. His thoughts soon turned to cool water drawn from the well and poured into cupped hands from a goatskin — to the cool dusk of the village fort of Al'Stupr, whose thick stone walls could keep out any heat. He looked forward to gossip in the dark, when the sun had set and the women cooked the evening meal over a twinkling fire in the courtyard, where the goats, shut in for safety, stamped and shuffled, noisily chewing the cud.

Dallas found the hill weary work. It was very hot. The sun in his face sent the sweat trickling into his eyes, and he hoped that he might find some little breeze on the rocky hilltop to ease the stifling heat of the airless valley. He halted for a moment in his arduous climb, and as he did so he heard the rattle of a dislodged stone. He wheeled round to find himself looking down a

rifle barrel held by a man who sat crouched behind a rock.

Dallas stood still and said nothing. He wondered what was going to happen next. He glanced up the valley. Zaffer Khan was out of sight. He was conscious of annoyance at the interruption of his day's work.

The man spoke, gently and quietly. 'Will the Sahib please drop behind the rock? I have no wish to injure him, but there are reasons.'

Dallas dropped. There was nothing else for it. As he did so he was amazed at the wonderful command the place gave of the valley. He could see it winding away, with here and there the gleam of water in the bottom where the Kurram lay very small among the dry rocks. The valley unwound away to the south, and beneath him he could see the path which he had followed so laboriously with Zaffer Khan.

'I see the Sahib is unarmed,' the man said. 'I am sorry, but I must ask him to stay here hidden awhile. I wait for one who comes, and I am afraid of scaring the game.'

Dallas said nothing, but did as he was told, and presently the man spoke again.

'I am Baz Khan, lately Sergeant Major of Mukwan Ki Risala, the Fortieth Cavalry. I wait for Faiz Ullah, who was once my friend and also in Mukwan Ki Risala. I have waited for fifteen years for this, Sahib. I watched you and your man come up the valley, and I thought that perhaps Faiz Ullah had tied himself to you to return for a time to our village of Al'Stupr. Faiz Ullah thinks I am far away, but he is not a fool to take risks. As your man passed that bush, which is my ranging mark, I saw that it was not he. I had my sights on his chest, and if I had not seen in time, the Sahib would have continued his journey alone.'

Dallas still said nothing, for he had nothing to say. He realized that he had stumbled into an affair of gentlemen and that Baz Khan would best be left alone to right his own wrongs.

'This is no place for a Sahib alone, or for anyone who is not one of us,' Baz Khan went on. 'Nor is it safe sometimes for those who are of us. What does the Sahib do here? We may talk now, and when my work is done we can go to Al'Stupr and I will send men to see the Sahib safely on his way.'

'I search for the Rock of Sikander Khan,' said Dallas simply.

'Of Sikander Khan? Well, Sikander Khan is long dead and such work is harmless, but you have a long search. Who knows where Sikander Khan set foot? We are both men with a search. You for one long dead and I — and I for one who lives, but, *insh'Allah*, who will soon be as dead as Sikander himself.'

There was another long pause before Baz Khan spoke again. '*Ya Allah*, my man is coming. This is the second time I have waited long in the heat.'

III

Dallas looked round the corner of the rock. He could make out a figure crawling up the valley.

Baz Khan watched him over the sights of his rifle. 'Six hundred paces,' he said. 'Too far. Five hundred now. At that bush it will be three hundred.'

Faiz Ullah was moving cautiously. He peered at every rock and bush. In his mind Dallas formed a plan. Before Faiz Ullah reached the bush he would leap to his feet and shout to him to take cover. He could not see a man slaughtered in cold blood. He braced himself as, craning round his rock, he saw Faiz Ullah stop to make sure that the coast was clear. As he did so there was a rattle of shots from the other side of the valley, the sharp crack of rifles

mingling with the heavy soft plop of a muzzle loader. Faiz Ullah dropped.

'*Shaitan!*' snapped Baz Khan angrily. 'There are others who have stolen my game from under my nose.'

There was the crack of a rifle from the bottom of the valley. Faiz Ullah, apparently unhit, was firing on his own account. He had wriggled in under cover of a stone and, hidden from the other side, lay in full view of Dallas and Baz Khan.

'He is spared for me,' sighed Baz Khan in relief. He sighted on Faiz Ullah, but, thinking better of it, turned his attention to the honey-colored rocks of the far hillside lit by the lowering rays of the sun. It could hardly be expected that any reluctance to shoot Faiz Ullah in the back had drawn off his attention. Rather he must have known that those who would attack Faiz Ullah, probably for his precious rifle, which on the Border was worth its weight in silver, would be equally ready to shoot at him. They were both of the Orakzai, and raids from neighboring clans were what gave the hills their unsavory reputation.

Dallas marveled at his own escape. This new turn of affairs seemed to have come about at some time since he was made to crouch beside Baz Khan. He pulled out and lit his pipe. There was nothing he could do except watch Baz Khan search the opposite side of the valley.

'Afridi raiders,' said Baz Khan as he pressed the trigger. A man appeared from a cleft and stood up, his arms widespread. He walked giddily a few paces down the hillside until his hands went up and he fell in a loose heap.

'Good,' said Baz Khan thoughtfully as he reloaded. There was a soft plop, and a puff of white smoke showed for a moment as a bullet from the muzzle loader bumbled leisurely overhead. Baz Khan laughed.

'He is a bold man who uses black powder and a jezail on the Border to-day. Some youth, perhaps, who has borrowed a gun and begged to be allowed to come. Well, well, children must be taught manners,' he said as he pressed the trigger again.

For an hour they watched across the valley while the heat haze made the hills dance and shimmer. Stones appeared like rocks and bushes like forest trees.

A figure on the far side leaped from cover and made for the hilltop. He was followed by another and another. Below them Faiz Ullah fired, and the bullet kicked up a spurt of dust and, singing, ricocheted off into space. Baz Khan clicked his tongue and forebore to press the trigger himself. He hated to see good ammunition thrown away with cartridges at a rupee apiece. The distance and the speed of the moving figures were too great for certain aim.

IV

For half an hour more they lay, and then Baz Khan raised himself cautiously until he stood in full view. There was no movement from the other side.

'Come, Sahib,' he said, 'they have gone. Let us go. It is just possible that we can get to Al'Stupr after dark. If we are not quick they will try to cut us off from home. But first let us call Faiz Ullah — we may need him.'

Dallas looked hard at Baz Khan.

'No, Sahib,' Baz Khan laughed. 'Faiz Ullah is safe — until you are safe — as he was when we were in Mukwan Ki Risala. They say do not trust a Pathan, but I swear by Allah, by the Koran, by my life, that Faiz Ullah is safe — until you are safe. When this is settled — then at last I shall have Faiz Ullah to myself. Now we may have need of him, but he will not come

for me. Stand up and call him by name. If we are to get to Al'Stupr, we shall need him.'

Below them Faiz Ullah lay prone behind his rock watching the hillside, unaware of what went on behind him.

'Ai! Faiz Ullah!' Dallas shouted. The man whipped round at the cry, rifle ready.

'Ai! Faiz Ullah — all is now safe! Come up here and we will go together to Al'Stupr!'

Dallas watched Faiz Ullah clamber up the hill. He came cautiously, with constant glances to his rear. He reached the rock, and of a sudden Baz Khan stood up, his rifle aimed at Faiz Ullah. For a moment Dallas thought that Baz Khan would break his oath, and some idea entered his head of stepping between them.

Faiz Ullah's hand flew to his rifle.

'Stay, my brother,' said Baz Khan in tones of sweetness. 'Stay, my brother. For fifteen years I have waited for you, and now you are denied me as if we were in barracks at Risalpur with the regiment. We have the Sahib here — until he is safe, you are safe from me. I have sworn it. After that — who knows? Do you swear, as I have sworn, that until then I am safe from you?'

'I swear it,' said Faiz Ullah, and Dallas saw his face change like that of a man reprieved at the foot of the gallows. Baz Khan lowered his rifle.

'Let us go, then,' he said. 'We have no time to waste if we are to reach Al'Stupr. It is possible that our brethren from over the valley have already got across our line, but if we hurry, with God's help we shall be home to-night.'

He led the way up the hill, making use of every fold in the ground and every scrap of cover. Baz Khan went first, Dallas followed, and Faiz Ullah brought up the rear. The pace was killing, for it was the long swing of the true hillman. At the top Baz Khan reconnoitred carefully and they cleared the crest, slipping on hands and knees from rock to rock over the sky line.

If the pace was cruel going up, it was worse going down. Anyone can climb, but few can descend. And Dallas had to cry out for a slower pace as his pumping lungs and aching knees became torture unbearable.

Below them there was a gleam of water.

'The Darafshan River,' said Baz Khan. 'It is said that where the stream divides, your Sikander Khan found a great fort and took it.'

'Aornos!' exclaimed Dallas, and the mere idea, however vague, gave him fresh energy.

The sun's rays were level and the shadows lengthening as they dropped down to the water. They drank deeply of the cool, busy river rippling over the stones. They were about to cross when a bullet struck a stone at their feet and ricocheted off into space.

'Run, Sahib!' shouted Baz Khan, and they splashed through the stream to the far side.

'We are under cover here,' said Baz Khan, 'but they have cut us off. Well, well — we will make for the top of this rock. We can spend the night up there and we may see a way out at dawn.'

Ahead of them rose a sheer rock cliff with no apparent way to the top.

'We must go to where the waters divide to find a way up,' put in Faiz Ullah, and, hugging the cliff, they felt their way upstream.

It was almost dark in the river bottom when they reached the point where the Darafshan divided. It was cleft by a spur of boulders above which the cliff rose to what was apparently a flat top. Dallas stopped. The great flat-topped Rock of Aornos was before him, looking just as he had expected.

He forgot his surroundings, he forgot the urgency of their danger. His years of search were at an end.

'"And so they came to the Rock of Aornos,"' Dallas quoted. He knew the sentences from Callisthenes by heart. Sheer rock walls — surrounded by the river, flat-topped — an impregnable fortress until Alexander came and took it. Of course it was the Rock for which he searched; here Alexander had led his men in the assault up the only accessible path.

'Come, Sahib, hurry,' said Baz Khan. 'We must reach the top before dark.'

The blue shadows were high up the hillside, only the very tops of the hills were lit by the setting sun, but Dallas did not move. It was a little cooler, and a small hot breeze from the north made his sweat-soaked shirt sticking to his skin feel cold and clammy.

It is about all this part that Dallas became vague. For him the thing was over. He was able to set foot on Aornos and that was all he cared about. Anything that interfered with his enjoyment of the discovery was more annoyance.

'Come, hurry, Sahib,' Baz Khan repeated urgently, and to give point to his words a bullet whipped into the water and the report of a rifle was thrown back and forth by the echoes in the hills. They ran for the path and scrambled up.

'We must build a sangar of stone,' said Baz Khan when they reached the top.

He chose a place on the very edge of the cliff, where it came to a V above the division of the river. It commanded the one path up which they had come.

For an hour they bent their backs in the dark to collecting stones, and Baz Khan took care to inspect the erection for holes through which a bullet might come. He had bitter recollections of the carelessly built, bullet-spattered sangars on the Black Mountain. They left the top uneven in a rough crenelation of boulder, so that a man might raise his head and fire with less chance of being seen.

Baz Khan appointed the watches. He had taken command — the veteran Sergeant Major — and they accepted his orders without question.

Once during the night they heard a noise at the river and the rattle of stones on the path. They fired a shot, and after that there was silence.

V

Dawn came, slowly ripening the sky from pale lemon to scarlet, and with the first rays of sun the heat became unbearable. At that hour the air was still and stifling. By eleven they might expect the wind from the southeast to add to the torture, searing hot and gritty with dust as it would be.

Faiz Ullah exposed himself incautiously and a bullet sent a shower of rock splinters flying. Those on the far hillside were still watching. They could do nothing but lie and pant, getting what shade they could from their sangar walls. Baz Khan showed Dallas how to ease the pain of hunger by lying on a round flat stone, and Dallas told them the story of Sikander Khan and his taking of the Rock on which they lay grilling.

'*Shabash*' (Well done), said Baz Khan gravely at the end, as he peered cautiously at the far hillside, jagged black and yellow in the contrasts of sunshine and shadow.

Dallas grew dizzy with heat. His tongue filled his mouth and the sound of the river below was torture. Faiz Ullah kept watch with red-rimmed, burning eyes, his turban wound over his mouth to keep out the dust, and

Baz Khan slept or pretended to sleep in the full sun glare.

They did not speak, and over them the bitter, burning wind blew, carrying with it all the dust of India. The dust devils danced and swirled and the rocks of the sangar were too hot to touch. Opposite them the rocky range of hills took queer distorted shapes in the heat.

Dallas concentrated on Aornos. In the bubble of the Darafshan he heard the beat of marching feet as Alexander's hoplites manœuvred down the valley. Sikander Khan himself, in a brazen helmet and breastplate that reflected the sun, led his clattering hosts up the path. The shouts of the attackers beat in Dallas's brain and he struggled to his feet wildly waving his arms. The world was filled with sounds.

Baz Khan caught his leg and pulled him under cover. Bullets spattered on the rocks, the cough of the old muzzle-loader joining in the more urgent crack of the rifles. The heavy ball moaned overhead and Faiz Ullah fired at a white puff of black powder smoke which hung for a moment over a rock on the hillside five hundred yards away.

'It's the sun,' said Baz Khan tersely as he listened to Dallas babbling of Alexander and his Greeks. He rigged some sort of shade with his turban and made Dallas get under it, but in doing so he must have shown himself, for again bullets smacked on the rocks.

'*Shaitan!*' he said. 'They are closing on us, — the swine, — and we must have water for the Sahib or he will die.'

Faiz Ullah said nothing, but fired again at a fancied movement and then turned and looked at Baz Khan with bloodshot eyes.

'We must all have water,' he said thickly, and he passed his swollen tongue over his cracked lips. 'We are fools to stay here. If we wait we die of the sun, or they will come in the dawn when we are too weak to move. If we go we die. The Sahib will die anyhow. Let's go for water — at least we may drink before we die. I have only six rounds left.'

'At dusk they will come, so that we cannot get water. I have nine rounds left,' Baz Khan replied. A splinter of rock had cut his cheek. The blood had run down and dried in a black streak on his face.

Faiz Ullah fired again.

'Do not waste your ammunition, Faiz Ullah,' said Baz Khan.

The long afternoon dragged through. The sun began to dip toward the west and the hot wind died away, and full consciousness returned to Dallas. The wish for food had left the men and their minds seemed to work with amazing clarity. It was only clogging thirst which made them less than supermen.

As the sun came level with the hill-tops Baz Khan spoke. 'Let us be ready. We must have water as soon as it is dark, for they will be there at the river as soon as they can be. We must reach it first.'

Dusk came, and with it the valley filled with shadow. The air seemed cool after the burning day.

'Come,' said Baz Khan. 'Let us go. Take my rifle, Sahib. I will take the knife' — and he felt the double edges of the long blade. Sitting on his heels, he whetted it gently on a stone, sucking the air between his teeth as he did so.

'Have yours in hand, Faiz Ullah. Are you ready? Let us go,' he whispered.

They crept over the wall of the sangar and down the hill. They moved a few yards at a time and waited to listen. At last they reached the river. They lay in it. They lapped it. They let the friendly water wash over them. It filled their stomachs and still they were thirsty.

'Let us go back,' said Baz Khan,

'but first fill your *kulla*, Faiz Ullah, that we may have water through the night.'

They prepared to go, and as they did so the Afridi rose as if out of the ground between them and their path. There were flashes and shots as they stood for a moment dazed.

'*Shaitan*, charge the swine!' shouted Baz Khan. 'Mukwan — Allah!' This last was the regiment's old war cry.

'Mukwan!' echoed Faiz Ullah. '*Yi hai!* This is the way to do it!' he cried, and his long knife soughed as he withdrew it.

Dallas said nothing. He beat instinctively about him with his rifle. Somehow they kept together. Steel clashed on steel, and there was a soggy sound as Baz Khan too got home with the knife.

'We are through — Mukwan Allah!' he shouted. 'Make for the sangar,' and they started up the hill. There were shots behind them, and as they neared the top Baz Khan grunted and staggered. Dallas threw his arm round him and somehow they got him over the wall. Faiz Ullah dropped behind the breastwork and fired into the flashes below merely by way of warning that they were safely home.

Dallas turned Baz Khan over. He was hit through the lung. His breath came short and fast with a catch in it as he tried to get air. He moaned for water. Dallas wiped his lips with his shirt, which was still wet.

Through the long night they watched, one with Baz Khan and one at the sangar wall. At intervals Baz Khan asked for water.

Dawn came, slowly lightening the east again, and with it Baz Khan recovered consciousness.

'I am dying, Sahib,' he said. 'You have come to the end of your search, Sahib, and you may live. I have come to the end of mine and I shall die.'

He sank back against the sangar wall.

There was silence until, as the first level rays of the sun lit the hilltops, there was the sound of shots from the north. Dallas seized Baz Khan's rifle and lay beside Faiz Ullah at the wall. Behind them they could hear Baz Khan gasping as he fought for air.

The firing became more general and Faiz Ullah turned to Dallas, his eyes red-rimmed with dust and watching. '*Ya Allah!*' he said. 'It is those from Al'Stupr.' As he spoke he fired at a man slipping from rock to rock. The bullet sent up a spurt of dust at his feet.

'Faiz Ullah — Faiz Ullah,' whispered Baz Khan. Faiz Ullah went to him. Dallas stayed watching the far hillside.

'Faiz Ullah, my brother,' said Baz Khan. 'Come near. I cannot see — I am dying. I must say good-bye to you.'

He took Faiz Ullah's right hand in his left.

'Faiz Ullah — the Sahib and I have each found something. You have found nothing but this.'

The long knife flashed once, and Faiz Ullah fell forward coughing.

'God's curse on you, Faiz Ullah — my brother,' said Baz Khan.

WALTER SCOTT AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

I

THE *London Observer* of March 15, 1931, propounded, by way of competition, the question, 'Which of the immortals would you choose as companion for half an hour's walk?' The six candidates who headed the poll were Shakespeare, Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, Socrates, Sir Walter Scott, Julius Cæsar. If all the competitors, before recording their votes, had reread Washington Irving's charming description of his visit to Abbotsford and his walks with the 'Shirra' in 1817, it is possible that Scott might have headed the list. 'It was,' says the American essayist, 'as if I were admitted to a social communion with Shakespeare, for it was with one of a kindred, if not equal genius. . . . The play of his genius was so easy that he was unconscious of its mighty power. . . . I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation any more than there is throughout his works.' In fact, to quote the same authority, a 'golden-hearted man.'

It is rather the fashion just now with the illiterate and the immature to depreciate Scott. He is, says a manufacturer of shockers, unreadable. A contemporary lady novelist records her horror at having been suspected of reading Dickens, explaining that she felt almost as distressed as though she had been accused of reading Scott. It is a pity she did not add Shakespeare, so as to include in one condemnation the three greatest creators of character in English literature, perhaps even in the literature of the world. The result of the *Observer* election, recording the opinion of the most educated newspaper 'constituency' in the British Isles, would seem to indicate that, for the lettered, Scott is far from being a back number.

The recent publication of two new lives of Walter Scott is a reminder that 1932 is the centenary of that great man's death. We may no doubt look forward to a considerable literary output of Scottiana in the immediate future, but the object of this modest article is to call attention to Scott's contribution to the vocabulary and phraseology of modern English, and to suggest that some student of language should handle the subject with the fullness for which the present writer has not the necessary leisure. It will, I think, be found that next to Shakespeare, whose influence on English is a phenomenon unique in the history of language, Scott has been our greatest verbal benefactor.

He is not one of the very quotable poets. Leaving out Shakespeare, who stands alone, it may be said that the greatest poets are often not the most quotable. Each of the immortals has given us a few phrases which have be-

come an integral part of the English vocabulary, but from all the magnificent poetry of the nineteenth century cannot be drawn a supply of quotations to compare with that furnished in the eighteenth century by Pope alone, the neat and sententious. To Scott's vigorous and galloping verse we owe such effective phrases as 'Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung,' 'Caledonia! stern and wild,' 'to beard the lion in his den,' 'foemen worthy of their steel'; and, although he was a landsman, he is our first literary authority for the phrase 'to nail the colours to the mast,' which occurs in the Introduction to 'Marmion,' an example overlooked by the Oxford Dictionary. This may not seem a very large contribution to English phraseology, but it is probably as great as that of any other nineteenth-century poet. The 'crowded hour of glorious life,' which is attributed to him in some anthologies of quotations, is really a quotation from a poem by T. O. Mordaunt, used by Scott as an epigraph to a chapter of *Old Mortality*.

It is to the prose works that we must go to estimate Scott's importance as a word maker and phrase maker. The Waverley Novels fall into two groups. We have the romantic mediæval tales that delighted our boyhood, and which the modern consumer of thrillers finds long-winded and dull. Such are *Ivanhoe*, *The Talisman*, and *Quentin Durward*, the greatest of these being *Ivanhoe*. Then there are the immortal stories dealing with periods not too remote from the author's own times, with the scene laid upon his 'native heath' (his own phrase), the Border country and the Lowlands, regions so rich in that legendary lore which Scott began to absorb in childhood and in which he never ceased to revel. It is to these — *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Rob Roy*, and the like — that we turn in our mature years, when the perusal of some 'courageous' modern novel impels us to seek the disinfecting society of Dandie Dinmont, Mr. Oldbuck, Davie Deans, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and the rest of a society of characters and oddities unequaled outside Shakespeare's works, except perhaps by Dickens. In these two groups of novels Scott speaks two separate languages. In the first group we have the conventional and unreal language of imaginative romance, in the second the natural pithy speech, racy of the soil, which he had heard all his life from the Lowland burgess and peasant.

II

To write a realistic historical novel of the Middle Ages is, from the language point of view, an obvious impossibility. In *Ivanhoe*, for instance, one half of the characters would have to talk late Anglo-Saxon, and the other half old Norman-French. To give an archaic atmosphere to the setting, the author goes in for what Stevenson called 'tushery,' and the result is, to the philological reader, an artificial absurdity. Even in the 'props' the most conscientious romance writer may go hopelessly wrong. To take a simple example: In *Ivanhoe* Wamba says to the Black Knight, 'I have twice or thrice noticed the glance of a morrion from amongst the green leaves.' In 'Marmion' Fitz-Eustace speaks of his 'basnet.' A morrion, the brimmed helmet of late Tudor times, is as impossible in the days of Cœur-de-Lion as a basnet, the basin-helmet of the early mediæval warrior, at Flodden Field. This may seem pernickety criticism, but I doubt whether a laborious consulter of sources like Charles Reade was ever guilty of any such trifling blunder in *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

When we come to the question of

language, the incongruities often become ludicrous. Conan Doyle's *White Company* is a rather good yarn, but the speech of the characters is often laughable. For instance, the epithet 'young rooster' applied by a veteran to a prentice warrior is a transplantation to fourteenth-century English of an Americanism not recorded before 1820. Leslie Stephen has somewhere likened *Ivanhoe* to the plaster and stucco imitations of ancient carved oak and stonework with which Scott adorned Abbotsford, but all this artificiality does not prevent it from being one of the most picturesque stories ever written. We can be thrilled by the picture of Ivanhoe and the Templar rushing from the opposite ends of the lists 'with the speed of lightning' and meeting 'with the shock of a thunderbolt,' though we know that, in point of fact, they lumbered awkwardly up against each other on dray horses and jabbed away clumsily with their barge-pole implements till one of them overbalanced and rolled off.

It was Spenser who first, inspired by admiration for Chaucer, set the example of adorning romantic narrative with archaic or pseudo-archaic language. Naturally he committed some howlers, the most famous of which is 'derring-do,' which he uses repeatedly in the sense of 'manhood and chivalry.' It is really a misunderstanding of Chaucer. Some of us may be able to recall the thrill which we got from this mouth-filling word in Scott's description of the assault on the castle of Torquilstone, in *Ivanhoe*. Just as Scott lifted the ghost word 'derring-do' from Spenser, so he borrowed the unexplained 'arm-gaunt' from Shakespeare. Nobody knows what is meant by Antony's 'arm-gaunt steed,' nor did any other writer use the word till Scott introduced an 'arm-gaunt charger' into *Old Mortality*. Occasionally, falling into a trap like Spenser, he made a new word. He is rather fond of 'bartizan,' supposed to mean an outwork of a mediæval castle. It first occurs in 'Marmion,' and is apparently due to his misunderstanding of 'bartisene,' an illiterate early Scotch spelling of 'bratticing,' from 'brattice,' timber work. It is described by the Oxford Dictionary as a sham antique.

A word of which the modern currency is entirely due to Scott is 'henchman.' A 'henchman,' originally a horse groom, was in Tudor times a kind of page. The 'royal henchmen,' also called 'enfants d'honneur,' were in the service of the crown till the corps was dissolved in 1565, after which the word dropped out of use. One of its last records is its solitary occurrence in Shakespeare, who uses it of the subject of the quarrel between Oberon and Titania: —

> Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
> I do but beg a little changeling boy
> To be my henchman.

Early in the eighteenth century the word made a mysterious reappearance in the Scottish Highlands, being recorded and explained in Edward Burt's *Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland*. It would appear that Burt blundered somewhere, but Scott, always eager for picturesque words, pounced on this apparent Shakespearean survival and used it in 'The Lady of the Lake,' repeating, in one of his notes, Burt's very dubious explanation of the term. Like many other words rescued by Scott, 'henchman' is now very much alive. It has acquired in America a sense unknown in England — namely, that of an unscrupulous political adherent.

'Henchman' may or may not be a blunder, but Scott's misuse of 'warison' is on a par with Spenser's 'derring-do.' 'Warison' is an obsolete word with a

variety of meanings, such as wealth, possession, reward. In the last of these senses it occurs in the old ballad on the Battle of Otterburn (or Chevy Chase), printed in Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (1765): —

> Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson,
> And well quyt it shal bee.

Scott, who, like all the Romantics, was an eager student of the *Reliques*, apparently misinterpreted the lines and understood a 'warison' to be the signal for the onset, in fact, a 'warry sound'! Hence we find in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel': —

> Either receive within thy towers
> Two hundred of my master's powers,
> Or straight they sound their warison,
> And storm and spoil thy garrison.

'Warison' has not had the fortunate fate of some other sham antiques, though Byron, in 'Don Juan,' uses it playfully in his rhyming gymnastics: —

> Having wound up with this sublime comparison,
> Methinks we may proceed upon our narrative,
> And, as my friend Scott says, 'I sound my warison';
> Scott, the superlative of my comparative —
> Scott, who can paint your Christian knight or Saracen,
> Serf, lord, man, with such skill as none would share it, if
> There had not been one Shakespeare. . . .

Some of our author's coinages are so like genuine antiques that they have not only been accepted as such, but have proved to be useful additions to the figurative material of the language. It is difficult to think of 'free-lance' journalism by any other name, and the free-lance journalist would certainly prefer that description to the old label of 'penny-a-liner'; but the term is no older than *Ivanhoe*, in which it is de Bracy's description of his company of mercenaries. It is thus purely Scott's invention. Old Scottish law contains allusions to murderers taken 'with the red hand,' but it was Scott who, in the same novel, put the adjective 'redhanded' into the mouth of Front-de-Bœuf. Whenever things get lively in Parliament, we are sure to read in our morning papers of a 'passage of arms' between Mr. X and Mr. Y. This name for a tournament or jousting encounter did not exist in English till Scott wrote of 'the gentle and joyous passage of arms of Ashby,' which is one of the two set pieces of *Ivanhoe*. The word 'Norseman' seems the natural alternative for Viking, but does not occur before Scott used it in 'Harold the Dauntless,' the last of the long poems he composed before, eclipsed by the meteoric fame of Byron, he turned from poetry to his true vocation.

III

If Scott had no other title to our gratitude, he would deserve it for the number of Shakespearean words and phrases he revived. The eighteenth century knew something about Shakespeare, but, under French and Johnsonian influence, had come to regard his language as part of a rugged and uncouth past. Scott was saturated in Tudor literature, and to him, more than to any of his brother Romantics, is due the salving of many of the most expressive words and phrases in the language. Shakespeare himself was apparently the 'only begetter' of the word 'fitful,' which he used once only, though in one of his most perfect lines: —

> Duncan is in his grave;
> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

Scott revived it in the opening lines of 'The Lady of the Lake,' thus adding a most expressive word to our vocabulary. There is no literary record of a 'towering passion' between *Hamlet* and

Rob Roy, nor of 'coign of vantage' between *Macbeth* and *The Heart of Midlothian*. It may sound hyperbolical but is nevertheless true that, if Shakespeare had never lived, the English language would be, from the point of view of forceful expression, quite other than it is; but it is equally true that, but for Scott, part of this inestimable element in the language would have been missing. Another of Scott's revivals is 'yeoman's service,' first used by Hamlet in describing good and faithful service such as may be expected from a trusty adherent.

Even more important, or at any rate more natural, is the enrichment of English by words from the Border dialects with which Scott was familiar from childhood, and of which he knew the more archaic forms from traditional balladry, from Barbour's 'Bruce' and Blind Harry's 'Wallace.' The very word 'Borderer,' with its implication of lawless 'moss-trooping' (another Scott revival), is not found between Shakespeare and Scott. Shakespeare, in *Henry V*, refers to the 'pilfering borderers' who will 'make road' upon the north during the King's absence in France, and the Oxford Dictionary has no further record before Scott's application of the term to that 'stark, moss-trooping Scott,' William of Deloraine. What should we call that pleasing accompaniment of modern warfare known as an 'air raid' if Scott had not, in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' revived 'raid,' the Scottish form of 'road' (that is, inroad, foray), which had not made its appearance since Lindesay of Pitscottie's *Chronicle of Scotland* was written toward the end of the sixteenth century? 'Blackmail,' an inseparable concomitant of our civilization, originally the tribute levied by Highland freebooters on the landowners of the Lowlands, was an obsolescent Scottish term, when it was used, with a long explanatory note and Rose Bradwardine's classic definition, in *Waverley*. Macaulay was perhaps the first to give it a figurative sense, but its modern currency and meaning appear to have started in America about 1870.

It was Macaulay also who first used 'slogan' of a political rallying cry, but I am not sure which side of the Atlantic is responsible for the contemporary and idiotic use of this 'vogue-word,' as Mr. Fowler would call it. Among my cuttings I find: —

> JUDGE. 'What do you mean by a slogan?'
> BARRISTER. 'It is an American advertising term, my lord.'
> JUDGE. 'Really! I thought it was the war cry of a Highland clan.'

The judge is right, as a judge should be. 'Slogan' is a Gaelic word meaning army yell. Adopted by the Lowlands, it became 'sloggorn,' a corrupted form which led Chatterton to include it in his pseudo-antique vocabulary as the name of a trumpet ('slug-horn'), an absurdity copied by Browning. It was Scott who made the word familiar: —

> To heaven the Border slogan rung,
> 'St. Mary for the young Buccleuch!'

And, greatly as I admire Scott, I almost wish he had left 'slogan' to sleep undisturbed.

Another of his picturesque revivals is the 'fiery cross,' the cross burnt at one end and dipped in blood at the other, which was passed from hand to hand to assemble the clansmen for war. It is not recorded after 1641, when it is found, oddly enough, in Milton, until the famous description in 'The Lady of the Lake.'

It must be remembered that Scott was only the culmination of a great poetic renaissance in Scotland. As early as 1826 there was published at Königsberg a small dictionary intended

'to promote the understanding of the works of Sir Walter Scott, Rob. Burns, Allan Ramsay, etc.,' for German readers, so that the credit for the introduction into English of many expressive Scotticisms may have to be shared. Still, it must be remembered that, where Burns had one English reader, Scott had a hundred; hence, whether we find the first record of a new word in his works or elsewhere, its actual adoption is mostly to be ascribed to him. If not the reviver, he was at least the popularizer of 'canny' and 'uncanny.' The first has been the southron's natural epithet for Scott's fellow countrymen since Edie Ochiltree, in *The Antiquary*, answered an awkward question 'with the caution of a canny Scotchman.' 'Uncanny,' now an indispensable word, dates from Dandie Dinmont's impression of Meg Merrilies, in *Guy Mannering*. The somewhat kindred adjective 'gruesome' was also unknown in literary English before the vogue of the Waverley Novels.

Few words convey more of poetic suggestion than 'glamour.' It has that *obscurité indispensable* which Baudelaire regarded as a chief element in the poetic. 'Glamour' is the same word as 'grammar,' its change of meaning reflecting the mediæval conviction that the learning of the clerk bordered on the magical. Burns actually rhymes 'glamour' with 'hell's black grammar.' In the eighteenth century it was used in Scottish vernacular literature of a magic spell, in the phrase 'to cast the glamour.' Its occurrence in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' made it familiar to English readers. It must be remembered that this famous poem, published in 1805, had with the limited reading public of the day a success which is now attained only by the lucky thriller or pornographic novel. Other Scottish writers had used 'glamour' before Scott, but he is solely responsible for reviving its older form 'gramarye,' unrecorded between the fifteenth century and the 'Lay.' No doubt he found it in Percy's *Reliques*. Unlike 'glamour,' now an everyday word, 'gramarye' is restricted to the vocabulary of 'tushery.' It is curious to compare with these romantic words the commonplace and bookish 'vituperate,' which fell into disuse in the seventeenth century to be reintroduced by Scott in his novels.

IV

It is possible for the authority of a great writer to give to a word a new shade of meaning which gradually replaces the original. This has happened to 'gloom,' formerly used of a lowering, sullen aspect. The current sense of darkness dates only from Milton, for whom the association between the two ideas was naturally very close. What Shakespeare has done in this way is almost beyond computation. As we have seen, Scott occasionally misunderstood the meaning of an archaic word. 'Thew,' which we scarcely use except in the plural, originally meant habit, quality, feature. By Shakespeare's time it had come to be used of the general physique or 'habit of body.' Scott revived it in a mistaken sense and, by regularly linking it with 'sinews,' gave it the muscular connotation which has prevailed over its true sense. The adjective 'bluff' now suggests a combination of the frank, the hearty, and the burly. In *Ivanhoe* the epithet is applied to Friar Tuck. Up to the eighteenth century it meant arrogant, blustering. Horace Walpole speaks of Henry VIII's 'bluff haughtiness.' This may have suggested Scott's 'bluff King Hal,' the phrase from which the change of meaning apparently dates.

From about 1600 to 1800 our ancestors had to do without the adjective

'stalwart.' It was a very common epithet in Middle English ('stalworth') and early Scottish ('stalwart'), with an original sense of steadfast, unshakable, but used also as a vague intensive epithet. For example, it could be applied to a castle, a fight, or a tempest, as well as to a man. Scott either found it in the old romantic literature in which he delighted or picked it up orally as a dialect survival, and it became one of his favorite epithets, its first occurrence being in his description of Marmion, 'a stalworth knight, and keen.' It is now one of the few English adjectives that can be used as nouns. A 'stalwart' is an uncompromising adherent or admirer, a sense which, according to the Oxford Dictionary, quoting the *New York Nation*, was first used by Mr. Blaine in 1877 to designate those Republicans who were unwilling to give up hostility and distrust of the South as a political motive. Of 'smouldering' Dr. Johnson says, 'This word seems a participle, but I know not whether the verb "smoulder" be in use.' The records of the Oxford Dictionary show that the Doctor's doubts were justified. The verb was practically obsolete by about 1600, but Scott revived it in 'The Lady of the Lake,' giving it especially the figurative sense in which it is now most familiar: —

> Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
> Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud.

Mr. John Buchan, in *No-Man's Land*, speaks of a young gentleman who had 'spent his substance too freely at Oxford' and was now 'dreeing his weird' in the backwoods. In the eighteenth century this would have been unintelligible, except perhaps to a North-Country peasant. 'Dree,' to perform, endure, still lingers in the Border counties of England and Scotland, though a few more years of 'education' will probably expel it from country speech. It is in this one phrase, reintroduced into literature by Scott after a lapse of three or four centuries, that 'weird' preserves its original sense of fate, destiny, its conversion into a modern adjective having taken place via the 'weird sisters,' the Fates, introduced by Shakespeare into *Macbeth*.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April 1930 describes a class of school children as a 'sea of faces.' The phrase 'sea of upturned faces' perhaps owes its American vogue to a speech delivered by Daniel Webster in 1842. It is one of the clichés pilloried by Mr. Cabell in his *Something about Eve*. But, if we turn to *Rob Roy*, we find a Presbyterian congregation described as a 'sea of upturned faces which bent their eyes on the pulpit as a common centre.' The figure is so natural that it may not necessarily be of Scott's invention, but at any rate his is the earliest record.

THE HARVEST

In the cornfield
At the foot of the mesa they stood in the morning.
Red and yellow
Like the tassels of corn were their war bonnets waving;
Such a harvest
Never grew in the field at the foot of the mesa.

Hark to their war cries;
Their songs of derision:
'Come down to the harvest!
Come down from the mesa!
The red corn is waving,
Waiting for harvest!
Come down to the harvest!
Come down from the mesa!'

In the evening
When the hunters return from the day in the desert,
Who will warn them
Of the ambush that waits them below in the cornfield?
Who will save them
From the harvest of death at the foot of the mesa?

'Come down from the mesa!
Come down to the harvest!
Where are your maidens
To carry our baskets?
Where are your old men,
Your squaws and your children?
The harvest is waiting;
Come down from the mesa!'

Come, my daughter,
They are calling the women to help in the harvest:
Down the pathway
In the notch of the cliff overhanging the cornfield
All alone
I will go with my basket to help in the reaping.

Go not, my mother!
Can you not hear them?
Their cries of derision;
Their mocking and laughter?

Here on the mesa
We may defy them —
Or, if you will go
I will go with you.

Yes, my daughter,
You shall help in the harvest that waits in the cornfield;
You will hasten
By the trail that descends at the top of the valley.
Warn the hunters
They must hasten: the harvest is ripe for the reapers.

Ah me, my mother!
Does not the pathway
Lead past the cornfield?
Close to the cornfield?
There is no sagebrush:
Nothing to hide me!
Will they not see me?
Will they not take me?

Go, my daughter!
Let your foot be as light as the snow on the desert.
If they see you
They will think that the ghost of a cloud has gone by them;
If they hear you
They will think that the west wind is stirring the corn leaves.

'Here comes a woman
To help in the harvest!
Here comes a basket
To carry the red ears!
Come down from the mesa,
Faded squash blossom!
The red corn is ripening!
Come down from the mesa!'

'Dogs and rabbits!
Have you come from the desert to beg for your breakfast?
Snakes and lizards!
Are you starving for frogs that you creep to our cornfields?
Rats and gophers!
Are your holes choked with sand that you crawl to our mesa?'

'Is there no warrior
To bring down this woman?
Down from the mesa —
This mother of hornets!

Her tongue is like cactus!
Like sand in the eyeball!
Is there no warrior
To bring down this woman?'

'Carrion eaters!
Pickers-up of the bones in the camp of the hunters!'
(Will they see her?
Like a shadow she flies at the edge of the cornfield!
Will they hear her?
Like the whisper of rain on the sand are her footsteps!)

'Hear what she calls us!
Snakes, rats, and lizards!
Dogs and coyotes!
Rabbits and gophers!
Capture her! Take her!
Climb up the pathway!
Is there no warrior
To bring down this woman?'

In the distance
Where the hand of the sun stretches over the valley,
Come the hunters,
Where the shimmer of heat trembles over the sagebrush.
They are coming
Like the whirlwind that spins in the grey of the desert!

'Dogs of Apaches!
Look down below you!
See, they are waiting
To gather the harvest!
Nay, do not stumble!
The pathway is narrow!
This is no trail
For the dogs of the desert!'

By the pathway
At the foot of the mesa the hunters were waiting.
In the cornfield
Sharp and keen as the frost were the blades of the reapers.
Such a harvest
Never grew in the field at the foot of the mesa.

DERRICK N. LEHMER

MEASURING THE DIVINE SPARK

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

I

PHYSICS, someone has said, is the Aaron's rod that is swallowing up all the other sciences. A survey of recent trends suggests that something of the kind is taking place. Certainly many of the specialized sciences are drawing increasingly upon physics to explore and explain their phenomena, and to that degree they are becoming departments of physics. Chemistry, in its fundamentals, has become *physical* chemistry — and it would take a clever balancer of fine points to say where physics leaves off and chemistry begins. Astrophysics is now the main concern of astronomers. Geophysics is more and more encroaching upon the preserves of the geologist. Oceanographers are finding in the physics of the sea a new approach to problems formerly regarded as biological. And biologists, peering into the living mystery of protoplasm, are asking whether its processes, too, may not be resolved into the ultrascopic mechanics of electrified particles, excited ions, speeding electrons — the action of forces wholly physical.

Of all these expansions of physics, perhaps the one that seems least credible is its suggested embracement of biology. One finds difficulty in thinking of the living cell, in which may be wrapped the brain of Newton or the hand of Raphael, as just another atomic mechanism. But since Wöhler's synthesis of the organic product urea, the old idea of a 'vital force' as an ingredient of living matter has weakened — fighting a losing battle under different guises as one organic substance after another, heretofore thought of as producible only by the action of living cells, has been made in the test tube by the action of inorganic elements. The recent synthesis in the laboratory of artificial 'cells' which enlarge, divide, and exhibit other limited behavior characteristic of living cells, lends encouragement to the prediction of a prominent physicist that the time is not far off when life will be generated in the laboratory.

To explain the life process has become the great quest. The sphinx has changed its riddle. We know now — only too well — who it is that goes on four legs in the morning, on two legs at midday, and on three legs in the evening. But we don't know why he does this. Why do we grow old? Why do we die? Perhaps the beginning of the answer will be found only when we have solved the more fundamental problem: Why do we live?

This fundamental problem may be broken up into any number of more detailed inquiries. Indeed, it is only by subdividing the riddle into its simpler constituents that Œdipus can make any progress at all in science. For example, why does a living cell divide? Answer that, and you begin to know why it lives.

Another of these detailed questions

which lie at the root of life, and one which has long had the attention of biologists, may be indicated by the following experiment: Take a fertilized sea-urchin egg which has experienced normal growth through the first step, that of dividing into two cells. Separate the cells. Each of the two will then develop into a complete individual. You may wait until the egg has further subdivided into four cells, or even until its growth has attained eight cells; by separating them you will get eight sea urchins, whereas by leaving the group undisturbed you will get only one.

Why is this? If each cell can develop into a whole animal after it is separated, why did it not do so when it was a member of the group? What is the mechanism by which a separated cell knows that the whole burden of perpetuating its life now devolves upon it?

The same principle of correlation may be observed in plants. Cut off the tip of a fir tree. Soon one of the lateral branches will straighten up and assume the apical position. The colony of cells which constitute the tree act as if they simply must have a vertical tip; and in so doing they are exhibiting one of the fundamental characteristics of living things — that of structural polarity. But why must a tree be a polar structure? And what determines which branch shall substitute for the missing apex? What prevents it from straightening its posture when the apex is there? How does it know when the apex is gone? Neither the fir tree nor the germinating sea-urchin egg has any nerves. What is the means of communication?

Cell correlation is an old problem, one of the most familiar and mysterious in the whole field of biology. It has lured many a researcher into a long quest. Its challenge was the beginning of the discoveries to be related in this paper.

II

Dr. E. J. Lund, now research professor of biology at the University of Texas, was working in the zoölogical laboratory of Johns Hopkins University in 1914. He was experimenting with Bursaria, an almost microscopic animal which floats about in water, continually beating the hairy cilia which cover its body, and regularly beating all cilia in a uniform direction to stir up a circulation of water toward its mouth — a familiar device among protozoa to bring food particles their way. In these animals, which embody in one cell all the functions of the individual, Dr. Lund studied many curious abnormalities.

He found instances in which the cell generated a mouth at its tail end, changed the beat of cilia along that half of its body, and thus began to feed at both ends. Gradually the halves differentiated into two individuals which separated and floated away to independent existences. But in some instances one of the halves, after it had developed individuality but before separation, slowly diminished in size and was absorbed by the other half. In the latter case it was as though one individual had overpowered the other.

In trying to account for these changes in correlation, — why a tail should develop into a head, and why one unit should dominate and appropriate to itself another, — Dr. Lund recalled the strange response of another unicellular animal to electrical energy.

This creature, called Paramecium, is even more primitive than Bursaria — a tiny cigar-shaped cell covered with minute hairs which persistently beat to promote food circulation mouthward. It had been shown earlier by other experimenters that if an electric current was passed through the water in which Paramecium was floating, an immediate effect would be noticeable

in the action of the cilia. The effect varied with the direction of the electric current. If the electricity flowed in such a way that it entered the head of the animal first, the tail half immediately began to beat its cilia in an opposite direction from that of the head half. It acted as though orders had been given it to stir up a circulation and bring food particles tailward. That is, it acted as the Bursaria did after growing a mouth at its posterior end. But when the electric current was reversed, with the flow from tail to head, then the beat of the cilia also reversed in both halves and the Paramecium acted as though both its ends were tails.

Through numerous experiments with many different creatures, Dr. Lund verified this strange influence of electric energy upon growing cells. He found it possible to inhibit growth, to delay growth, to reverse the direction of growth. In the case of the germinating eggs of a certain seaweed, he found it possible to dictate the orientation of the plant. Left to themselves, the globular eggs sprouted in a variety of directions, one to the right, another to the left, the next somewhere between, apparently with no rhyme or reason; but when put in the path of an electric current a remarkable orderliness appeared, and it was the side of the globule exposed to the positive electrode that developed the root.

Since this energy from outside was able to exert so controlling an influence upon the living thing, it seemed reasonable to ask if the same kind of energy might not be a factor in normal growth. Might not the organism itself be a generator of electrical energy? If so, might not its electricity influence its growth in somewhat the same way that the outside currents imposed in the laboratory influenced the cells in the experiments? Might not the organism's own inner electrical output be responsible for determining its structural polarity — its differentiation into head and tail, into apex and root, into the universal symmetry that we find in living things?

It has long been known that muscles and nerves have electrical properties, since their action is accompanied by a release of electricity. So too with the sensitive plant and with the electric organ of some eels and fishes — under the stimulus of touch they discharge a flash of electricity. The discharges occur intermittently, like a bolt of lightning, accompanying the muscular or nervous action, and then quickly drop to zero. Since the time of Galvani and his experiment with recently killed frogs, the existence of these discontinuous currents of 'animal electricity' has been known, and they have formed a fascinating field for investigation — though their origin and nature remain unexplained.

In 1854 a German experimenter, Buff, discovered a different kind of electrical phenomenon in living things. He found that there was a *continuous* flow of current between the root tip and upper parts of a plant. This experiment was repeated by Müller-Hettlingen and confirmed by later investigators, including E. J. Matthews, who worked on the stems of hydroids and thus carried the research into the animal kingdom. Lund now began an exploration of the continuous currents, studying both plants and animals; and after more than a dozen years of concentrated work in laboratories of the University of Minnesota, the Puget Sound Biological Station, and the University of Texas, he has accumulated a wealth of evidence which seems to establish these conclusions: —

1. Continuous electrical currents exist in plants and animals, suggesting that a flow of electricity is an indispensable accompaniment of life.

2. These currents are generated by the living cells of the organism, each cell being in effect a miniature electric battery.

3. The cells vary in their capacity to generate electricity, the flow of current being strongest from young cells, weakest from old cells, and absent in dead cells.

4. The currents normally generated by living cells are of magnitudes equal to that of the artificial currents used in the experiments to control growth — thus suggesting that the cell uses its own electrical energy for the same purpose.

5. This capacity for continuous generation of electricity is a general property of living matter.

Are life and growth, then, conditioned by the electrical output of the living cell? Are aging and death the result or accompaniment of a waning of this output, a running down of the battery as its electrodes are consumed and its chemicals lose their electromotive properties? These are questions, not assertions; but certainly some of the recent experimental results lead to such questioning.

III

One brilliant result is the discovery that the apex of a living thing is electropositive, in the external part of the circuit, to more basal regions of the organism. This is a detail of great significance. For in any generator of electricity the flow of electrons in the external part of the circuit is from the negative pole to the positive — that is, from the region of high electron pressure to the region of low electron pressure. On the hypothesis that growth follows the flow of the positive electric current, this arrangement is as it should be. In every variety of living cell that has been tested, the structural polarity of the organism accords with this principle.

Thus, the tip of a tree is more active, more growing, younger, than the trunk; its cells are rapidly dividing and pushing the structure upward and outward. The galvanometer shows that the positive electricity generated by the tree is normally flowing through the wood of each branch upward and outward — from the more basal regions of the trunk into the more apical regions of the tip. The direction of growth coincides with the direction of the electrical current.

A similar statement applies to the root system. Here is another apex: the cells at the root tip are rapidly dividing and pushing the structure downward and outward. And here, too, when the galvanometer is applied, the electrical currents of this part of the tree are found to be flowing from the basal tissue above down into the root tip.

Suppose the electrical current flows against the direction of growth; what will happen then? The small hydroid Obelia, which normally grows a polyp at one end of its stem and a root-like holdfast at the other, was the subject of this experiment. If you cut a section of Obelia stem and drop it in water, regeneration will occur within twenty or thirty hours; and the end that was toward the polyp in the mother organism will invariably show the first sign of growth by sprouting a new polyp of its own. Later the basal end will develop, but in hundreds of tests it was the apical or polyp end that developed first — showing unmistakably an inherent polarity of the organism, a persistent tendency to grow in that direction.

The question was, Can this persistent tendency be overcome? Can we shut the door on growth? Can we open another door, and make growth take that direction? A number of Obelia stems were cross-sectioned, and these sections were fastened in water.

An electric current was then passed through the water in such a way that it entered certain of the sections by their apical ends.

In every one of these cases, growth was inhibited! In some instances it was delayed by as much as twenty hours. In other instances, where the electromotive force was increased, the order of growth was reversed so that a polyp sprouted from the basal end and a holdfast from the apical end — something that had never been observed in nature.

In other experiments the currents generated by the Obelia stem itself were measured, and in every instance it was found that the electrical polarity was positive at the apical end and negative at the basal. Thus, the normal flow of its own electrical output is from base to apex, which is also the normal direction of growth. But when the electrical output of the organism was overpowered by an opposing current of greater electromotive force imposed from outside, then the natural polarity of the tissue was reversed — its electric flow was reversed — and its direction of growth was reversed. Of necessity, the tissue grew backward. At least, such appears to be a reasonable explanation of the result.

May not this same result occur naturally? May not one living cell — or group of cells — develop such high electrical potential as to inhibit or reverse the potential of a sister cell, and thus exercise control over the latter? Dr. Lund thinks so, and by his unique experiments with the Douglas fir he has found evidence that the higher potentials generated in certain regions of the tree actually dominate the electrical output of other regions of the tree.

This suggests a possible key to the problem of cell correlation. Through the trunk and branches there is a continuous flow of current upward in the wood and downward in the cortex or living strata of the bark. The apical cortex, moreover, shows a higher electromotive force than the wood, and it has been demonstrated that the stronger currents generated in the cortex cells affect the less electrically active wood cells.

The apical tip of the tree is found to be electropositive to the tip of each branch. Also, the tip of each branch is electropositive to the tip of any branch below it. Thus the apex is unmistakably marked as the region of the highest electrical potential, and the cortex as the highest within the apex. When the apex is cut off, the branch which possesses the next highest potential — it would seem — is selected by its own electrical capacity to serve as the new apex. The current surging up into it from the wood below dominates it, determines its function, and the process of growth lifts the new apex to a vertical position. This is the picture suggested by the evidence. And it is important to remember that an electrical generator must of necessity be a polar structure.

Moreover, the flow of food materials within the tree conforms in general to the flow of the self-generated electrical currents. The sap flows upward in the wood as a water stream bearing inorganic nutrients in solution; some of these nutritive substances pass radially to the branches and leaves, others flow downward in the cortex.

To test the possible influence of an electric current upon sap transport, Dr. Lund placed the root end of a small plant in a water solution of red dye. The water rose in the plant uniformly, and the dye gave the wood in the plant a pinkish tinge. Then the experimenter took a fresh plant, selected two opposite branches, and attached an electrode to the tip of each branch. When these were connected in an electric

circuit and a current was sent through in such a way that the electricity entered the plant by its right branch and passed out at its left branch, a marked difference appeared in the staining of the wood. The water rose scarcely at all in the right branch, but in the left, through which the electric current had its outlet, the staining was complete. Apparently the electric flow is able to inhibit transport as well as growth.

In this experiment the electrical current which, when thus artificially imposed, affected the normal flow of sap in the plant was about ten microamperes. The currents used in the experiments to orient growth in Obelia stems were of the same order of magnitude; and to inhibit and reverse the direction of growth the currents were about ten times greater. The electrical pressures used were measured in thousandths of a volt. Larger outputs of energy have been measured in the growing things themselves; the electromotive force of a Douglas fir registered as high as one tenth of a volt in a ten-year-old tree.

A tenth of a volt is not much electrical pressure in our commercial power systems — though it would be quite sufficient to support a local telephone conversation, provided the current were of the alternating type necessary for telephony. But it would n't furnish much illumination; even the low-voltage incandescent lamp circuit ordinarily used for automobile headlights requires six volts. So the newspaper reporter who came bustling up with an original idea — 'Can't we have a story about wiring a Christmas tree so that it will be made to light its own bulbs?' — was doomed to disappointment. There is little likelihood that trees or forests may ever be hooked up as generators to supply electricity for cities, farms, and other dependent outsiders. It seems more certain that they need and use all their own energy output in the process of living. And when they cease living, they cease generating electricity.

IV

How does a living thing generate electricity? There are, in general, two ways of producing current: by pumping electrons, as with a dynamo; and by damming up electrons to a higher level of pressure, as with a chemical battery. The protoplasmic cell uses the second method, and Dr. Lund finds it to be of that particular type known as an oxidation-reduction battery. A familiar example in everyday use is the storage battery of the Ford automobile. Indeed, almost all makes of automobile now use this type of battery.

I have suggested that a battery is, in effect, an electric dam. It is a chemical arrangement so constructed that on one side of the reaction are atoms and molecules with a surplus of electrons, and, on the other, atoms and molecules with a deficiency. Whenever the sluice in the dam is open — that is, whenever the two poles of the battery are joined in a circuit — these electric particles (or, as the newest physics would have it, these wavelets) flow like water from the region of surplus, or high electron pressure, to the region of deficiency, or low electron pressure. They continue to flow until the electrical level on both sides is equal.

The difference in electrical level is obtained, in the first place, by selecting chemicals which are electromotively active with respect to one another. In an oxidation-reduction battery this means that there must be a substance with a tendency to oxidize, or remove electrons from, another; and there must also be this latter substance which will reduce, or contribute electrons to the other. In the case of the automobile battery, the electromo-

tively active substances are lead metal, lead oxide, and sulphuric acid diluted with water.

In the living cell it has been found that under normal conditions there is a continuous process of oxidation-reduction, and that the electrical output of the cell varies with the velocity of oxidation. Shut out oxygen — as was done experimentally in many instances — and the cell ceases to produce a current. Present in every living cell is glutathione, a carbon compound with a hydrogen-sulphur group, an electromotively active substance. It would be possible to put two metal electrodes into a suitable vessel of glutathione and draw off an electric current — though such a suggestion will bring a smile to the laboratory man who finds it difficult to accumulate a gram. Dr. Lund feels confident that there are other electromotively active substances in the living cell yet to be identified. It is believed that, in the simplest case, opposite faces of the protoplasmic membrane which lines the cell perhaps serve as the two electrodes and poles of this living battery. The recent discovery, by means of X-rays, that protoplasm has a crystalline structure helps this supposition, since an electrode of necessity must be an oriented surface.

In engineering practice electric batteries are generally of several units connected together, and two systems of grouping are common. They may be connected in series, with the negative pole of one battery wired to the positive pole of its neighbor; or they may be connected in parallel arrangement, with all positive poles linked together and all negative poles linked together. Each arrangement has its advantages and its disadvantages, and the choice is determined by the circumstances.

Dr. Lund and his colleagues find that the living plant or animal connects up its battery cells in these same two ways. There are cells in which the flow of current from cell to cell is as though the units were wired in series, as in the automobile battery; in other instances the current shows that the batteries are connected in parallel. The materials which serve to connect or 'wire' the cells are the layers of the cell wall and the liquid which bathes all units in a film of fluid.

Thus we arrive at a biological picture which reveals living tissue as made of millions of chemical batteries, each adjusted to its process of oxidation reduction, each producing its continuous current of electrical energy, and all connected in multiple hook-ups that are a prototype of the wiring systems which we in our experimenting and engineering practice have achieved only within the last century. Ever since the first protoplasmic cell emerged from the inanimate clod and began its bold experiment of respiration, there has been this model of the electric battery. Volta, groping for the explanation of his mysterious voltaic pile, could not know that the thing was before his eyes — indeed, within his body, duplicated millions upon millions of times in living clay. Are any of man's proud patents valid? The eardrum was the first microphone, the eye pupil the first photo-electric tube, and the protoplasmic cell now appears to be the first electric battery.

The automobile battery exhausts its energy after a period of operation. It 'runs down,' and we run its potential up again by recharging — a process of pumping electrons back on one side of the dam so that the electrical pressure is restored to something like its former level. Nature has invented a process of recharging its protoplasmic batteries continually, — by the food stream which serves each cell, — so that even while the electrical current is flowing through the sluice, new reserves of en-

ergy are being stored behind the dam to maintain a difference in electrical level.

Nature has not attained perpetual motion, however. The speed of the earth in its orbit is slowing down, the mass of the sun is diminishing by two hundred and fifty million tons a minute, the stars are consuming themselves in radiation; even the stellar system itself appears to be in a process of expansion, exploding, scattering itself afar, while its excited atoms waste their substance in riotous radiation. The whole physical world, from electron to universe, is running down like a clock that has lost its key, caught in the inexorable drift of the second law of thermodynamics which decrees that eventually all dams must be leveled, all streams of energy must flow downhill into a tideless cosmic sea of inaction. It is true that Dr. R. A. Millikan and others interpret the cosmic rays as evidence of a reversible process in nature, but their surmises await proof. So far as we can see, there is no exception to this resistless principle of energy degradation. The higher organism appears to be in the same boat with the inorganic radium atom.

V

The radium disintegrates with age, and the organism dies with age, and the latter process is no more inexplicable than the former. Death is something that happens to living matter, just as disintegration is something that happens to radioactive matter, and loss of magnetism is something that happens to magnetic matter. Why an iron bar loses its magnetism we do not know, any more than we know why it acquired magnetism in the first place, or what magnetism is, to go even further into the inscrutable.

Magnetism is associated with iron, nickel, cobalt, and occurs in no other element. Life is associated with carbon, is found in no compound from which carbon is absent; we may say that life is an attribute of carbon, or a characteristic of carbon combinations. Just as magnetic iron may be demagnetized by heating, so may a living carbon compound be devitalized by shutting off oxygen, for example, or by admitting cyanide of potassium or some other paralyzing agent. But suppose the supply of oxygen and of all other conditions favorable to life is maintained uniformly, and suppose all unfavorable agents are kept away — what then? Would carbon continue without cessation to exhibit its characteristic phenomenon of life? Would old age be checked, and death be postponed, while the sheltered, protected organism lived on indefinitely?

Twenty years ago Dr. Alexis Carrel took some cells from the heart of a chick embryo, put them in favorable culture conditions, and they are living yet. The average life of a chicken is five years. Cancer cells have been transplanted to other individuals through several successive generations of mice, the cancer cells outliving the average mouse many times over. It will be remembered that Leo Loeb many years ago pointed to this fact, and suggested that cancer cells may be called immortal. So too with bacteria, algæ, and other unicellular organisms which reproduce by dividing into two, each half then growing to full size and dividing, repeating the process *ad infinitum*. Professor Woodruff of Yale has demonstrated that there need be no termination, no limit, to the continued existence of pure-line protozoa. But this continued existence, it must be observed, is not confined to the original cell, but is distributed among the innumerable cells formed through the repeated divisions. If Cell A divides and becomes two cells which we may name Cells B, and these in turn divide

into four Cells C, one finds it rather difficult to identify individual A with the 33,554,432 individuals Z which represent the life of the original bacterium at the end of twenty-five successive divisions. This multiplication and distribution of individuality and personality would hardly satisfy man's yearnings for immortality. And yet nothing died in the long chain of changes which transformed the one Bacterium A into the millions of Bacteria Z.

We come to higher organisms. Here there are specialized parts of the carbon compounds, and the well-being of the organism is complicated by the necessity of perfect teamwork among organs, tissues, cells. Several years ago Jacques Loeb and J. H. Northrop began a series of experiments to see if the life of a complicated individual can be prolonged by surrounding it with conditions ideal for the functioning of organs, tissues, cells. They selected fruit flies as the subject for study, and, by sterilizing the newly laid eggs of the flies, obtained a few individuals free from all microörganisms. These were housed in sterilized bottles, fed aseptic yeast, surrounded with every known favorable condition and isolated from every known unfavorable condition, and — the death rate did not change, though the experiment was continued through eighty-seven generations. Death, it would seem, is inherent in the organism, and not dependent upon accident or disease.

Dr. Loeb then tried a further experiment. He separated his stock of diseaseless flies into several groups, and again placed them under ideal protected conditions. One condition only he changed — the temperature. One group of flies were allowed to live in a tropical temperature of 30° C., another group in 25°, another in 20°, a fourth in 15°, while the final group were put in the near-arctic climate represented by 10°. After a few generations the life-expectancy curve of the flies varied widely. Those in the temperate zone of 20° lived on the average more than twice as long as those in the torrid 30° zone, and the arctic colony at 10° lived more than eight times as long. By lowering the temperature 20 degrees, the average length of life was extended by more than 800 per cent.

These results were explained on the theory that duration of life is the time required to produce a chemical reaction, or series of reactions, the termination of the reaction being death. It is well known that temperature affects the velocity of chemical change, an increase of temperature speeding up the reaction, while a decrease slows it.

A discovery made by Dr. Lund in his experiments with the Douglas fir is a relationship between the electrical output of the tree and the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. He found that when a record of the electrical potentials of the tree was plotted for a period of days, the curve showed a daily rhythmic fluctuation. The potentials mounted highest at midday, then gradually fell to their lowest value at midnight. Were these differences an effect of sunlight? A hut was built over the tree, so arranged that it would shut out every ray of light. The rhythm of the curve continued as before; light was not the answer. The experiment was changed to test the influence of atmospheric moisture; again the result was negative.

Then Dr. Lund transplanted a tree to a tub and brought it into the laboratory, where he maintained an approximately constant temperature. At once the curve straightened out, and in general such slight fluctuations as occurred within the room temperature were reflected by corresponding changes in the electromotive force of the tree. Other experiments demonstrated that

a rise of 10 degrees in temperature would be followed by an increase of from 50 to 100 per cent in the electrical output of the trunk of the tree.

Thus, increase in temperature such as shortened the life of the fruit fly by half is accompanied by an increase in the tree's electrical potential. A connection between heightened electroactivity and shortened longevity seems suggested — a relationship between the increased production of current by the protoplasmic battery and the duration of life in the battery.

Certainly electrical potential is indicated as a criterion of aliveness. We do not know fundamentally why protoplasm divides, why it grows, why it ages and dies; but we observe that the cells which divide and grow most rapidly are the regions of the organism which develop the maximum electrical outputs. We observe also that these cells have the highest velocity of oxidation of any in the organism. Going back still further into causes, we observe that these young growing cells have the highest concentration of the electromotively active substance glutathione.

VI

A whole chapter might be written on glutathione. Found in all living cells, more of it is present in apical (young) cells than in basal (old) cells. Recent studies show that, in the individual cell itself, glutathione is more concentrated in the apical (growing) end than in the basal. Young embryos contain more glutathione than old animals, proportionate to weight. It is a stuff of youth, of aliveness, of energy transfers; as age advances, the glutathione grows less, becomes dilute, electromotively weaker, approaches a dead level of chemical quiescence.

This raises the interesting question whether the living cell is wound up at the beginning of its existence and then runs down. If so, how does it get wound up? How is it that the germ cell, the protoplasmic spark with which each life begins, can regain or retain its high content of free energy?

The quantity of free energy corresponds to thermodynamic potential, one of the most fundamental concepts in physics. It means potential power. A weight suspended at the top of the ceiling has free energy — and it has more of it than one that is already halfway down to the floor. The germ cell seems to have a greater fall of energy than any other cell — more thermodynamic potential, more aliveness, more youth. From the moment when the germ cell first divides and begins to grow, it begins also to age. This is another way of saying that from the moment the weight begins to fall from the ceiling it begins to lose its store of energy. Not only that, but an organism ages more rapidly in youth than in maturity and senescence. When its free-energy content is gone, the cell has spent its power — the weight has hit the floor — it is dead.

Questions of rejuvenescence therefore, according to this electric theory of life, resolve into questions of energy recovery. If electrical polarity and electrical potential are the measure of youth, then the problem is how to recover to the cell its original potential difference. Solve that, and you will have solved the problem of deferring old age, of rejuvenating those already grown old, of death control.

But if one accepts the electric view of life one may doubt whether the problem is solvable in a physical world ruled by the second law of thermodynamics. 'I must increase,' saith Entropy to every form of energy; 'you must decrease.' And there appeareth no reason why the physical energy of protoplasm can escape the universal law.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

I

You must have noticed the opening of our new village aquarium. It was an occasion of the greatest interest. We all felt instinctively that history was being made. Our village doctor, though retired from practice these fifteen years, became so concerned about the manatee, who was not feeling very well, that he on the spot bestowed upon the creature medical advice worth fully a thousand dollars at his ordinary rates, and thus became our first ichthyiatrist.

My own concern for the fish, though no less deep than his, took another form. I was led to reflect upon the fortunate condition in which they now find themselves: sheltered in a magnificent marble temple, reminiscent of Phidias and Pericles; protected from unseasonable changes of temperature and weather; ensured ample, wholesome, and regular meals, and safe from the attacks of their natural enemies — kingfishers, otters, and the Izaak Walton League. They are, in short, in the full enjoyment of what is generally understood as Prosperity, and of course, incidentally, that degree of Publicity that usually goes with it. Security, Prosperity, Publicity — all these are theirs. Who could ask more?

They are also as never before in a position to profit by the inestimable benefits of Modern Science. The water in which they live is in perpetual motion, and is constantly filtered and aerated. Anyone who knows the conditions under which the ordinary self-supporting fish exists — the miserable dirty water he has to live in, full of weeds, snags, polliwogs, and algæ — will realize what an agreeable change this must be for any decent fish. It is like being elected a life member of a good hotel.

Now consider the condition of one of them if these benefits were suddenly withdrawn. Suppose him plunged once more, after a short railway journey, in the murky depths of his native lake, all his security, prosperity, and publicity taken from him, and himself thrown once more upon his own resources. The extraordinary thing is that most people would consider him happy! All the real benefits he has lost — æsthetic and scientific surroundings, good living conditions, regular meals, and expert medical attendance — they would think of no importance compared to what he has gained, which really amounts only to this: he has got to go to work.

There is a fearful moment in most English novels when the hero, foully defrauded of his rightful inheritance, faces, though perhaps only for a moment, the unbearable prospect of having to go to work. This, next to death, or at least to living out of London, the author most fears for him. That is not quite the American mood. Our present apprehension certainly is rather, Can we hold our job?

II

For the first time in the lives of any of us, there has been creeping into our thoughts of late a doubt upon what is unquestionably the fundamental axiom of American life — that our best minds are occupied in business. Is it after all barely possible that they are not? I do not say so; I have no desire to prostrate a tottering market. But cross'd as I am with adversity (to adapt the noble Shakespeare), I cannot wholly escape that suspicion. And yet no one would be happier than I to be convinced that it is groundless.

Meanwhile, what of adversity? It is a fine art. Whether prosperity is one may be doubted, but there is no doubt about adversity. How to take reduction in wealth, influence, prestige — this is a problem to tax the artist within us to the utmost. Observe a man who has never known it and you feel the lack at once. The responsibilities of wealth are much discussed; but what are they to the responsibilities of adversity? Indeed these latter are so great as to overwhelm most of those who experience them. One trouble with us is that we have forgotten these responsibilities and simply capitulated at once, under the impression that adversity can mean nothing but defeat.

Adversity is also a medicine. Sitting in the crowded restaurant of a great and gay resort, where people do little but sit down to eat and drink and rise up to play, one feels that a few years more of unbroken 'prosperity' would have been the ruin of us.

Adversity is also the most social force in the world. Nothing brings people together like it. In its presence men stand shoulder to shoulder against a common enemy. Prosperity divides us; that is the bane of it. Adversity unites us; that is the glory of it. The market is crashing; your brother comes over. He has been hit too, but he is more concerned about you. Can't he let you have a check? You pooh-pooh the idea; still, on second thoughts you perceive that you might as well take the check. It was not prosperity that sent him to you.

A certain glorious house where you were once lavishly entertained has passed out of the family, you hear; and that charming girl whose wedding you saw celebrated amid such magnificence has gone to work. Well, you admire her all the more, and know that she works with as much zest and spirit as she played with before. You perceive that everybody is cutting down his budget, just as you are cutting yours, and a fellow feeling steals over you for people you never really took much stock in before.

It is a great help to realize that you are not especially singled out for calamity; without wishing anybody any bad luck, it is nevertheless comforting to think that lots of other people are in the same boat. This is not an unsocial attitude; quite the contrary. The one thing you dread about adversity is that it will cut you off from your kind, and if they are all going along with you, evidently that is not going to happen. You are not going to be isolated; in fact you are going to be less isolated than ever. Your friends will still be about you, to comfort and annoy. In fact adversity may bring you closer to them than you have ever been.

And never in a long and eventful married life have you been so heartily commended by your consort as when in a recent hour of economic stress you compassed an unexpected fifty dollars with your bare pen. Never have you been so uplifted as by her unmistakably sincere refrain, muttered at intervals through that memorable morning, 'You're a smart man! You're a smart man!' Only a husband of some stand-

ing, whose wife may be supposed to have fully explored and perhaps somewhat discounted his powers, can appreciate the full force of such a tribute after more than twenty years of matrimony. You can only say that, as far as you are concerned, that morning fully made up for the so-called depression. You had astonished your wife! Could you have done so in normal and supposedly happier times?

Cautious friends ask you if a certain stock now at 12½ is 'good.' You reply that you thought so at 25, and still do. You only regret that you perceived its worth so soon. But such is ever the fate of men in advance of their times. Others, wise beyond their day, saw that it was good at 38 and still others at 50. What a mistake it is to seek to rise above the common herd! Let us rather troop unreflectingly along with them, seeking no personal advantage from our superior intelligence. Let us even, in these days of stress, descend into the basements of the marts of trade and there mingle freely with the common herd aforesaid. It seems to know a thing or two after all.

III

A young friend who is engaged in the manufacture of door and window screens has been feeling the decline in the market for such luxuries. But he also makes a few washboards on the side, and of a sudden a tremendous demand for these appliances has developed. Explain it as you will; the despised washboard, which has been dwindling toward extinction in our modern electrified life, now sells by the hundred dozen. Why? Imagination grapples with the problem. Perhaps people can no longer meet the monthly payments and so are losing their washing machines. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and whatever the depression in the screen factory, the washboard plant is for the present a scene of feverish activity. So probably are the washboards.

Such is your own desolation that you resolve to buy something for the country from your favorite mail-order house on the installment plan. How fortunate that such arrangements can be made, and how advantageous they now appear! The bill is about $100, and it seems you can pay it off quite painlessly at only $8.00 a month! The thing is almost incredible, it is so simple. It shows how easy it is to be poor.

The only thing in the world they require is that they be allowed to add $8.50 to the total, which seems reasonable enough. Though, when you come to foot it up, they are really lending you $8.00 for seventy-eight months, running more or less concurrently; or, to put it another way, they lend you $624 for one month, or $52 for one year; and all for $8.50, or the modest rate of roughly 16½ per cent per annum. But never mind; why be cold-blooded and bankerish about it? It's worth it in these troubled times. Anyway, you order about the cheapest bathtub in the whole catalogue, and imagine your satisfaction at receiving at once a long letter in reply, with this cheering statement: —

> You have made an excellent selection in these furnishings, for they are made of very high-quality material, by expert workmen, and assure you long, satisfactory service.

Now, of a surety, fine words and smooth speeches are not for the rich alone; the installment buyer is not without his proper meed.

A most enjoyable questionnaire, it seems, is to be filled out to accompany your order. Who is your present employer? A certain university. How long have you worked for your present employer? Thirty-two years. What is

your weekly pay? It does not come weekly, alas, but it is easily figured. From what source do you expect to make these payments? (This is getting easier and easier.) Name two reputable citizens as references. . . .

This really is embarrassing. How can you stop at two? If you mention two, are there not others just as reputable who would wonder, if it came to their attention, that you had made such a list and had not included them? It would really have been easier if the blank had asked for ten. Suppose you meet one of the Trustees, for example, and he has seen the list: he will naturally think, though he may not feel like mentioning it, that of the first two reputable citizens of your acquaintance to come to your mind he should have been one. A most invidious question, truly, and if the questionnaire has a flaw, I should find it here. The idea that a list of two would exhaust the number of reputable citizens you know and would take positive pride in referring to is a reflection not so much upon you as upon your fellow citizens. In fact, it seems to imply that reputable citizens are few, and that it will tax you to name two. Two hundred would be more like it. Why don't these people give you a chance to tell them who it is you know? You are half inclined to send in a couple of hundred names just of those you simply don't see how you can leave out, but perhaps that would look too much like a list of honorary pallbearers.

Your wife inquires why you bother to fill in all these details. You reply that you enjoy puzzling out the answers and jotting them down. This is, in fact, the very pleasantest part of the installment plan. Paying cash has no such pleasurable social aspects. You perceive that the company is getting personally interested in you. Here is a specially good one: 'How far do you live from the railroad?' What solicitude! They seem to fear that you are going to disappear in the wilderness and lose touch. You have been living up there for thirty-five years, but you have never figured the thing out before. You decide that you live about a mile from the railroad, most of the distance being water. If they mean to look you up, you hope they will not try to walk.

IV

Flowers have been costing a good deal, it seems. Let us then get out that admirable cluster of artificial flowers cunningly wrought of beads, and sent us by our sister in California in years gone by. What a pleasing centrepiece they make upon the dinner table, not overloading the air with a too heavy fragrance, and gratefully reminding us of the substantial economy we are hourly making by the simple and pleasurable expedient of their use. Thus, if nature prove too costly for us, does man resort to art.

Then there is all that stationery, now slightly outmoded, it is true, of a certain society of which you were last year an officer. Why not fling away ambition, as someone has suggested, and use it up, first candidly obliterating your name in the once proper place? Better men than you have done the like before now.

And have you not illustrious precedent in a certain club you lunch at, where the dining-room slips are all conveniently dated 192– unto this day? But do you despise this frugality on the part of the Council and House Committee? No! With a right good will you change the 2 to a 3 as you have been doing for some two years, and silently register approval for officers so mindful of the public good. '*O si sic omnia!*' you murmur, in city, county, sanitary district, state, and nation.

Then the neighbors would not be in rebellion against the tax bills, and everybody might breathe a bit easier.

One no longer takes pains to tie his necktie so as to conceal the worn spots. Quite the contrary. Why seek to separate ourselves from the common lot of man? Poverty, we now perceive, is honorable in all. There is something almost indecent now about the gay new raiment wherewith we were wont to greet the spring and match her bravery. Let us rather, like our fellows and companions, resume the clothes of yesteryear. What, after all, is dearer than the old hat, the old shoes? Are not these the very symbols of comfort and ease?

The old car, too! No one shall take it from us. On this subject the telephone ringeth but in vain. We will not this spring slow down almost to a stop before a certain show window in Automobile Row and then find a few minutes after reaching home that our number was taken, ourselves looked up at the city hall, and the salesman set upon our track! From such perils we are for the present free. No dallying with stylish models by Fisher or Fleetwood. Let the world go by — though as a matter of fact it does n't seem at all inclined to do so, but rather seems, if we read the signs of the times aright, to feel in the main just as we do.

V

The hardest thing to retrench in is books. You recall with pain the days when you could not buy the new books you wanted; you had to borrow them or go without. Must these days return? Well, for a while you can get on with the books you have. There used to be such things as 'standard' authors; they must be somewhere about the house. Why not rediscover the values supposed to reside in them? Perhaps the depression may turn out a good thing for our literary tastes and habits, as well as our figures.

For the djinn who lurked in jars and bottles, ready to obey Sindbad and Aladdin, were nothing to those you have, shut up in books, behind the glass doors of your library. What heroines of enchantment are there, what paladins of romance and adventure, what villains of perfidy and guile! — all cheerfully and amiably ready to emerge and appear whenever you want them. Was there ever such a galaxy? Charlie Chan and the Count of Monte Cristo, Robinson Crusoe and Dr. Thorndike, Sherlock Holmes and the Knight of Ivanhoe, Jeeves and Father Brown. And the ladies! those queens of our hearts — Lossie and Lorna Doone and Miss Dalton and Little Nell. There are villains, too, but their names do not come back to me. (Strange how easily we forget the villains!)

And how approachable and obliging they all are — willing at a moment's notice to emerge from their seclusion and join you for a solitary luncheon, or an evening hour! Myself, I should fear to state how many luncheons I have had, for example, with the Count of Monte Cristo. What inimitable conversations one can thus enjoy, and delectable thrills and shudders, alarms, hopes, fears, vicissitudes.

And then how simple — relatively — to shut them all up again in the glass-fronted bookcase, for a month or a year, or ten years, until you really crave their company again, when out they troop once more, untouched by time, as fascinating and companionable as ever. Though some of them, you must admit, are not so easy to get rid of, once you have let them out, but hang around for an hour or two, or even all the afternoon perhaps. And even then you cram them back into the bookcase with something like a pang.

As a matter of fact, a penetrating intelligence does not live so long with a literary masterpiece like the *Count of Monte Cristo* without discerning in it a deep, almost occult, significance. For is not the Count the college student? The Château d'If — that is, of course, the Castle of If — is college (and was ever a college better named? 'If College!' This is something that even the new educators have never thought of); the course is thirteen years; the Abbé Busoni is the faculty; the governor is the president, and the guards are the deans. We escape or are flung forth at the end of our sentence into the sea of life, weighted with a frightful handicap (the 'bullet' at our feet) and shrouded in our professor's sack; unless we have the address to rid ourselves of it at once and strike out for shore. Which if we reach, and can once get to our treasure island, we shall find what our old professor told us immensely useful for the purposes we have been forming all these long, weary years, whether foul or fair.

HIS CHILDREN

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

He loved strong things —
Great oaks and elms,
Hawk wings
Soaring against the sky. . . .

There is no strength here,
Only the thistle dust and shriveled down,
Winged and foolish seeds that fell —
Strangely enough —
On fertile ground.

REMEDIES FOR THE THIRD DEGREE

BY ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

I

THE third degree is the infliction of physical or mental suffering to obtain a confession or other information about a crime. It is illegal, unconstitutional, inhumane, yet its use by police and other law-enforcing officials is widespread over the United States. This is shown in a recent report of the Wickersham Commission, and many of the facts are discussed in the September *Atlantic Monthly* by Ernest J. Hopkins, in 'The Lawless Arm of the Law.' An intensive investigation found the third degree prevalent in New York, Buffalo, Newark, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Seattle. Appellate courts, in sixty-seven decisions during the past decade, have held that confessions were extorted by brutal practices, not only in several of the cities named, but also in Richmond, Miami, Louisville, Washington, St. Louis, Kansas City, New Orleans, and many other places, covering over half the states. Nor is this just an urban problem. More than one third of the judicially reported cases since 1920 occurred in communities of less than ten thousand inhabitants. Consequently, the third degree may fairly be called a nation-wide evil.

The mildest form is questioning prolonged until the prisoner's energies are spent and his powers of resistance overcome. When the questioners become worn out, they are replaced by a fresh relay of detectives, but there is no such relief for the suspect. He is kept under interrogation for many hours, day and night, without rest or sleep or perhaps even a chance to sit down. In many cases he is threatened with blows or with delivery to a mob. And the actual use of physical brutality is extensive — especially beating with the fists, a whip, or a piece of rubber hose. Not all the victims of these abuses are guilty; there are strong reasons for believing that a substantial proportion of them are innocent.

Allowances must be made for the difficulties of the officials who are trying to run down clever, well-organized criminals, and believe that the only way to do it is by using these illegal practices. Yet the English police detect a high percentage of crimes while keeping strictly within the law. And in such large American cities as Boston, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia the police are now strongly opposed to the third degree and declare that they can get as good results, or better, by lawful methods like friendly questioning and a vigorous search for outside evidence.

Thus the third degree is unnecessary for putting down crime. It ought to be abolished, not merely because it is illegal, but because of the serious evils it causes. It involves the danger of wholly or partially false confessions. It impairs the efficiency of the police by accustoming them to trying to prove most cases by extorted confessions

instead of looking for witnesses and facts. Finally, such habitual gross lawlessness brutalizes the police, hardens the prisoner against society, and lowers the esteem in which the administration of justice is held by the public.

Our problem is, How to get rid of the third degree? This cannot be accomplished by denunciations of the police. What we need are remedies which will influence them to abandon it and put down crime as effectively, or more so, by legal means. Many suggestions have been put forward for this purpose. Unfortunately there are strong reasons for believing that most of them would be unsuccessful.

A discussion of the various proposals, many of which call for constitutional amendments or new statutes, will be easier to understand if it is preceded by a brief description of the existing law and the way it operates.

II

The Constitution of the United States and those of nearly all the individual states provide that no man shall be compelled to give evidence against himself in a criminal case. An accused person has the absolute right to remain silent when questioned, either in the courtroom at his trial or in the police station or elsewhere after his arrest. Also it is law everywhere that a confession obtained by coercion cannot be given to the jury as evidence. Thus one penalty for the use of the third degree is that if it is proved at the trial the confession will be kept out of the case and in consequence the prisoner may be acquitted.

A second penalty is that the official inflicting the third degree may be held guilty of a crime. This is true everywhere if he used violent methods. In some states special statutes have made other forms of the third degree criminal, and imposed severe punishment. In Kentucky, for example, prolonged questioning is the crime of 'sweating.'

Both kinds of penalty often fail to prevent the extortion of information from a suspect. The reasons for this failure will be given later. The circumstances which afford an opportunity for the extortion must now be explained.

The danger period, when the third degree is ordinarily administered, begins with arrest and ends when the police bring their prisoner before a police judge or other magistrate. Except for petty offenses like drunkenness, which the magistrate tries himself, his function is to conduct a preliminary examination to see whether the evidence justifies binding over the prisoner for the grand jury (or other action by the district attorney). If so, the accused, unless released on bail, is taken from the police and committed to the county jail in the custody of the sheriff, who is less apt to allow the third degree, since he lacks strong motives for getting convictions. Thus, whether the accused is bailed or jailed, the danger period is usually over at this point. Consequently the police know that they must get in their work before the suspect appears in the magistrate's court. The law in all states requires him to be brought in by the police within a short time after arrest, but it is often disobeyed. In order to prolong the opportunities for questioning and the use of coercion, the police may keep him out of court for days and even weeks. They resort to such devices as making no record of the arrest, refusing admission to his lawyer, hiding him in remote stations, so that friends and lawyers do not know where he is. These events after arrest are the vital spots of the third degree.

To cure the third-degree evil, many changes in the law and procedure just outlined have been proposed, such as more criminal statutes, stiffer restrictions on the admissibility of confessions, legal schemes to get more information from the prisoner either at his trial or at the preliminary hearing, novel laboratory devices for extracting the truth from suspects. In the following discussion of these proposals and of several alternative suggestions, they will be grouped so as to develop five general principles, which, I believe, should govern the search for successful remedies.

III

Little or no further legislation is needed.

The first natural reaction to shocking instances of the third degree is to demand more laws against it, especially statutes imposing severe punishments on its perpetrators. Yet there are enough laws now to stop the third degree, if words would only operate of themselves. The trouble is the lack of any power behind them sufficient to hold back the officials who are about to give a suspect 'the works.'

In particular, criminal statutes have no appreciable tendency to check these abuses. It is useless to multiply punishments when very few get punished. Occasional convictions of brutal policemen for assault and battery appear in the press — this is under the general criminal law. The special statutes against the third degree, like the Kentucky 'anti-sweating act,' have not resulted in a single prosecution which is reported in any judicial decision during the past decade. Illinois, California, and Washington have stringent legislation against the third degree, but it was found to be prevalent in Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Seattle.

Prosecutions of the police are an unsuccessful remedy for several reasons. Evidence of brutality is hard to obtain. Other policemen will rally to their accused associates and deny any application of the third degree. Jurymen are likely to be lenient toward the police, whom they regard as protecting society, even if they do it illegally. Unless convictions are obtained, a prosecution is worse than useless — the officials will feel safer than ever in continuing brutal methods. And a prosecuting attorney who has himself participated in administering the third degree or knowingly profited from its results will not be zealous about punishing the policemen who helped him.

Consequently, new criminal statutes would only mean more law to be violated by officials, if so inclined. As one police commissioner remarked, law is really what the human factor makes it; legal changes would make no difference in what the police found necessary or could 'get away with.'

Proposals for stiffening the restrictions on the admissibility of confessions at the trial are also no more likely to be enforced than the existing law. Under this, extorted confessions are excluded by the courts when the coercion is proved — but proof is difficult. The prisoner tells his story of brutality; the police deny it. Nobody backs him up — the interrogation was secret. And disreputable lawyers have trumped up third-degree allegations so often that this defense is readily disbelieved even when true. Finally, the risk of losing the confession in court appears, at the time of arrest months earlier, too distant and slight to deter the police from using illegal pressure on their prisoner, especially as they hope to extract clues from him which can be utilized immediately for tracking down an accomplice, hidden loot and weapons, or other valuable facts. These

facts will perhaps assure a conviction even if the confession should be shut out. Thus that remote penalty operates very imperfectly to make the police obey the law during the danger period.

Why should added restrictions work any better, when they impose the same penalty? Some suggestions of this sort are worth mentioning for their useless ingenuity and the bitter opposition they have aroused. An Illinois legislative bill requiring that when the police questioned a suspect a notary public and a minister of the gospel should be present was denounced as 'an anarchistic attempt to make the way of the transgressor easy. It clothes the thug in purple and fine linen, draws a sacred circle around him, and defies the officers of the law to approach him except with unctuous civility and dumb deference.' A California measure insisted on the presence of the prisoner's lawyer and a magistrate; this was described by a police chief as an open invitation to the criminal elements of the world to migrate to California.

A better objection to all such paper restrictions is that the police would easily brush them aside. The same criticism applies to the proposal of two distinguished sociologists that after the police had questioned a suspect for three hours they should give him an hour's rest.

In short, the policemen and prosecutors who use the third degree are the very persons who substantially control the enforcement of the laws against it. So long as these officials believe in these illegal methods, they can hardly be expected to prosecute each other for employing them, or to insist on rigid observance of regulations directed against such methods.

One of two courses of action is therefore necessary — perhaps both: (1) to produce a different mental attitude in the officials; (2) to find independent persons who will set the legal machinery in motion against lawbreaking policemen and district attorneys. In either event, no new laws are needed.

IV

The third degree is primarily a police problem; and remedies, to be effective, must influence the conduct of the police during the time the suspect is in their hands.

Remedies come too late when they operate mainly at the jury trial, long after the expiration of the danger period of the third degree. That is one weakness, as we have already seen, of the rule excluding coerced confessions. It would affect even more seriously the remedy next to be considered.

This is a proposal which hopes to displace the third degree by making it easier to get information from the prisoner at his trial. Under the present law, except in New Jersey, Ohio, and South Dakota, if he refuses to take the stand, nobody can point out to the jury that this silence in the face of damaging charges is some indication of guilt. Suppose the law were changed so that the district attorney or the trial judge could say, 'If the prisoner is innocent, why does n't he tell us where he was on the night of the murder?' Several writers have argued that if such unfavorable inferences were made permissible the prisoner would be less likely to keep off the stand; and, they continue, if prosecutors and policemen knew they would thus have more chance of getting the accused to tell his story at the trial, then they might not be tempted to extort it from him by blows before the trial.

The trouble is that this delicate logic has no real relation to the minds of policemen who have just arrested a

suspect. Of what use to them are facts that may possibly be learned at the trial, months later? They must start building up their case against the prisoner at once. They want to get immediate clues from him if they can. Also he may be induced to plead guilty — then what he might say on the stand is not worth bothering about. So they go ahead and apply the third degree, if that is their practice.

The proposed remedy has long been operating in New Jersey, but no informed person has been found who thought it had any effect in lessening the third degree there. The Newark police are regularly operating a carefully elaborated routine for getting confessions with frequent use of the less brutal forms of coercion. Most of the policemen are said not to realize that New Jersey law differs from that of other states, so this fact does not influence them; instead, they are affected by police methods used in large cities generally. A Newark police official says he would employ the methods he now finds satisfactory wherever he was working, regardless of differences in court procedure. Thus the Newark situation furnishes no indication that the adoption of the New Jersey rule in other states would drive out the third degree.

With this belated and remote remedy, contrast the factors discussed under the next heading, which operate successfully in Boston during the danger period.

V

Remedies should conform as closely as possible to existing lawful police practices and to the present organization of criminal justice.

Any remedy which involves a very wide departure from the lawful procedure to which officials are accustomed is likely to meet with prolonged opposition on their part. Its adoption will be delayed, it may not receive their loyal support if adopted, and it may create new and unforeseen obstacles to justice. Big jumps in policy may be unattainable or undesirable. Bad as the third degree is, we should be very cautious about disrupting the police department and the courts in the hope of abolishing it.

Let us begin by considering two simple remedies which are free from the foregoing objections.

The first is to shorten this danger period by obtaining the prompt production of the prisoner before a magistrate, after which he should be out of the hands of the police. This is the situation in Boston, and appears to contribute to the virtual nonexistence of the third degree in that city. The police know that they have only a short time for investigation; consequently they begin legitimate questioning and the search for outside facts with immediate energy. There is no opportunity for protracted interrogations lasting over several days and nights, which are common in cities where production in court is illegally delayed. Violence is less probable when scars will not have time to heal before the magistrate sees the prisoner next day. This remedy involves no new law; practically all states require prompt production in court. It introduces no startling innovation in police methods, but merely hastens an act which the police are accustomed to perform. Of course, enforcement of this law will not always be an easy matter. The same motives which cause the police in many cities to investigate brutally also lead them to prolong the time of investigation illegally. However, excessive length of confinement is an offense which the judges can discover and correct more easily than secret coercion, and if

necessary they can be readily assisted by the special law-enforcing agencies which will be proposed later in this article.

Secondly, official records should be kept of the exact time of arrest and of detention; of the transfers of prisoners and the places to which they are taken; of interviews by the police with prisoners and the time interrogations begin and end; and (as in Boston) of injuries to prisoners found visible during a daily examination. Facts of this nature fit naturally into the records customarily kept in police stations and jails. Some omissions and falsifications may occur for the purpose of concealing illegal practices, but the publicity of the records and a moderate amount of oversight can be made to minimize such a possibility; and the regularity of written records has a psychological tendency to produce accuracy. Nobody likes keeping false books.

The importance of such records is plain. A chief cause of the third degree is its secrecy, which makes it difficult to prove its existence. Before a community can carry out its will to end the third degree and illegal detentions, it must know when and where and how and to what extent abuses are perpetrated. For this purpose the facts as to the detention and treatment of prisoners must be made available to lawyers and judges, the press and the public.

The two remedies just recommended have the advantage of forming a natural part of the existing routine of police stations and magistrates' courts. Let us turn to several proposals which lack this advantage.

1. In England, the police are forbidden to interrogate a suspect after his arrest or involuntary detention; thus there is no danger of their using brutality or other pressure to obtain the desired answers. Consequently the third degree is nonexistent and would not be tolerated by the police force. However, it is doubtful if this remedy could be successfully transferred to the United States, at least in the near future. It involves a tremendous change in our methods of investigation. In England it has the moral backing of the police. It succeeds because they want it to succeed, are ready to go far to avoid the third degree, and have long been accustomed to build up a case from witnesses and objective facts rather than relying on what the suspect may say. American police officials, on the other hand, attach extreme importance to the questioning of arrested persons. They would consider the adoption of the English rule a serious crippling of their activities, and until they feel otherwise it would only be one more law which they would be tempted to violate. How could they be forced to obey it? It is hard enough to prevent policemen from using physical violence on suspects; it would be far harder to prevent them from asking a few questions. We had better get rid of the rubber hose and twenty-four-hour grillings before we undertake to compel or persuade the police to give up questioning altogether.

2. Another drastic change in the law aims to replace all secret inquisitions on the part of police and prosecutors by an examination of the suspect before a magistrate, at which the prisoner's lawyer would be present. This plan involves a constitutional amendment, so that the suspect could lawfully be compelled to answer questions about the crime, even if he wished to remain silent. Such an amendment is recommended by the members of the Wickersham Commission, who say this compulsory questioning at the preliminary hearing 'would do away with the motive for unlawful extra-legal examina-

tions.' It is assumed that, as soon as a suspect is arrested, the police and prosecutors could force him to tell what he knows at the preliminary hearing in court, so that they would no longer care to use the third degree.

Since it would take years to get the proposed amendment adopted by all the states where the third degree now exists, other remedies ought to be tried first. And if the plan ever comes within the range of practical politics, several difficulties will have to be considered.

In the first place, how is the proposed compulsion to be exerted to make the suspect answer questions? Suppose a man disappeared months ago while in the company of the prisoner, but no body has been found. Murder is strongly suspected, and the magistrate asks, 'What happened while you two men were together? Where is he? Where is his body?' The prisoner preserves a determined silence. What shall the magistrate do next? Commit the suspect to jail for contempt? What is the use? He is in jail already. So the magistrate adjourns court for the day to think the matter over, and the police take the suspect out. Unless some other remedy for the third degree has been discovered, this would be a tempting moment to try it.

Secondly, unless the police bring every prisoner into court immediately after arrest, they will have the same opportunity as now to get clues from him which they would like to run down before the magistrate sees him. Here again the motive for the third degree arises. Or they may give him an advance beating-up to make him tell the magistrate what they desire. When the suspect sees in the courtroom the same burly detectives who have maltreated him all night, or knows that they will be waiting for him on his way out, the third degree is virtually operating on him despite the magistrate's presence.

An additional objection is that the Commission's plan shifts much of the labor of investigating crime from police and prosecutors to magistrates, who are already overburdened with other work and who have never been trained for a task resembling that of the French *juge d'instruction*. Such a change would seem unwise unless the magistrates were men of high calibre. Yet damaging criticisms of the personnel of the magistrates' courts have been expressed by the Wickersham Commission; and in New York City these courts have been under heavy fire from the Seabury Investigation. Consequently there is grave danger that many of these courts would not perform well the considerable new work with which they are to be saddled. If so, prosecutors and police would probably be tempted to supplement the deficiencies of the judges by continuing their own independent investigations with the help of the third degree.

3. A more picturesque plan proposes to encourage policemen and prosecutors to get information from a suspect by using, as a substitute for brutality, certain novel devices which have been evolved in criminological laboratories. Two of these devices have received especial attention: the truth serum and the lie detector.

The truth serum, or scopolamine, is related to the drug which has been used to produce twilight sleep during childbirth. Its advocates say it anæsthetizes the higher cortical centres, which are those employed in telling a deliberate lie. Laboratory experts say that they have experimented with it in questioning each other. 'It is just impossible to lie, for you cannot invent. Also it seems impossible to resist answering any question that is asked. Afterward one does not remember a thing he has said.' Prosecutors in several cities are said to have used it

successfully. The method described is to have a physician look over the suspect, who is later told by the district attorney that he has an incurable disease, but will be given a 'shot' that will help him. A man then enters and injects scopolamine hypodermically. The drug is said to be painless, without after effects. Its advocates think that if it is possible to use it legally, without affronting public sentiment, it will be an extraordinarily accurate way of getting the truth out of suspects.

However, in the Mayer murder case in Seattle, where the prosecutor was trying to find the victim's body under circumstances like those described in a previous paragraph, one suspect merely went sound asleep after receiving the injections, and the answers of the other drugged witness were excluded at the trial. An injunction was issued against further injections. And one prisoner alleged that force was used to make her submit to the drug. The *Lancet*, a well-known English medical journal, tells of a Japanese youth in Hawaii who confessed to a murder while under the influence of the truth serum; shortly afterward the real murderer was discovered elsewhere. The *Lancet* concludes, 'To dope a man into confession would be as distasteful as to extract evidence by torture.'

The lie detector is a machine which is attached to the suspect's arm and chest, and makes a continuous record of his blood pressure, respiration, and any deliberate flexing of the biceps muscle. Questions are then put to him, and his emotional reactions are recorded in curves on the paper, which are said to show marked characteristics when a question arouses consciousness of guilt. Banks and department stores are reported to have used the lie detector successfully to detect petty pilferers among their employees. Police are less ready to employ it. When a Chicago police official was asked to try it out, he doubled up his fist and said, 'Here's the best lie detector.' However, leading authorities on crime, like August Vollmer and Dean Wigmore, believe it will be a potent aid for investigation, especially for furnishing clues to objective facts.

No encouragement for this view is furnished by the use of the lie detector in the Mayer murder case. Instead of being an alternative to the third degree, the machine was made the occasion for repeated all-night sessions of interrogation. The suspect objected to the machine, and smashed it with his fist. The missing body was never found. But the advocates of the device think its failure due to special adverse conditions. The legality of its use was not decided by the courts.

Whether or not these two devices can accurately determine the guilt of a suspect is a fact not yet established before any judge or legislature. Even so, it is difficult to reconcile their application to an unwilling suspect with his personal liberty and privilege against self-incrimination. Drugging a man by pretext or force is never likely to be tolerated. The lie detector is less objectionable if the questioning is not unduly prolonged. Satisfactory experimentation may lead to its lawful adoption, but it will be a long time before the police are persuaded to use such an unfamiliar device instead of their present methods. And care must be taken lest these devices be employed in such a way as to prove, not substitutes for the third degree, but rather new forms of it.

VI

The third degree is largely a local problem, which each community and its police department must solve for themselves.

In different cities of the same state, all under one law, the extent and forms

of the third degree may show wide variations. It is a product of local conditions, and can be cured only by remedies of a nature to work naturally and energetically in the particular community and the particular police department.

The best solution must come from within the police department itself. Such is the experience of American cities where the third degree has disappeared. Some able official, like Stephen O'Meara in Boston, has built up a tradition of efficient law-abiding methods of investigation — has made his subordinates want to use them and able to use them.

By and large, the third degree appears to be interwoven with mediocre police efficiency in dealing with serious crimes. An official in India observed: 'There is a great deal of laziness in it. It is far pleasanter to sit in the shade rubbing red pepper into a poor devil's eyes than to go about in the sun hunting up evidence.' And a former New York prosecutor said that if the police 'could not get their results by brawn they were helpless.'

The relation between the third degree and police efficiency is somewhat peculiar. At the lower end of the scale, abuses may be absent because the police are too incompetent or too closely allied with the criminals to exert themselves to get convictions by any deliberate methods of investigation. The third degree seems likely to occur in departments which are anxious to be active against crime, but which are not trained or willing to make laborious searches for objective facts, preferring to rely on the easier but less satisfactory plan of getting their evidence from suspects as best they can. At the upper end of the scale the third degree disappears, because a well-organized police department with long-established traditions of legitimate skillful methods will be accustomed to get results without it. The London police are the outstanding example of this, but illustrations are furnished by several American cities.

In other words, we cannot get rid of the third degree without putting something better in its place. The great possibilities of scientific crime detection are illustrated by the work at the police laboratory in Lyon, France, as described by its director, Edmond Locard, in his *L'Enquête criminelle et les méthodes scientifiques*. The criminological laboratory connected with Northwestern University in Chicago, the police laboratories in several other cities, the general use of fingerprints, which are preserved for nation-wide consultation in the Bureau of Identification in Washington — these are steps toward reliance on objective evidence rather than extorted confessions. Of late, public attention has been increasingly directed to questions of police organization, personnel, and efficiency; and observers in many cities have noted encouraging factors. All this leads to the belief that the use of law-abiding methods of investigation will be more frequent and more successful as time goes on.

Meanwhile, the community must play its part in obtaining the diminution of the third degree, not only by granting money, political independence, and other essentials for efficient lawful police investigation, but also by specific action.

First, it can form and encourage agencies which will bring pressure on police and prosecutors to make them observe the existing laws against the third degree. No startling innovations are necessary. One feasible agency is a Public Defender, supported either by the city or by private charity. Besides defending indigent prisoners in court, he can see them soon after arrest, so

that they are not friendless in the hands of the police. He can visit them in their cells, observe visible injuries, ascertain the existence of illegal detentions, and see that any third-degree defense is honestly but adequately presented at the trial. Finally, the Voluntary Defenders Committee in New York obtains information as to police brutality from its clients, verifies its accuracy, and makes a systematic record of all cases of brutality, on the basis of which annual studies have been published of much value. Knowledge of the facts about the third degree in any city is the first step toward its cure. A different kind of counteractive force is the Constitutional Rights Committee of the Los Angeles Bar Association, which is available to hear any complaint of official lawlessness, investigates it thoroughly, and, if it is well-founded, causes disciplinary proceedings before a police trial board, or a prosecution, to be instituted. Although no such case has yet succeeded, the Committee feels: 'We have made it easier for the police to refrain from beating them up.'

Secondly, the community can insist on getting the facts about the third degree. The press can be of great assistance, by publishing authenticated instances of brutality and editorials condemning it. It may be desirable to hold public hearings, with power to subpœna witnesses. The police will then have a chance to present their views of proposed alternative methods of investigation, and to ask for changes in any existing legal restrictions upon their work which they think unreasonably narrow.

The third degree cannot thrive under publicity. The police need and desire the approval of their community; and few communities can be proud of men who habitually use the rubber hose.

VII

There is no single remedy for the third degree.

A combination of several factors, as in Boston, is apparently necessary. Simultaneously operating remedies strengthen each other. The law-abiding police tradition promotes prompt production of the suspect in court, and vice versa. A watchful Public Defender or Bar Association can check illegal detentions and encourage accurate records. Consequently success requires a union of some or all of the remedies recommended in this article, as conforming with the various principles set forth: —

1. Observance of the rule for prompt production of the suspect before a magistrate.

2. A public and accurate record of the period of detention, transfers of prisoners, interrogations, and visible injuries.

3. Steady improvement in the efficiency, organization, and equipment of police departments, so that evidence may be better obtained by objective investigation.

4. A fearless, untrammeled body, not subject to political control, to which complaints of brutality can be made and by which such complaints will be energetically investigated.

5. Publicity as to the conditions in each community, through the press and public hearings.

These remedies require no constitutional amendments and no legislation, so that their adoption involves no long delay. But immediate success must not be expected. The third degree is deeply rooted in official habits in many cities, and is not likely to disappear entirely until the officials have been persuaded that it is bad and unnecessary.

TWO INSURGENTS

BY EUGENIE COURTRIGHT

I

'YES,' said Mrs. Branders, acridly, 'it's all right for me to do the washing, but you! Oh my — you! You're too good to put the boiler on the stove and fill it with water! That's all right for me, just like it's all right for me to board Sadie Harris. Nobody round here can stand the sight of her, but *I've* got to have her in my own house. Now you go put that boiler on the stove!'

The door slammed, and for a moment it looked very much as if Mrs. Branders might die of apoplexy. Then she jerked herself out of her chair and started noisily for the kitchen, jerked again and turned into the bedroom. There she lifted a quart bottle from a case of alcohol — stored there because Mr. Branders professed himself too cautious to entrust it to the vault in the office, or to the school hospital, where it rightfully belonged — and carried it to the kitchen, first assuring herself, however, that there was no small nick in the cork, because such a mark would indicate that the bottle already had been emptied and then refilled with water. She poured a liberal quantity of the alcohol into a capacious glass, added sundry concoctions which she kept in her pantry for just such emergencies, and, having partaken of this potation, instantly became more cheerful, and went out and got the boiler. But when she went to lift it to the top of the stove she suddenly remembered she was the wife of the superintendent of the Park River Indian Agency, and was n't it a fine thing when the superintendent's wife could not get one single Indian woman out of an entire reservation to come and wash for her! She let the boiler fall with a bang and went to the telephone.

Mr. Henty, the chief clerk, was not in the office, and Sadie Harris was in the waiting room scolding an Indian. Sadie made a dash for the main office when she heard the telephone ring, but Miss Lane was already answering it.

'No, Mrs. Branders, your husband has n't come in yet,' Miss Lane was saying. 'No, Mr. Henty is in Traymore. To fill your boiler? Oh! . . . Well, I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Branders, but the policemen are all busy this morning.'

'*I* answer the telephone when the chief clerk is out,' Mrs. Harris said angrily.

Miss Lane hung up the receiver and turned serenely to the property clerk. 'Teddy, you'd better hurry with that cleaning you're supposed to do in the warehouse. Those two policemen have been waiting for you all morning.' The property clerk went out grinning. 'I believe I've got an infected tooth,' Miss Lane informed the staff. 'I did n't sleep all night. How, Chief!' she caroled, as a tall, lean, very straight old Indian came in.

'How!' said Chief Bear Ghost, his dazzling seventy-year-old teeth flashing

a rebuke to Miss Lane's aching young jaw.

'Look at that head! Is n't he the most beautiful thing you ever saw? I'm just crazy about him,' Miss Lane confided to little Elaine Somers, who had the desk next to hers.

Superintendent Branders came in and, seeing the Indian, called January Skunk, the interpreter. 'January, ask Bear Ghost here if his wife will come and wash for Mrs. Branders.'

January Skunk's eyebrows wriggled nervously. 'Bear Ghost won't speak to anybody that wears a police uniform,' he said. 'He hates 'em.'

Miss Lane spoke in Sioux, then translated Bear Ghost's answer: 'He says his wife is too old to go out and work.'

'Too old.' Mr. Branders pondered. 'Say, has n't he got two wives? Sure! Tell him to send the young one.'

'Bear Ghost says his young wife is not strong enough,' Miss Lane again translated.

The superintendent's face grew red. 'One wife is too old and the other is too weak. Yeh. And he himself is too lazy. But he don't mind coming here to beg for money. I'll bet anything he's here to ask for money.'

'This is the day when we usually pay him his allowance,' said Miss Lane.

'Well, he's not going to get it,' said Mr. Branders, curtly. Miss Lane told Bear Ghost Mr. Branders was sorry, but that he could pay him no money just then.

Going out, Bear Ghost almost collided with a little man who appeared to be in a great hurry.

'My name's Gensler, an' I want to see the what-you-may-call-him superintendent,' the little man told everybody the moment he stepped inside the door. Sadie Harris led him ceremoniously to the door of Mr. Branders's office. 'My name's Gensler, an' I want to buy some beadwork,' repeated the little man. Mr. Branders said he did not sell beadwork. 'Yeh, I know,' said Mr. Gensler. 'I been buyin' from the Indians, but now they say I got to come here to the office. I want to buy some watch fobs.'

The ubiquitous Miss Lane came forward. 'I dare say Bear Ghost's wife sent him here. I told her I would attend to —'

'I want three dozen, perhaps six, maybe just one. It depends. How much are they?' said Mr. Gensler.

'One dollar each,' said Miss Lane.

Mr. Gensler clutched at his breast as if he had been stabbed. 'Oh, my God!' he moaned. 'I been buyin' 'em for thirty-five cents!'

'That does n't pay for the beads,' said Miss Lane, severely.

'Well, I can't buy watch fobs at a dollar apiece.'

Miss Lane said she was so glad, because all the watch fobs were sold and Mrs. Bear Ghost had all the orders she could take care of for the next six months at least. Mr. Gensler looked nonplused. 'Maybe you have somebody else that makes watch fobs, eh?' he ventured tentatively.

When she had taken his order and speeded him on his way, Miss Lane turned to Mr. Branders excitedly. 'Do you know, Mr. Branders, I have the most marvelous scheme! The Indian women are crazy to earn a little money. Suppose we were to get a room somewhere, a sort of showroom, you know, and I was to direct the women's activities and get a market for their goods. Oh, not on government time! I'd do it after office hours. I've talked it over with the women, and they're just wild to begin work. Say what you will about the men, but certainly the women are anything but lazy. Why, they're just crazy to work!'

'Yah,' said Mr. Branders, bitterly, 'I noticed it when I asked Bear Ghost if

his wife would come and work for us. Now let me tell you something, Miss Lane — you're paid to work in the office, see? And you do that. And don't go butting into anything else. I've got enough troubles without getting all mixed up with social welfare work.'

'But I'll take care of it. They're so darn poor, and the Indian Office says we should —' Mr. Branders wheeled on her. 'Um,' she groaned, holding her jaw. 'Mr. Branders, would it be all right for me to go to Traymore and get this tooth attended to? It's killing me.'

A few hours later she stood on the sidewalk in front of a dentist's office in Traymore looking up and down the street for a taxi, and fighting an almost irresistible impulse to lie down on the curb. After all, she reflected, there was another bus to the Indian agency in two hours. She hurried to the hotel on the corner and took a room.

As she stepped out of the elevator on the seventh floor a door across the hall opened and Mr. Snitz, the agency farmer, and Mrs. Felkesen, the school principal's wife, came out. Mr. Snitz carried two suitcases. 'Oh, dear,' thought Miss Lane, weaving dizzily down the hall after the bell boy, 'here is something I should n't have seen. I must be sure to forget it.'

'Helga,' said Mr. Snitz to Mrs. Felkesen in the taxi, 'did you see that man who was waiting in the hall when we came out?' Mrs. Felkesen said there had n't been anybody in the hall. 'There was,' said Mr. Snitz, definitely. 'It was Jack Henty.'

'August! You're crazy!' said Mrs. Felkesen. 'There was n't anybody there, I tell you! I know, because I looked before I stepped out o' the room.' She lowered her voice: 'D' y' s'pose Betsey Lane saw us?'

'She ain't blind that I know of,' said Mr. Snitz, dryly.

Mrs. Felkesen said, 'Oh, August!' and got out her handkerchief.

'Don't worry, sweetheart,' Mr. Snitz comforted her. 'I can fix it. Miss Lane was there to meet Jack Henty, see?'

Mrs. Felkesen stared, round-eyed: 'Miss Lane? Why, August Snitz, you oughta be ashamed o' yourself!'

'Don't be a sap,' Mr. Snitz recommended affectionately. 'I'm gonna make a hit with Branders. Y' see, if Henty should have to be fired, then Branders could make Sadie Harris his chief clerk maybe. See?'

Mrs. Felkesen considered this somewhat bewilderedly at first, then with growing appreciation. Suddenly she giggled, exclaiming in a crescendo of admiration, 'Well, August Snitz! Well, if you are n't the worst!'

'That's just in case I got to defend us,' Mr. Snitz told her.

In the meantime Mrs. Branders brooded over her grievances. She had a great many, but Mr. Branders's failure to procure a washerwoman for her — at twenty cents an hour with time off without pay while the water got hot — was her favorite, and every time Mr. Branders came into the house she reminded him of it. They quarreled indefatigably, except in the evening, when, after the second or third glass of Mrs. Branders's potent beverage in the pantry, they usually became reconciled.

Knowing well that outside the service he would find no one willing to employ him in any capacity whatever, Mr. Branders appreciated the importance of keeping Mrs. Branders at least reasonably satisfied, for as long as Mrs. Branders could be induced to keep Sadie Harris in her house the Indians and employees might talk as much as they wanted, and what they said would have little weight as evidence should the situation ever come to the attention of an inspector. But keeping Mrs. Branders thus placated was a strain on

Mr. Branders, and by and by he took to visiting the pantry during the day.

'You'd better go easy on that stuff,' Mrs. Sadie Harris warned astutely. 'Jack Henty's always had his eye on your job, remember.'

It was that most unpropitious of days which Bear Ghost chose for his second call at the office about his allowance.

'And what're you doin', talkin' for this Indian?' Mr. Branders snarled at Miss Lane, who, as usual, was laboriously interpreting for Bear Ghost. 'We've got an interpreter, have n't we? January Skunk, come here!' January Skunk came rolling in on his bowed legs. 'You tell Bear Ghost he can't have any money this month,' Mr. Branders said. January's eyebrows scrambled about distractedly. 'Go on, tell him!'

The chief clerk came forward. 'Mr. Branders, I'm sorry I was n't here the other day when Bear Ghost called. I could have told you we had not yet paid him his money for this month. But I have the check ready.'

The telephone rang. 'Hello!' Mr. Branders shouted into it. Mrs. Branders wanted a washwoman. Mr. Branders swore and slammed the receiver down. 'Bear Ghost's got two wives,' he said vindictively. 'He knows that's against the law. When he's sent one of 'em away he can come an' get his check.'

'Why is it,' Bear Ghost asked, 'that when I come for the money which the government says it owes me I have to do something for the superintendent before I can get it? Maybe my wife has to come and work for his wife. Maybe I have to work. One time I had to vote for a man the superintendent liked before I could get my check. And my brother had to do the same thing to get a blanket. That does not look honest.'

Miss Lane dived into a drawer in her desk, only to bob up in a panic when she heard January Skunk actually beginning a literal translation of Bear Ghost's speech. 'He says his wife is very sick,' she interposed breathlessly.

Mr. Branders fixed a pair of congested eyes on January. 'Go on, you.'

January went on.

'Has that Indian got the nerve to stand there and tell me to my face that I tried to buy his vote?' Mr. Branders asked in a squeaky voice.

'Not you,' January interpreted unctuously. 'There ain't been no election since you come.'

A suppressed titter went around the room; Jack Henty laughed outright. But Miss Lane, who was watching Mr. Branders's face, turned somewhat sick. 'He's just joking!' she explained weakly.

'He'll get his money when he's sent one wife away and been legally married to the other,' said Mr. Branders, and went into his office and closed the door.

'One of my wives is very old. The other has children. She coughs. What can I do?' said Bear Ghost.

'January,' Mr. Branders shouted through the door, 'you go to my house 'n' take that case of alcohol to the doctor at the hospital.'

II

Mr. Snitz was continuing his visits to Traymore. Sometimes he went to see about selling some pigs, sometimes to see about selling some cows, but most often he went to see the veterinary. Indeed he went so often to see the veterinary that it amused Mrs. Snitz. 'Those cows must have every disease in the world,' she told the dairyman's wife.

The dairyman's wife was concerned, and that night she asked her husband about it. 'Yah,' said the dairyman,

'sure. Every time Mrs. Felkesen goes to Traymore to see her sick aunt the cows get the pip or something. Funny, is n't it?'

His wife thought it so funny that she repeated the joke all around, and Mr. Snitz judged the moment opportune for some information of his own. Walking home from the post office one evening with Mrs. Sadie Harris, he jerked his head in the direction of Betsey Lane and Jack Henty, who were on their way to the store, and said he thought they were going too far. Mrs. Harris naturally asked too far with what? And Mr. Snitz told her.

A few days later Mr. Felkesen tiptoed into Mr. Branders's office and closed the door carefully behind him. 'Mr. Branders,' he said in a cautious undertone, 'I haf some bad news for you.'

'Don't tell it,' Mr. Branders growled. 'I've got enough troubles.'

'It is about my vife,' Mr. Felkesen said encouragingly. 'She vas alvays going to town vit your farmer, dat Snitz.'

'I don't care,' said Mr. Branders.

Mr. Felkesen brought his pale, thin face close to Mr. Branders's fleshy deep red countenance and whispered earnestly, then sat back. 'Vat do you tink of dat?' he asked with satisfaction.

'Me?' asked Mr. Branders.

'Sure. Dat vas your farmer, eh?'

'Yes, and that was your wife. How about that?'

Mr. Felkesen frowned; in his excitement he had overlooked this disquieting angle of his problem. 'I vill write to Vashington!' he announced triumphantly.

'You'll do nothing of the kind!' said Mr. Branders. 'I'm not going to have any nitwit inspector snooping around my business.'

'I vill write to Vashington,' said Mr. Felkesen, and went out.

'Hey, wait a minute!' Mr. Branders hollered. But Mr. Felkesen kept on going. Mr. Branders was a large man, not much given to running, but he had about decided to make an exception of this occasion when the door of his office opened again and the doctor stalked in. 'Say! What d' y' mean,' the doctor asked truculently, 'sending me a case of alcohol that turns out to be all water?'

Mr. Branders dropped back in his chair, apparently overcome. The doctor looked unimpressed. Mr. Branders clenched his hands and rapped his head with his knuckles. What could he have been thinking about, trusting an Indian with a whole case of alcohol? 'January Skunk,' he shouted, 'come here! I'll fire the damn thief!' He rocked with despair. 'As if that would bring back our stuff!'

That evening January Skunk, sitting on the counter in the trader's store, related the incident to the other Indians who were loafing away the evening there. 'An' there I was a-pushin' that ol' wheelbarrow like it carried a load of eggs or something. I bet I never hit a stone that was bigger'n a bean all the way to the hospital.'

The Indians laughed, and one of them explained the joke to Bear Ghost, who was asking the trader to charge a can of peaches for his sick wife on his already overdue account.

'All day I've been looking for somebody that might a seen me goin' from the superintendent's house to the hospital so I could prove I did n't stop anywhere long enough to drink twelve quarts of alcohol, but it looks like everybody stayed in bed all day to-day,' January recounted with relish, and this second joke also was reported to Bear Ghost.

'If you had ten witnesses,' Bear Ghost said, 'it would not help you.'

One day Mr. Branders received a

letter from the Indian Office, enclosing a communication from Mr. Axel Felkesen, 'the principal at your agency,' and instructing Mr. Branders to make a report on the same. Mr. Branders did, — after consulting with Mr. Snitz, — and Mr. John B. Henty and Miss Elizabeth B. Lane were immediately transferred to different jurisdictions.

'What's the row?' queried Miss Lane of Mr. Henty. 'I've been working like a horse ever since I came here. Besides, do they think I'm going to abandon my Indian women just when they're beginning to get somewhere? They come to my room in the evening and I teach them how to make hooked rugs, using Indian designs. We sold two this morning for thirty-three dollars and fifty cents each. And the materials for both cost twenty-one dollars. The women are hysterical. They thought when they made something and then sold it they were supposed to lose money on it!'

'You have too many enthusiasms, Betsey,' said Henty. 'That's why you're in trouble.'

'How about you? M'm. Suppose we look around, eh?'

They looked around, and the next day Henty went out and thrashed Mr. Snitz soundly, then resigned in disgust. Miss Lane wrote to Washington, protesting vehemently. Her transfer was suspended until an investigation could be made.

When Mr. Branders heard an investigation was due, he took to his bed and remained there three days. 'An' all this time,' January Skunk commented from his perch on the counter, 'I been wondering how two people could a got away with all that alcohol! Just like as if you could n't take something from some bottles and pour it in some other bottles and save it for the next time when you don't feel good.'

Sadie Harris was temporarily placed in the chief clerk's position, pending the permanent appointment which Mr. Branders recommended. The Indians met in council and talked. The employees met at each other's houses and not only talked, but quarreled. Mr. Ulysses S. Grant McIntosh, the inspector, arrived. The charges multiplied and bred countercharges. When Miss Lane was made to testify about what she had seen at the hotel in Traymore, Mr. Snitz retaliated by accusing her of fabricating the whole story in order to discredit his statement that he had seen her and Henty there. Whereupon the Indians stepped into the fray to assure the inspector that Miss Lane was 'a fine lady' and that Mr. Henty was 'all right,' but that Superintendent Branders and Mrs. Sadie Harris were 'all wrong.' Then, of course, Mr. Branders wanted to kill all the Indians on the reservation and as many of the employees as agreed with them, which was practically everybody at the agency except Mr. Snitz, Sadie Harris, and her friend the nurse, who came forward to testify that Mr. Henty had always coveted Mr. Branders's position. This so upset little Elaine Somers that she broke down and said everybody in the office knew Mr. Branders wanted Mr. Henty's position for Sadie Harris. And they all knew Mrs. Harris was not a — well, not a nice person. And yet there were Sadie Harris and Mrs. Branders taking long walks every evening with their arms affectionately around each other.

Mr. Branders, between letters to Senators and Congressmen and governors, and to friends who also had Senators, Congressmen, and governors to appeal to, enlivened matters still further by dashing about the reservation in the government car, compelling the Indians to farm. Resentfully, bewilderedly, derisively, as the case might be, the Indians took off their bead

necklaces and, with the paint from the last powwow still fresh on their faces, hitched their piebald ponies to their rusty ploughs, looped up their braids, manfully grasped the plough handles, and went careering jerkily up and down the hills, marking zigzag scratches between the rocks. And thus with his own eyes Inspector McIntosh saw Mr. Branders's Indians being self-supporting. That Inspector McIntosh might also have the opportunity of observing Mr. Branders's extreme abhorrence of any deviation from the very strict code of morals laid down by Mr. Branders himself for the conduct of his subjects, Mr. Branders sent for Bear Ghost.

A policeman went out to Bear Ghost's home, a small mud-plastered log house beneath a cottonwood tree beside the river. The two wives sat under another tree making watch fobs. The old wife was talking in a low voice, and now and then the young wife laughed. When she laughed she coughed. The old wife picked up a little tin pail from the ground beside her, poured some of its contents into a tin cup, and gave the cup to the young wife, who drank it between fits of coughing. 'Branders wants him,' the policeman told the old wife, pointing to Bear Ghost, who sat near the cabin.

An hour later Bear Ghost walked into the office. 'Tell him,' Mr. Branders said to the policeman, 'he's got to send one of his wives away and get decently married to the other.'

'He says he don't —' began the policeman.

Miss Lane had risen. 'He says his wife is very old.'

'Miss Lane!' The superintendent's face was unpleasantly mottled. 'Now, Charlie, you tell me word for word what that old scoundrel said.'

'Well,' said Charlie, unhappily, 'he says — I guess people's been talkin' or something, an' he says — well, he says he don't —' Charlie put his hands in his pockets and looked at the floor.

Miss Lane took a step forward. 'He says —'

Mr. Branders swore. Charlie took his hands from his pockets, tossed his hair back with a jerk of his head, and looked at the ceiling. 'He says — well, he says he don't understand the white man's way. He says here you tell him it's wrong to have two wives, then you go take two wives yourself, he says.'

Mrs. Harris stood up. Miss Lane backed to her chair and sat down.

'Put him in jail and keep him there until he has sent away one wife!' Mr. Branders ordered the policeman, forgetting, in his fury, Inspector McIntosh and the exhibition planned for his edification.

Miss Lane jumped to her feet. 'Mr. Branders, you can't do that! You can't put an Indian in jail for a thing like that! He's one of the old-time Indians; we're supposed to be lenient with them. He'll die if you put him in jail! He simply can't stand jails and policemen and things like that! You know —'

Mr. Branders swore.

'Oh, Mr. McIntosh,' Miss Lane gasped, grinning idiotically at the space over Mr. Branders's shoulder, 'come and meet one of the chiefs of the tribe.' Bear Ghost and the inspector shook hands. 'The chief's been wanting to see you, Mr. McIntosh,' Miss Lane rattled on, 'privately. I'll interpret for him because he does n't like policemen and we have no other interpreter just now.'

Mr. Branders swallowed. 'Tell Bear Ghost to come some other day. I have business with Mr. McIntosh myself now.'

Miss Lane clung to her set grin. 'Well, I suppose that will be all right. Bear Ghost really came to get his allowance, and if he can have that, why, I

dare say he won't mind coming again to see the inspector.'

Mr. Branders became coy. 'Now, now, now! Listen, Miss Lane — let him take his old wife to some relative where she will be properly cared for, get decently married to the other one, and then come back for his check.' He turned to the inspector, gently harried. 'I'm trying to get these Indians civilized, and so far the results have been really gratifying. Bear Ghost remains my one insurgent. Unless,' an indulgent smile caressed the girl and the old Indian, 'I include Miss Lane here.' He drew the inspector aside and murmured confidentially, 'I'm going to try holding back Bear Ghost's allowance for a few days and see what effect that has.'

Miss Lane and Bear Ghost talked it over. 'He says he will take his old wife to a son she has by a former marriage,' Miss Lane interpreted at last. 'Can he have his money right away? His young wife is sick.'

'Now, now, now,' said Mr. Branders, still playful, 'you know very well, Miss Lane, that would never do. Bear Ghost would forget his promise and keep both the money and the old lady. I know these Indians. Let him first get rid of his wife.'

III

When, in addition to all these activities, Mr. Branders took to lying around in the ditches at night, shooting at passing vehicles in an excess of zeal against the liquor traffic, what had been turmoil became chaos. And Mr. Ulysses S. Grant McIntosh was not mentally organized to cope with chaos. Moreover, he was a cautious man, mindful of the political ramifications upon which even unimportant appointments may rest. So he inspected the herd and the laundry, and then went away on another assignment. Once more the piebald ponies roamed the prairie at will; the ploughs, abandoned in the middle of their last furrows, gathered more rust; the Indians loafed around the agency and the store, and Mr. Branders slept. Mr. Felkesen had long since lost all interest in the matter, Mrs. Felkesen having thoughtfully pointed out to him that, were a new superintendent to replace Mr. Branders, the government supplies stored in their basement would undoubtedly be removed to the warehouse where they belonged. 'And, Axel, lookit what that would do to our grocery bill.'

Only Mr. Snitz remained active, skulking about, peeking through windows, listening at keyholes. One day he walked into Mr. Branders's office, and ten minutes later Mr. Branders came out and told Charlie to go and get Bear Ghost. Half an hour after that the door of the waiting room opened about two inches and Charlie's face appeared in the crack. Miss Lane went out. '*Aie!*' said Charlie. 'I went to Bear Ghost's place, an' he was sittin' there with his gun in his lap. I know him; he'll never budge again for no policeman. You go, huh?'

Miss Lane walked to Bear Ghost's home. The door of the cabin was closed and a quilt hung over the one small window. Bear Ghost sat on the ground before a tepee he had set up beside the cabin, his gun across his knees. His young wife sat under her tree, busy with her watch fobs. Miss Lane sat down beside the old man.

She returned to the agency unobserved, and shortly afterward Bear Ghost presented himself before the superintendent. His gun rested in the crook of his arm.

'Tell him I don't like the idea of his comin' in here with that gun,' Mr. Branders said to Charlie. Bear Ghost remained silent. Everybody became acutely conscious of the large revolver

ostentatiously strapped to Mr. Branders's waist. Mr. Branders lost his temper. 'He's an old crook! He promised to send his wife away, but he just kept her away long enough to collect his money, then brought her back again. Charlie, take his gun from him and put him in jail.'

January Skunk lounged in from the porch where he had been sunning himself, and leaned comfortably against the door jamb. 'His old wife is too sick to be moved,' he said.

Bear Ghost spoke. Miss Lane shook her head warningly at January. Mr. Branders caught the signal. 'January, you tell me what that old crook said.'

'Well, he says that he never broke one of his own Indian laws, and if your white laws are any good you won't break 'em yourself. He says if you'll give up one o' your wives, why, he'll give up one o' his.'

Miss Lane closed her eyes. 'No dirty Indian can talk about me like that,' she heard Sadie Harris say. 'Take him to the jail,' said Mr. Branders. There was the sound of shuffling feet, the butt of Bear Ghost's gun rattled on the floor. Miss Lane's eyes flew open; she was on her feet.

'Wait a minute! You don't understand! Bear Ghost does n't mean —' Her voice rose shrilly. 'Well, his old wife got sick and her daughter-in-law would n't take care of her, so she came home. What else could she do?'

'Miss Lane,' said Mrs. Harris, 'you go back to your work!'

'Well, then, you leave him alone!' Miss Lane cried childishly. 'You just leave him alone!'

'Take him away,' said Mr. Branders.

'Listen,' said Miss Lane. 'It's this way. Bear Ghost does n't mean — Mr. Branders, you can't put an Indian in jail for a thing like that! The Indian Office won't stand for it! Why, when they hear you've jailed an old and sick Indian — He *is* sick! You don't know what all this is doing to him! You leave him alone! He can't help being a gentleman and wanting to protect his women!'

'Charlie,' said Mrs. Harris, 'you heard Mr. Branders's orders.'

'Don't move, Charlie!' shrieked Miss Lane. 'Bear Ghost'll shoot!'

'I ain't movin',' said Charlie.

January Skunk was also speaking. 'Why, he'd have the whole lot of you laid out in a row on the floor before you could pick that gun from your belt. Catch him some other time when he ain't got his gun with him,' advised January.

IV

Elaine Somers, carrying a saucer under a napkin, slipped into Miss Lane's room at the mess building. 'I told them you had a headache and would n't be down for supper,' she said.

'I never cried so much in my life,' Miss Lane informed her. 'Usually I can stop after a while, but this time I just seem to go on and on.'

'Was n't it awful?' whispered Miss Somers.

'I — I lost my head!' gasped Miss Lane. 'And I do such terrible things when I lose my head. You've no idea! January spoke just in time.'

'My, you *were* mad, were n't you!'

Miss Lane shuddered. 'I've just got to hang on to my senses until the Indian Office does something about Mr. Branders.' Miss Somers opened her mouth. '*Of course* he'll be removed!' Miss Somers again opened her mouth. 'Oh, I know. Branders'll try to get Bear Ghost on some real charge; he had n't a leg to stand on to-day, but in the meantime the Indian Office will have received Mr. McIntosh's report.'

She had actually stopped crying. Miss Somers uncovered the saucer. 'I brought you your pie.'

Miss Lane burst into a fresh storm of tears. 'It's awful! Pie! Take it away! I know — it was sweet of you to bring it, but — Bear Ghost was hungry!'

Miss Somers rose. 'Maybe I can find him.'

'I gave him a dollar.'

'Well, then, for heaven's sake stop crying! That'll buy them all a nice supper.'

'Yes,' wept Miss Lane, bitterly, 'they like bread.'

But Bear Ghost had bought more than bread with his dollar; he had bought a can of baked beans, and while Miss Lane lay crying in her room his young wife sat on the floor trying to feed them to the old wife, who lay on a blanket in a corner of the cabin. Bear Ghost himself sat before the door of the cabin, which was open, — no need for concealment now, — watching the sun set. He had eaten nothing all day, but though his head felt queer and the earth seemed not quite steady, he was no longer hungry, only proud. He was a warrior again. A chief. He had a gun. Never again would he trot at the heels of poor creatures who were neither Indian nor white, and who hid their insignificance, and often their cowardice, behind a foolish government suit and a gun which some of them did not know how to use.

He sat for a long time, his eyes on the hills that rose from the bank of the river. The sun was behind them now and they undulated in the shade, smoothly dark — except in his eyes. There they were bright, moment by moment growing brighter, until at last they stood gilded with the light of a sweet June day. He felt the numbed stillness that follows the tumult of a great battle, and, narrowing his eyes, saw the dead on the sunny slope. In their midst was a soldier with yellow hair, he alone of all the fallen unmutilated, unmarred — tribute to the valor and honor of a worthy enemy. The air stirred, leaned to whisper to the blood-drenched earth, and here and there on the outskirts of the quiet field a feather lifted, quivered a tremulous response to its faint breath, then lay once more against the long black hair that bound it. On the crest of the hill, a part of the great silence, the painted chiefs were coming, marching in single procession, the feathers in their trailing war bonnets brushing the dead faces where they passed. The line swerved, each figure dipped to touch with a coup stick the stark body of the soldier with the yellow hair, then, stalwart, raised the stick aloft in the golden light; a great warrior, Yellow Hair, but the chiefs who saluted his daring and their own prowess were greater — they had defeated him. And Bear Ghost's father was among them. He himself was too young; he could only look on. His eyes yearned over the perfection he could not share.

His young wife came out and called to him. Her voice was low, but in that transcendent silence it brought the universe crashing about his ears. He stumbled to his feet and started dazedly toward the river. 'Not that way,' his wife said, and pointed to the tepee beside the house. But even then he could not find his way, and she had to take his arm and lead him inside.

He lay in the dark gazing at a star caught in the crossed poles of the tepee. He knew where he was now, and what — a chief holding no trophies, ruling no tribe, his coup stick ungraced by contact with the body of a vanquished foe; forever inglorious in a world that for him had had no wars. He had no honorable enemies, only policemen who would herd him as if he were a cow at the behest of white men who despised the policemen and whom they should have hated.

V

One day Mr. Snitz reported to Mr. Branders that Bear Ghost had liquor in his cabin. Now it might not be quite wise to incarcerate an Indian for possessing two wives, but certainly no one could cavil at his being jailed for bringing intoxicating liquors on the reservation. Mr. Branders sent three policemen after Bear Ghost. But Bear Ghost was not at home. The old wife lay on the floor in a corner; the young wife sat beside her, coughing and sewing beads in the half-light. In a tin can on a shelf was a small bottle half filled with a cloudy liquid.

Fifteen minutes before the office closed that evening Bear Ghost walked in; he had come to give himself up. 'Oh, the poor old darling!' Miss Lane groaned under her breath.

Yes, Bear Ghost said, that liquor was his. He kept it for his old wife, who complained of being cold all the time. Yes, he had drunk some of it himself. No, a friend had given it to him. No, he would not give his friend's name. 'I don't understand the white man's way,' he said bewilderedly. 'I have two wives, you have two wives; I have liquor in my house, you have liquor in your house; why is it wrong only for me?' He went docilely to the agency jail.

A week later an Indian came in to ask that Bear Ghost be allowed to go home for a few days; his old wife was very ill. Mr. Branders directed that she be taken to her son's home. But the reservation physician said that Mrs. Bear Ghost was too ill to be moved.

At three o'clock in the morning Miss Lane awoke. 'Can I stay with you?' Elaine Somers whispered in the dark. 'I'm scared to death. What is that awful wailing?'

Miss Lane sat up. 'It's the death song,' she whispered back after a while. 'Someone has died.'

Elaine Somers sat up in the bed beside her. The song rose, despairing, quavered throatily. A coyote on a near-by hill caught its desolation, raised it two tones, and joined his own dismal howl to the woeful dirge. Elaine Somers shivered. 'There was a woman in the office to-day; she was nursing three children because she had no food to give them.'

'Did n't I buy over a hundred horses this afternoon so that everybody might have rations of nice fresh meat?' Miss Lane rebuked her harshly.

Elaine Somers lay down and pulled the pillows over her ears. 'I can't stand it,' she whimpered.

In the morning Charlie reported that the door of the jail had been opened from the outside and Bear Ghost was gone. 'Go get him!' Mr. Branders commanded. 'Take five men. If he resists arrest, you know what your duty is.'

But Bear Ghost had fled. Miss Lane went to the cabin. The old wife lay in her corner wearing her best dress and all her beads and trinkets — still, her hands folded on her breast. The young wife bent above the clothes she was packing for her old companion's long journey over the path that is made of the sunset's rays.

'No Indian can stay away from a funeral,' Mr. Branders reminded the police. 'You can get Bear Ghost then.'

But Bear Ghost was not at the funeral. And his own wife, too! It was incredible! For certainly Bear Ghost was not afraid of policemen. It must be that he had died somewhere!

But no, Bear Ghost had been seen. There was a strip of bad land just around the bend in the river, all gullies and deep ravines and craggy, charred hills. He was hiding there. Bear Ghost hiding?

Just before dinner Mr. Branders walked into the main office, distributed letters at various desks, and placed what remained in the pigeonholes on the wall that served as a post office for the employees. Practically everybody had been transferred, except Mrs. Sadie Harris, who was promoted to the position of chief clerk, and Mr. Snitz, presumably because he was so valuable to the superintendent. Mr. and Mrs. Felkesen seemed to have been forgotten. Miss Lane was dismissed from the service for insubordination, sympathizing with refractory Indians, and usurping the prerogatives of the superintendent.

'And now, Charlie,' said Mr. Branders, cheerfully, 'take all your men, deputize as many more as you think you'll need, and go out and round up Bear Ghost. Bring him in!' And Mr. Branders left for town.

At one o'clock Charlie presented himself at the office with his men, seventeen strong. Sadie Harris, in charge in the absence of the superintendent, went out to give last instructions. Miss Lane paused in the occupation of cleaning out her desk. 'Superintendent Branders's orders are that you must get Bear Ghost. You are not to come back without him!' Mrs. Harris declaimed from the top of the steps to the police assembled before her. 'You are to bring him in — dead or alive! Do you hear that? *Dead or alive!*'

Miss Lane went out through a side door. About a quarter of a mile from the agency she stepped out from behind a clump of willows and faced Charlie. 'You'll never bring him back alive, will you?'

'No,' said Charlie.

Miss Lane touched her trembling lips with a hand that trembled even more. 'I'll go get him,' she said.

Charlie shook his head. 'He won't come. He won't come for nobody any more. He's just sick of all that trouble he's been in there at the agency.'

'Well, let me go and talk to him. It will do no harm. If he won't come with me, why then *you* can try.'

'You'd better not,' warned Charlie, uneasily. 'You see — Bear Ghost's got kinda funny lately.'

But in the end Miss Lane had her way. At the turn of the river they went down into a ravine, and paused for a consultation. 'I'll be up there on that point,' Miss Lane said, tying her white handkerchief to the end of a stick.

'Gee, Miss Lane, we've just got to get him, you know. Mrs. Harris, she — well, you know how it is down there at the agency.'

'I'll get up there on that point and hold up this flag. If Bear Ghost comes out, surround the hill; he won't be able to escape. If he refuses to come peacefully with me, I'll start back this way, signal with the flag, then drop down in that hollow up there, just behind that rock. I'll be out of range of the guns there, and you — you can do whatever you think you ought to do.'

'But suppose he shoots you?' said Charlie.

'He won't do that,' she answered confidently, and started up the side of the hill. Once or twice panic seized her and she almost turned and ran. 'I must n't lose my head,' she admonished herself. 'No matter what happens, I must not lose my head.'

The coarse, cindery black sand crunched gratingly under her feet, rasping her already raw nerves; little chill currents rippled up and down her spine, pinched the flesh on her arms. At the top she caught her breath. She was so dreadfully exposed! A target for all the world, it seemed to her. Her twitching hands furled and unfurled her flag of truce. She cleared her

throat. 'How, *koda!*' she called out, and raised the flag.

Bear Ghost stepped out from behind a boulder only a few yards away, and, brandishing his gun, started to run toward her, screaming and shouting! The world rocked, she swayed. Bear Ghost stumbled, fell at her feet; she caught at his shoulders to keep from falling.

'*Ina! Ina! Ina!*' Bear Ghost sobbed, clinging to her dress.

'Chief!' she quavered, and saw his eyes — the eyes of a child, overflowing with a child's frightened tears.

'Mother! Mother! Mother!' he wept against her.

'Yes, I am here. I am. Oh, my son! Oh, *mi-cinca!*' she murmured brokenly, and closed her arms about him. 'Oh, *mi-cinc'* — *mi-cinc'* — *mi-cinc'*. . .'

And no Indian mother crooning the endearing diminutive over a dead son ever felt a deeper grief than young white Miss Lane knew at that moment. Her sweet old friend! His old wife with her bundles, trudging her lone way to the sun! The coughing young wife, the mother nursing her three children, all the hungry, all the sick; the fierce, dauntless warriors retreating before the white invaders, and fighting so bitterly for every foot of the land they loved as no other land ever has been loved; the whole pitiful, hopeless, doomed race, destroyed, then permitted to live, and reviled when the devastated human shells failed to quicken at the destroyer's bland invitation to join his soaring in the choice realm evolved from their own ravished possessions! She held them all, helpless in her helpless arms. Those seventeen men lurking with ready guns in the ugly black land, why did n't they shoot? 'Go on, shoot! Shoot, you fools!' she sobbed.

'*Ina*, let us go home,' the old man wailed. '*Ina! Ina*, let us go home.'

She pulled herself up: 'Yes, my son! Yes! We will go home! Come!' He rose and put his hand in hers; she caught the flag to her distorted mouth to keep from screaming. 'We will go home, *mi-cinca*,' she mumbled in the white cloth, took a step, and stopped. He had no home. He had nothing, no one, only Sadie Harris and —

She lost her head — completely. '*Mi-cinca*,' she said, her hands fluttering agonizingly against his face, 'it is war! It is war, my son! There is a soldier behind that rock. Point your gun just above the rock. I will walk between you and him; he will not shoot a woman. When I wave my flag — Oh, my son, when I wave my flag and fall in that hollow by the rock, *shoot first!*'

He laughed gleefully, and she fled before him, his gun pointed at her back. Suddenly she raised her white flag, waved it frantically, and pitched forward on her face. Eighteen guns crashed.

In after years, when Mr. Branders wished to point his contention that one could not trust an Indian, he would relate this story. 'There was that fool girl, Betsey Lane, thinking she knew Indians, and goin' up there to get him — buttin' in, as usual. Oh, *she* was n't afraid of Bear Ghost! Oh my, no! Why, he was her *friend!* Yah! And then the old fellow turned around and tried to shoot her in the back. Well, believe me, she learned her lesson. No more Indians for *her!* Why, within an hour after she'd got back to the agency — so rattled she just about had to be carried in from those hills — she'd packed all her stuff and skipped out. Did n't even wait to get her check, or leave an address. She just vanished, that's all. And good riddance, too. She was as bad as Bear Ghost. . . . Just natural-born insurgents, both of 'em.'

THE PERILS OF GOLF

BY BERNARD DARWIN

I

'"CRUMPETS is wholesome, Sir," says the patient. "Crumpets is *not* wholesome, Sir," says the doctor, wery fiercely. "But they're so cheap," says the patient, comin' down a little, "and so wery fillin' at the price." "They'd be dear to you at any price; dear if you wos paid to eat 'em," says the doctor. "Four crumpets a night," he says, "vill do your business in six months!"'

Substitute golf for crumpets, and that passage from the immortal *Pickwick* summarizes very fairly the opposing views as to the healthy or the lethal qualities of the game.

Here by way of example are two extracts which I tore out of my newspaper on two successive days on my journeys to and from London.

On the first day the *Evening Standard* shouted, 'Heart strained at golf,' in reverberating capitals. 'Washington, Friday,' it went on; 'Mr. Edward B. McLean, the publisher of the *Washington Post*, is stated by his doctor to be seriously ill. The diagnosis is myocarditis (inflammation of the muscles of the heart) caused by overexertion on the golf links.' Here was a pretty business at Washington, Friday. I had to play in a golf match — two rounds, hot weather, and formidable opponents — on the following day, and had serious thoughts of telegraphing that I could n't come. However, I decided to brave it, and on the Saturday morning the *Daily Mail* heartened me up with this: 'New Woman Golf Champion. Tribute to the game as Health Builder.' There followed an account of the victory of Miss Enid Wilson in the final of our Ladies' Golf Championship. I skipped hastily over the rows of fours and threes with which she had pulverized her adversary to find these remarkable words: 'Her father, Dr. Wilson, told me that when she was born she weighed four pounds. In her early childhood he applied her to golf for the benefit of her physique. She now weighs more than thirteen stone and stands six feet high, a wonderful example of athletic girlhood.'

So I went happily on to my destination, lost, as I hope, a little of my own thirteen stone in two hard foursomes under a broiling sun, won them both, and came back feeling agreeably tired but, unless I am deceived, all the better for my day.

When I got home again I seemed to remember something that should come pat to my purpose as to the great Bobby Jones. Turning to *Down the Fairway*, I found that Bobby had begun life 'with an oversize head and a spindling body and legs with staring knees' and something the matter with his little inside that puzzled half a dozen doctors and prevented his eating 'any real food' till he was five years old. Then his father and mother began to play golf on the East Lake

course; he naturally imitated them, and lived fat and happy ever afterwards.

So far, so good; and golf certainly seems to have benefited these two infant phenomenons, but that does not altogether dispose of that affair at Washington, Friday. Moreover, I have a friend in the United States who in his turn has a friend; and this friend collects news of all deaths on the links and makes the flesh of elderly golfers creep by publishing the most appalling statistics. There must be — and indeed I am sure there are — two sides to this question, and golf, if it can do good, can also impose a strain on both mind and body which is not good at all. I cannot write about it as 'Specialist' or 'Harley Street Physician,' a *nom de plume* which covers as a rule one who is not a doctor but a journalist, and lives not in Harley Street but in Brixton. I can only write as one who, having begun the game at nearly as early an age as Bobby Jones and being now something over fifty, still tries to play in pretty hard matches in pretty good company and finds it sometimes pretty hard work.

II

Let me take first those whom I know most about — the illustrious persons, not yet very old, whom I watch in championships. That they, especially the more highly strung of them, undergo a severe strain no one can doubt. A friend of mine, an experienced Scottish golfer, said the other day that too much was now talked and written about this question of strain. He admitted that with the increased competition and higher standard of play, the enormous crowds and the enormous number of columns in the papers, championships were more exacting than they used to be. Still he stuck to it that the older generation of players did not even in proportion suffer the torments that the modern ones are alleged to do, and that it was a pity that this aspect of the game should be overemphasized. Golf, he said, was intended to be 'a contemplative game, like bowls.'

I imagine that bowls can be an agonizing game to those of a nervous temperament who play in serious competitions. However that may be, my friend was certainly right in saying that this question of the mental strain is emphasized to-day. Once upon a time those who reported golf — to be sure, they did not always know much about it — used to state that Mr. So-and-So missed a short putt 'inexplicably' or 'unaccountably' or 'presumably owing to carelessness.' Nowadays we — my ghoulish colleagues of the press and I — are more likely to say that the poor man was trembling like a leaf and palpably could not hold his club. Similarly, if in the old times Mr. So-and-So lost a match after being, let us say, four up with seven to play, he was alleged to have taken matters too lightheartedly. When he loses that match now, we trot out the old quotation as to 'holes dropping away like snow off a dike' and add that there is nothing so paralyzing as the dwindling of an apparently winning lead. Because the descriptive method has changed, I am not at all sure that there has been a change in the emotion underlying the events described. If to-day, when he is sixty, you talk to that great golfer, J. H. Taylor, about some of his past struggles, he will tell you, with much shaking of the head and jutting of the chin, that he suffered the tortures of the damned, nor can you doubt that he is telling the truth. There have always been agonized golfers as there have been comparatively phlegmatic ones, but the agonies used to be more decently covered up. I agree with my

Scottish friend so far, that it is bad for the golfer that this side of his nature should be written of with such freedom; but, as one of those who have to do the writing, I submit that there is something to be said for us and that the psychology of golf is horribly interesting.

Let me go to Bobby Jones's *Down the Fairway* again for an example. When in 1926 he won both the British and the American Open Championship he tells us that after his last round at Columbus, before he knew whether or not he had won, he 'blew up completely.' 'Anyway,' he adds, 'I never sat down and cried before.' Well, I defy anyone to say that is not interesting; it makes a very human champion of him.

Take also a little scene which I saw in this year's Championship at Carnoustie; I have described it before, but will risk it again. In the last round Tommy Armour was going 'great guns' and had a score of two under fours for the first eleven holes, so that he had high hopes of catching Jurado. At the twelfth he hit a really wonderful second shot right on to the green and then missed a tiny putt for his four. That obviously shook him, and he played a bad tee shot to the short thirteenth and his ball was not on the green; he could not afford to lose another stroke and *must* get his three. He knew this so well that when he came to play his chip he simply could not play it. Up and down the line he looked with a quick turn of the head, backward and forward he waggled his club, until I thought that the stroke would never come and turned away my eyes in sheer distress. At last he conquered himself, played the shot, got his three, and went on his way rejoicing. I felt like one gloating over an execution, but I had seen the crucial moment of Armour's championship.

All the famous players do not feel as acutely as these two that I have cited. It is impossible to imagine James Braid, for instance, breaking into a storm of tears. He once told me that he liked to feel 'a little nervous' before a championship started, and if he ever did feel more than that, assuredly no one can produce evidence to prove it. No one was ever more to be trusted in a close-run finish than that man of granite, but as a rule I fancy that the highly strung men are the greatest finishers if — and of course it is a big if — they can master themselves. To be a bundle of quivering nerves under control is to be capable of greater things than is the champion whom Sir Walter Simpson preferred, 'the sallow, dull-eyed fellow with the quid in his cheek.' But the imaginative golfer may well wear out the quicker, for he pays the heavier price. With use and wont the strain becomes the more endurable, but it can hardly be good for him. Last year at Hoylake I was sitting writing in the room where Bobby Jones was waiting to hear whether MacDonald Smith's great spurt had caught him or not. I thought then that it was almost time that he retired from the arena, and when some months afterward he announced that he was going to do so I was almost glad. The point had come when the game was scarcely worth the candle.

III

So much for the champions, and now for the ordinary mortals. That golf has done good to many of them is obvious enough. The praises of fresh air and exercise, of change of scene and occupation, need no singing, but there is the other side of the picture; there is the man who makes himself so miserable over the game that at the end of a golfing holiday he ought to begin an-

other holiday both from golf and from work.

I venture to speak with some little experience, for I believe I have — more shame to me — made myself as unhappy over golf as most men. I can truthfully say, as did the little boy who made himself sick with smoking, 'Yes, but I like the feeling.' At the same time, if I had to get myself, in order to save my life, into a state of the greatest possible fitness, I would not play golf; I would do something more bovine that would not make me so often angry and desperate, even though it brought no compensating ecstasies. Some people can more skillfully divide their lives into compartments. There was a man of my acquaintance, of great ability, and one of the sanest, calmest, most sweet-tempered of mortals in every department of life save one: as soon as he began to play golf, or any other game, he suffered from the belief that of all men in the world he had been chosen by Fortune as a butt for her arrows. He was almost entirely miserable while he played, but as soon as he finished he ceased to repine until the next time, and did not chew the cud of his bad, or rather his unlucky, strokes. It may be supposed, therefore, that his golf did him good, but he was surely an exception.

Another comes to mind who had a natural genius for games, and, after playing golf a little more than a year, attained the proud handicap of scratch. The standard of handicapping was less exigent in those days, but this was an astonishing achievement. Within another year he had achieved something greater still, for he found that golf so chafed and exasperated him that he gave it up and contented himself with purely domestic archery and croquet. Once or twice afterward at long intervals he played a game of golf and came to no hurt, but he resolutely refused ever to let the dreadful game get hold of him again.

Against such a story as this there are no doubt thousands of others to be set. Great men of affairs are constantly telling the newspapers that they find in golf the perfect relaxation, because while they are at it they think only of the game. In that case, presumably golf is much better for them than the taking of a walk, because on a walk all the troubles of the world would still be running through their heads like a mill race. Presumably also they do not take their golf too solemnly, so that no ghosts of peccant elbows haunt them at night or distract them from their serious labors. They really do what so many of us pretend we do, and play the game 'for fun.' *O fortunatos nimium!*

Apart from the question of mental anguish, golf is at once a very tiring and a very untiring game. It is untiring in the sense that we walk a number of miles that we would not always face without a club in our hands, that we take in addition a good deal of exercise in the matter of hitting and yet are tolerably fresh at the end of it. It is tiring, as it seems to me, in the sense that it goes rather too slowly. In hot weather, at any rate, we undergo a process of slow grilling which is, or at least seems, more prostrating than violent exertion at, let us say, lawn tennis.

American readers who habitually play in hot weather may not agree, but we in England are very limp golfers as soon as the sun really begins to blaze; we are apt to grow scandalously lazy on the gorgeous days, if we ever get them, of June and July and August, and postpone our rounds till the cool of the evening after tea. We have put away our ancient prejudices against coatlessness and play as lightly clad as need be, but we are still rather

frightened of the sunshine. Some of us, at any rate, almost prefer mittens and frost to shirt sleeves and apoplexy.

Despite what the statisticians may say, I have only known personally one golfer who died of apoplexy. He was a fat, cheerful, hearty old fellow — an admirable subject — whom a party of us met ages ago at a tournament in Wales. To one of us he confided that he did not think much of the course, which was flat and insipid; on his course, where he had been bred, there were sand hills so towering and noble that he always took a tee 'as high as this,' and he indicated the generous glass of whiskey and soda at his elbow.

The rest did not believe this story; so we who had heard it indignantly undertook to make the old gentleman say it again. We duly conspired, we ordered him a handsome drink, we brought the conversation round to sand hills, and he did say it again, correct to the letter. He must have been a little surprised at the torrent of laughter, but he was radiant and jovial and suspected nothing. I never saw him again, but I remembered his name, and years afterward I read in the newspaper that on that very course of mighty hills he had fallen down dead 'from excitement at a golf match' — a happy ending of which, after all, no one need be afraid.

IV

For my part, if such a fate ever overtakes me, I fancy it will not be in some terrific moment in a match, but rather after exhausting hours of practising. Practice is not only very good for our golf; it is a joy in itself, but it can be extraordinarily tiring. Let anybody try to bang balls into a net for twenty minutes and he will find his hands in blisters and his mind and body in a state of collapse. That is altogether too exhausting; moreover, it always seems to me that one should practise with no human eye to overlook one's antics and experiments; even the presence of a caddie to retrieve the balls is for me the rose leaf that keeps the princess from her sleep. But in that case one must walk after the balls between shots and must search for them in the rough, and looking for golf balls is surely one of the most infuriating and prostrating of all human activities.

I have one friend — nearer seventy than sixty, as I suppose — who has a pious and peculiar way of spending his Sunday afternoons. He sets out on his lawn fifty 'peg' tees in a row and perches upon them fifty balls. Then he stations in the field beyond the railings four small boys from the village as retrievers, and sets to work at the beginning of the row of balls and goes right through them with the rapidity of a machine gun. He wastes no time in waggling, but just lashes the ball away, occasionally altering his stance and direction according as he thinks that one small boy is overworked and another is being starved. When all the balls have been hit, they are brought back by the largest boy, who acts as sergeant major, and they are teed and hit off again. Sometimes he will even go down the line a third time before the boys are recalled and brought into the house, where on four plates in the hall there are set out for them four sixpences and four slices of plum cake. I am not sure whether this is good for his golf; it appears to be good for him, but then he is a remarkable person in other walks of life. For myself I had to stop and rest, enduring his contempt as best I might, after hitting a paltry twenty-five or so.

If I had the temerity to advise the middle-aged and elderly golfer, I would

suggest to him that he make a habit of playing foursomes, and by that I mean foursomes proper, with but two balls a side and alternate strokes. I know that the American golfer is possessed of so fiendish an energy that he seldom if ever plays this game. Yet I venture to think that, as he grows older, he would find it good for both soul and body and a delightful game into the bargain, which has in it more of the spirit of partnership than any other. On purely physical grounds it is obviously less tiring than the single or the four-ball match. There are but half as many shots to play, and then think of the short cuts and the saving of the legs! There are those who carry this leg-saving to a fine art and declare that they propose to drive at the odd holes or the even, according as there are fewer long walks to the teeing grounds.

Let my elderly reader by all means hit his own ball in the morning, but for the second round, after lunch or after tea, do let him try a foursome. If he will do that I will undertake not to resent his calling it a 'Scotch foursome.' I am sure he will enjoy it as much as did a charming old Scotsman who once wrote a manual on golf. He was a foursome player and rejoiced in his match with three 'oldsters,' as he called them, 'the quotidian round enlivened with varied conversation.' Listen to his parting benediction: 'Thou gentle sprite! whose Empire is the dark green links, and whose votaries wield the bending club and speed the whizzing ball, art as dear to us now in the sere and yellow leaf as when first we flew to share in thy health-inspiring rites with the flush and ardor of boyhood.'

I am sure he lived to a hundred, and no gloomy statisticians could make any capital out of him.

PURITAN FATHERS

BY NORMAN THOMAS

I

It is no longer the fashion among our intellectuals to use 'Puritan' as a general and inclusive term of scorn and abuse. Recent historians have instead given us a much fairer picture of a people with great faults but greater virtues, possessed not only of an integrity but of a culture not to be despised.

But for what is sometimes called the decadent Puritanism, or, more accurately, the more or less evangelical Protestantism, which was so influential in American life until well within the present century, — and is not dead yet, — our critics of life and manners still have nothing good to say. Heaven knows they can find plenty of ground for complaint. This brand of religion, they may say, was dogmatic, æsthetically barren, intellectually obscurantist, given to revivalistic jags, a fertile soil for raising Elmer Gantrys to religious leadership. Ethically it gave religious sanctions to the harsh, unscrupulous, acquisitive code of capitalism, while it placed undue stress upon the morals or immorals of sex, gambling (except on the stock market), and drinking. It must be admitted that these critics can document their case from the records and sometimes from their own memories as well.

I have no wish nor any intention to argue the case as lawyer for the defense or to pass final judgment from the bench. I speak as one outside the fold of my fathers. No longer do I find adequate, as I once did, the halfway house prepared by modernists who still feel the power of the old traditions as well as the compulsions of the new and confusing day in science, philosophy, and social affairs. For good or for evil, the religion which was so much and so intimate a part of the life of my boyhood, the religion in which my father's home was founded and nourished, lives for me mostly in memory. To return to it would be an impossible and by no means a wholly lovely way of escape from life and its problems.

Yet I think I voice the sentiments of many men and women in like case with myself, who do not want their children to form their opinion of the faith of their grandfathers from Elmer Gantry or from Mr. Mencken's oft-repeated notes on Methodism or from the current judgment of the more voluble of our intelligentsia concerning that from which some of them, like Harry Elmer Barnes, are in conscious and irritated revolt. I should like them to know that there was another side of the picture; that if this devout, rather literalistic American Protestantism has been weighed in the balance by our generation and found wanting, if palpably it has failed to meet the needs of a world already caught in the toils of revolution, intellectual as

well as social, it did at its best nourish men and women worth loving, who faced life and death more bravely for their faith.

I am writing out of experience and memory, but what I want to write is not merely and certainly not fully autobiographical. I suspect — indeed I hope — that my generalizations about what their religion meant to my folks will find answering memories in other middle-aged men and women of similar background.

II

I am the son and grandson of Presbyterian ministers. Their ancestors, mostly country folk, had, I assume, come to America for the usual economic reasons, some of them in early colonial times and some in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. But the family tradition was that some of them had come from France and some from Great Britain to escape actual religious persecution, or at any rate the burden of an established church. The nonconformist Protestant tradition was strong in our home, but I remember being good friends with our Catholic neighbors. My father spoke in cordial terms of the benign but zealous Catholic priest of our town, and was suspicious of the activities of the A.P.A., the militant anti-Catholic society of that day. As for anti-Semitism, I did not know what it meant until I came across it in a far less religious atmosphere than that in which I was nurtured. Our town went to church and Sunday School, but it never regarded Jews or their children as 'Christ killers.' They were, as I remember it, few in number, though respected not only in the adult community but in that sometimes cruel world that boys set up for themselves and their fellows.

To get back to my grandfathers. One of them died after a life of toil, and some real adventure and hardship as a missionary at home and abroad, when I was too young to do more than barely remember him. The other lived until well into his tenth decade, always in full possession of his faculties. His joy and ours was in frequent family reunions of children and grandchildren, so that I saw much of him. Until his eightieth year he was a minister in country churches in a lovely, hilly farming region. Every Sunday he made his circuit on horseback or in a buggy over roads which had not yet dreamed of what the coming of the automobile would one day mean to them.

In these little villages he had brought up and educated, with the mighty aid of a black-eyed and exceedingly capable wife, five children on a salary that I think seldom reached the dizzy heights of six hundred dollars yearly. For this he, a farmer's boy, had put himself through college and seminary. His Puritanism was no aid to acquisition!

I do not remember much that he said when he preached, but I do remember the little white church, and its cabinet organ and its cheerful bell, and summers with the smell of the country coming in the windows while whole families from the countryside in uncomfortable Sunday best were led to look at life and its sorrows and joys with that mingling of humility and dignity which belonged of right to those chosen to be the children of God. With the years the benediction of peace and sure confidence settled about my grandfather's snow-white head. He, a man of few words, of simple devotion to a stern Calvinistic creed, was 'father' to a whole countryside. When an accident from which he amazingly recovered threatened

him with a slow and agonizing death, he simply thanked God that of His goodness He permitted him to die 'from the feet up rather than from the head down.'

However far his grandchildren have wandered physically and spiritually, I do not think we shall forget family prayers about his chair, nor shall we think of them as any perfunctory superstition or insincere rite. As we sat quietly around him with his large-type Bible in his lap, one of his few concessions to advancing age, dimly at least we understood from him the sources of a light which gave meaning — yes, and glory — to the humdrum task and all the vicissitudes of the year; a light which bathed in beauty greater than the sun's the fields, the shining river, the wooded hills, the cottage and the cherished garden in which this Preacher of the Word lived out his days.

III

My father lived in larger towns a life outwardly somewhat less placid, and he died before the years had crowned his head with the benedictions his father knew. Yet I think his was a happy life, happy in the love of wife and children, and in the respect and confidence of the people to whom he ministered. He was a reserved man who did not wear his heart upon his sleeve. He had friends, but few intimates.

Duty was a great word in his vocabulary, and his code was strict, but we children were not brought up in any atmosphere of gloom. Four times we older children went to church services of various sorts on Sunday, and certain books and games and our school studies were taboo. I cannot say that I remember the day as one of great joy, but neither was it the thing of horror that I have heard some of my contemporaries describe. There were games and family walks and the atmosphere my mother created which made those Sundays more tolerable than some emancipated youngsters of our generation make their own!

My father was an intelligent and studious man and a preacher far above the average. (I still remember thinking later in life how much I preferred him to preachers of greater fame and far greater concern for publicity!) I never could understand why he seemed so unquestioningly to accept the Calvinist theology which he held. In retrospect I find it harder to understand how, having accepted it, he was so tolerant of other people. He believed in a hell to which all his life I do not think he ever would say that anyone was bound. I do not believe in his hell, and yet have been sorely tempted to consign not a few thereto!

His life, unhurried by modern city standards, was yet far removed from the laziness sometimes associated with the clerical profession. He had a conscience about work as he had about living within his small income and giving generously to church and to charity.

My mother was the kind of person who could bring up a large family, help a son with his Latin lesson while getting dinner, — and a good one, too, — and run various church and civic clubs. She wanted her children to have what she thought were the good things of life, — health, integrity, education, and some cultural opportunities, — but for riches as riches she had more of scorn than envy.

I do not mean that there was not some narrowness about the life of the children of the manse; by the compulsions of affection rather than authority we were, most of us, led to eschew

dancing, and questions of morals were made to loom perhaps too large in our thinking. The towns in which we lived unquestionably partook of the limitations of Main Street. I was aware that within the Christian church there could be sorry failures in the Christian graces. And yet as I look backward on the years I remember a happy home with daily proof that marriage can be lasting and beautiful, a home in which there was a non-material standard of values and certainly no sanctimonious hypocrisy. There was, moreover, very little of the suffocating effect of the dogmatic creed my father held. I do not, for instance, remember any drastic censorship on the books we should read.

At least my father's particular brand of orthodoxy did not have room for the antics of Billy Sunday, who had plenty of precursors in my boyhood. I remember that some of my Methodist schoolmates got saved every year at revivals, which were big events in a pre-movie age. My father believed in an evangelical message to save souls, but not in the emotional orgies which have had a baleful effect on the American capacity to think, feel, and act sincerely and intelligently in any province of life.

IV

Now I cannot believe that people like my immediate forbears and experiences like those of my boyhood were unique or altogether in spite of the religion which to them seemed so vital and important. Whatever its limitations, that religion at its best gave some things worth while, some things hard for us to get from other sources in our troubled times. What they are or were I think we can distinguish without great difficulty.

Ethically the religion of our fathers gave them a code and a conscience which delivered them from the uncertain futilities of a sophisticated generation without standards or sense of values. That their code was inadequate I have already admitted. It made them think too much of the goodness or badness of men and far too little of the essential nature of the social system which held even the best men in its toils. It made them 'Old Testament Christians,' accepting at once the general desirability of peace and the righteousness of particular wars.

Nor were they even discerning in picking their wars. Intelligent opponents of the war against Spain and its resultant imperialist struggles were not recruited from the ranks of evangelical Protestants. Indeed the missionary fervor of the churches, honest in itself, fell an easy prey to rationalizations about 'manifest destiny' and the 'white man's burden.' Kipling's 'Recessional' was its gospel, and the ethics of the 'Recessional' were a very poor defense against the machinations of men who gave to the notion of 'doing the heathen good' a meaning very different than that which it had in the minds of my forefathers.

Nevertheless the code of the nineteenth-century Protestantism at its best was to believers a guide in the maze of life and a deliverer from doubt which greatly conserved their energies and preserved their peace of mind.

It was not, however, in the realm of ethics, but of religion in the high sense of relationship to God, that the faith of our fathers was a strong tower. We say nowadays, truly, that any strong social conviction — Communism, for instance — is a religion, with many of the faults as well as virtues that we associate with the religious attitude to life. But in its deepest sense

religion has always been concerned with the relation of man to the universe. The problem of the existence and nature of God is at the heart of it. Are our noblest aims and ideals and hopes but the illusions of this strange animal, man, cursed with consciousness in a world essentially alien to his dreams?

V

For our generation the urgency of such questions can be anæsthetized for a longer or shorter time by the compelling problems of economic security and social equality. I often think that the real test of the Communist attempt to rid the world of religion will come when — and if — its own achievements as a secular religion of a well-ordered system of production and distribution for the benefit of the workers are fairly secure. What, then, will crowd from the mind of men the old question of the significance of life in a universe made by our science wholly alien to human values, profoundly unconcerned for human destiny?

Already that question stirs our minds — let the popularity of symposiums on science and religion and 'living philosophies' bear witness. (Would any other age, I wonder, show such dissimilarities of philosophy, of hope and of despair, among men who share the same culture and the same civilization?) Many of the answers tentatively given are interesting in themselves and provide some antidote against the complete pessimism of Joseph Wood Krutch's *Modern Temper*, but how strange they would seem to the clear assurance of my forefathers!

How they held their theology without its being vitiated by a larger measure of intellectual obscurantism, and a frightened denial of the beginnings of the new science, I do not altogether understand. Neither do I know how they escaped the fear of a static immortality of bliss which to us would mitigate the joy of contemplating life eternal. But to a great extent they did these things. They did them, too, with a far deeper sense of the Presence of God, the Father and Friend, than Mr. Walter Lippmann's study of the emphasis on God as King (in his *Preface to Morals*) takes into account.

The result was a sense of meaning, assurance, and comfort in life which can scarcely be exaggerated. Evil there was, and suffering hard to understand. But over all was God, who had His own in His care. His universe was man's home. The generation which believed this did not have to hope with the Bishop of Birmingham that 'whatever is at the heart of things is not hostile to our highest aims and ideals.' Their God was a Father, not a 'whatever is at the heart of things.' They would have been far more mystified and puzzled than comforted by Professor Eddington's dualistic approach to the problem of God and the universe in which many of our own time profess to find consolation. He has written: —

> I am convinced that if in physics we pursued to the bitter end an attempt to reach purely objective reality we should simply undo the work of creation and present the world as we might conceive it to have been before the Spirit moved upon the face of the waters. The spiritual element in our experience is the creative element, and if we remove it as we have tried to do in physics on the ground that it also creates illusion, we must ultimately reach the nothingness which was in the beginning.

That is a far cry from the faith in a God who gave man dominion over the world which He had made and in that world occasionally had walked

and talked with men. Is not the extraordinary popularity of *The Green Pastures* in part a testimony to the hunger of our times for 'de Lawd' who can be known and whose universe man can regard as home?

Whatever wistful hunger of the heart the simplicities of *The Green Pastures* may satisfy for a night, our generation, and still more our children's, must travel harder roads in its search for truth. But that search will be more fruitful if we understand what sense of human dignity and meaning in life our fathers found in creeds that we may not accept and are often invited to ridicule. Humble and obscure their lives might have been; they were heirs of life eternal, children of Him who was King of Kings and Lord of Lords, subjects of His care. I do not think their heaven was as appalling a place as it sometimes seems to our generation. It was, on the contrary, a fulfillment of life and an answer to questions otherwise insoluble.

The least of them might be of the company of John Bunyan's 'Mr. Valiant for Truth.' Without boasting, the best of these men and women could say, as he did: 'My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who will now be my Rewarder.' And of them it could be said as of him: 'When the day that he must go hence was come many accompanied him to the river side, into which as he went, he said: "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper he said: "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'

A PLAGUE OF BIRDS

BY LOUISE N. TRUEBLOOD

I

THIS tale that I am going to tell you is a strange and rather unbelievable one, and it will strain your credulity to the breaking point. In its weirdness it brings to mind those 'bird droves of God' of which Aristophanes tells us, those strange hordes of little feathered visitants that the Greeks conceived of as concealing beneath tiny feathered bodies and bright-eyed flitting preoccupation some memory of a tragic previous human existence, remembered now only in fitful restlessness and sharp piercing cries.

It all happened at the close of a rather overcast day early in September. As I stood on the porch just before dinner, admiring, as always, the lovely hushed stillness of the Hudson River and the brooding beauty of the Palisades in the subdued twilight glow, I heard the cries of birds in the heavens. Looking up, I saw a flock of chimney swifts wheeling about in the sky, and I noticed idly that, instead of being in their usual orderly wedge-shaped formation, they were wheeling about in circles, uttering sharp cries. Coming events may cast their shadows before them, but unfortunately it is usually only after the event that we remember having seen the shadow, and this time was to prove no exception. So I turned back undisturbed to my contemplation of sky, and hills, and water, and then, totally unsuspecting of what was in store for us, I went in to dinner.

We were eating that dinner — which we were destined never to finish — and talking idly, when suddenly there was a rapid beating of wings in the adjoining room. Hastily I ran in to investigate, and there I found a little chimney swift frantically hurling itself against the screened window in its frightened efforts to get out. 'Oh,' I cried, 'someone must have left a door open, and this poor little thing has blundered in here! It's terribly frightened.'

Very tenderly I seized it, and gently put the fluttering, terrified creature out of the door — utterly failing to notice that there was no door or screen open in the room through which it might have entered!

Scarcely had I resumed my seat at the table when 'again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.' Again I ran into the living room, followed this time by my brother. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'there are several birds! They're chimney swifts. It must be a nest of young ones that has fallen down the chimney.' And even as we stood there gazing the room was suddenly filled with the beating of wings and the chirping of birds.

'The chimney is alive with birds — they are coming into the house!' shouted my husband. 'We'd better get up on the roof and block the chimney to keep them out.' And off the men dashed.

The children and I stood there stupefied, quite unable to grasp the magnitude of the calamity which was befalling our peaceful home. What a sight was this before our astonished gaze! Innumerable birds flying into the room, bringing with them thick black clouds of soot from the chimney — birds everywhere! Screaming birds beating frantically against the windows, terrified birds flying blindly and aimlessly through the house, upstairs and down, seeking some refuge, clinging to ceilings, shades, walls, picture mouldings, anything that offered even the most precarious foothold. And the soot! It settled on the furniture; the air was thick with it; the hearth was speedily covered with a black carpet that crunched underfoot.

As we stood there dismayed, I heard a loud cry from the roof. I ran out to see what new calamity might be befalling us. The promise of the overcast afternoon had been redeemed by a slight drizzle, making the tiled roof dangerously slippery, and I thought to myself fatalistically, 'Well, they've fallen off the roof! That is all that was needed to make this a perfect nightmare!' But this time my gloomy forebodings were fortunately not realized, for it was just my husband shouting down to me. 'The chimney is alive with birds!' he cried. 'The last one of the flock just flew in past my head. You'd better build a fire to smoke them out.'

II

Obediently I returned to the house, picking my way through what seemed like hordes of children congregated in the living-room. Our own three boys and the dog apparently not being able to cause confusion enough, their number had been augmented by all the excited children in the neighborhood, who, attracted by seeing the birds fly down the chimney, had come to investigate.

I crunched my way over the sooty floor, and tried, but in vain, to light the fire which was laid in the fireplace. The beating of myriad wings caused a breeze which made it impossible for any flame to live, and three times my kindled blaze was instantly fanned out. I was desperate, until I finally hit on the expedient of making a human torch of myself. Standing out on the living-room floor, I held blazing newspapers at arm's length and threw them into the fireplace, until at last I did succeed in kindling a fire, without, miraculously enough, setting myself ablaze.

But then how bitterly I regretted my success! What a sickening holocaust it was! We had completely forgotten that birds must fly in spirals when going against gravity, and that the flues were too narrow to permit them to do this. Consequently into the room the poor miserable little things had to come, those that did not drop with singed wings from their poor foothold on the bricks right into the blazing twigs.

Sick at heart, I now tried as hard to beat out the fire as I had previously tried to light it, to the heartbreaking accompaniment of the thud of little burned bodies dropping into the fire, the smell of scorched feathers, the terrible mad beating of wings, the shrill frightened cries of the poor bewildered creatures. Blindly they flew all through the house, seeking some safe place to alight. Too bewildered to see the doors and windows that we had flung open, they clung with their claws to any spot on wall or window that seemed to offer shelter. We brandished brooms, we swept them off ceilings, we dislodged them from pictures and window blinds, we tore their desper-

ately clinging claws from screens, we ejected them by handfuls. Completely panic-stricken, they yet seemed determined to spend the night with us, and flew back into the house through any opening they could find; when unable to do so, they clung to the outside of the screens, uttering pitiful cries.

But by this time we were almost beyond compassion. We had about run the gamut of human emotions, and the tender sympathy with which we had put out the first bird had changed to an irritated detaching of the sharp claws which clung so determinedly to wall or hand or clothing, and a rude hurling of the bird into the outer air, with the parting savage invocation to 'Get out, and stay out, you brute!'

And what a sight the house was — soot, bird tracks, claw marks, blackness, disorder everywhere! No fire could have wrecked a house more completely. I literally did not know where to begin. I felt completely crushed, and the accursed monotonous chirping still issuing from the fireplace got on my nerves terribly. I yearned wildly to be a second Nora, and with an even more reverberating slam than hers to shut the door behind me, to return to that house nevermore! But Nora was in the theatre, and I was in the everyday world — though a rather nightmarish one it seemed just then! So, instead of any dramatic gesture, I wearily fell to, in the attempt to repair some of the damage.

The first thing to do was to block up the fireplace so that at least no more birds could come into the room that night. Then we attempted to clean up the soot, but it was like trying to sweep up the sands of the ocean. There was no inch of the house, upstairs or down, that was not infiltrated and covered with a blanket of it. We swept it up once, but in a twinkling everything was as black as before. The air was full of it, it was all over our clothing, our feet tracked it through the house wherever we walked.

And the dog had contributed his share to the general mêlée. At first, tremendously excited by this strange occurrence, he had caught birds in his mouth when he could, and had most reluctantly relinquished his hold only when we insisted. He had followed us with a savage gleam in his eyes as we caught birds and hurled them out of door and window. He had leaped after them on window seat and chairs, he had jumped up on the wall to try to reach them, and everywhere there were sooty paw marks. But after a time he must have become depressed by the disparity in numbers and by the total impossibility of any one lone dog's making an impression on such a horde, and he had quietly and sadly crept away. We discovered later where he had gone. It was to his favorite place of refuge in moments of great stress, such as thunderstorms or the Fourth of July — namely, my clothes closet. There he had peacefully gone to sleep on my white shoes, after having first, like Epaminondas with the pies, been careful to step right on the centre of everything in sight, and there was nothing that did not bear the marks of four tremendous sooty paws.

III

The next morning we awoke to brilliant sunshine, and the chirping of birds, but what different sentiments that once-happy sound now engendered in our breasts! With what dismay did we realize that most of that cheerful noise was issuing, not from the bright outdoors, but from our luckless home! My husband, on first waking, listened carefully, and, when he heard from downstairs the now familiar 'Cheep,

cheep,' turned over for another forty winks, murmuring to himself, 'No laboratory for *you* to-day.' And those who knew him could gauge by that the magnitude of the calamity that had befallen us, for nothing short of battle, murder, and sudden death had ever before been known to keep him home from the laboratory on a week day.

Dressed in our oldest clothes, we now proceeded to attempt to clean up. The children and the dog were turned out after breakfast to the tender mercies of the neighbors, and told not to dare to return before sundown. Then we got into action.

The men began first on the fireplace. My husband sat on the hearth, head and arms reaching up the chimney, and pulled down birds by the handful, for some still clung there, even after the barrier had been removed. Their wing beating was much fainter. Many of the poor little things had died of exhaustion during the night and had dropped down in the ashes on the hearth, but those that survived flew away gratefully when released into the out-of-doors.

Then we started to clean house, and I felt that the Augean stables must have been a comparatively light task. Every inch of the house, hardwood floors and all, had to be scrubbed; the rugs had to go to the cleaners; the living-room floor had to be scrubbed three times with a fine brush to make any impression at all on the soot. The two men, the maid, and I worked all day without let-up, and at that we did nothing to remedy the condition of shades, upholstery, walls, or ceilings. Of course it was a marvelous way to get the fall house cleaning done by really intelligent help, for never again do I expect to have a scientist and a college professor to assist in the task. And the house *had* needed doing over, and the furniture *had* needed to be reupholstered, — all of which we realized as an aftermath of our visitation, — but it did seem as if Providence were taking very drastic measures to procure so comparatively slight a good!

Even then we were not quite through, though we thought we were that evening, as we rested our aching backs and shoulders and surveyed a restoration which, while it left much to be desired, seemed miraculous to me after my pessimism of the night before. In a day or so, a faint but sickening odor began to permeate the house, issuing unmistakably from the cellar. It brought to my mind what I had read about the odors emanating from the battlefields of France, and I hastily sent a distress call for the plumber. He was obviously skeptical over the phone when I told him my weird story, but he agreed to come up to investigate, and when he did, you never saw a more surprised man. He had thought my tale a cock-and-bull story, a figment of my imagination, and here it was corroborated most convincingly by his findings in the cellar!

That awful night we had learned much about the predilections of our chimney swifts. We had discovered that they liked only sooty flues, for the seldom-used playroom fireplace had attracted but a few birds, who had immediately flown away. My husband had opened the doors of the furnace to release the birds imprisoned there, having heard their plaintive cries, but even then he had not exhausted all their places of refuge. For lo, tracing the dreadful smell to its source, the plumber extricated from the flue of the gas water heater numerous little dead bodies of birds that had been trapped there and had perished miserably of asphyxiation, or had been scorched to death. Half a water-pailful of bodies he removed, and the odor ceased.

IV

Well, that's my story, a story which has been carried away by our amazed friends to retail on occasion. It has been as though the anecdote were a pebble flung into a sea of acquaintances, and as the circles widened and spread farther from the original source, the incredulity and rank unbelief grew proportionally, so that finally the reputation of the teller for veracity was the only guarantee that he might meet with even a modicum of belief.

And yet it all really happened, and, worse luck, to us! It has made a marvelous tale to tell — that small crumb of comfort we have been able to extract from our extreme tribulation. Little else, however, even though kind friends have attempted to point out to us that we should consider it a singular and to-be-savored-to-the-full mark of favor that out of all the homes on the Atlantic seaboard — nay, further, of the whole United States — we should have been singled out for such a visitation!

It was weeks before I could look on a bird with any feeling other than loathing, and I lived in momentary dread of another onslaught. Indeed, one day, as I was peacefully sitting reading, my sister shouted, 'Look! look!' and I ran to the window crying, 'Where are the birds?' And when I saw that instead of the feared visitation it was only the neighbor's dog making off with a leg of lamb which he had just stolen from our back porch, I had an intensely relieved feeling of 'Pooh, is that all?' With dread I waited for the anniversary of the fatal day, recalling all the tales I had heard of that wonderful unfailing instinct which leads birds to do the same thing at the same time each year. But the birds must have retained as unpleasant memories of their visit as we did, for they have never come back, and I, for one, hope that they never do!

UNEMPLOYMENT RESERVES

BY SIDNEY HILLMAN

I

THE significance of unemployment insurance in a crisis as severe as the present may be demonstrated, for the purposes of this discussion, by way of a hypothetical case. Let us suppose that there had been in force in this country since 1925 a national system of safeguards against the evils of unemployment similar to the scheme instituted in the men's clothing industry in 1923. The facts of the hypothetical case would be as follows: —

The estimated total number of wage earners in the United States is 26,000,000. The estimated total labor bill of the wage-earning class is $26,650,000,000. Workers would have contributed 1½ per cent of their wages and employers 3 per cent of their pay roll to the unemployment insurance fund. The Federal Government, in conjunction with the states, would have provided the administrative costs of the fund, operated employment exchanges, and taken care of other relevant services. The total payments to the fund would have amounted to twelve hundred million dollars, which, together with interest on the money, would have brought the total to one and one-quarter billion dollars annually. The total floating unemployed population in a year of normal business activity (excepting the sick, the disabled, and the aged, who are entitled to special care) is about two million. On the assumption that the payment of benefits to these two million people is at the rate of about 30 per cent of their wages for half of the time, the annual disbursement would have been $350,000,000, or less than 30 per cent of the fund. In four business years, 1925–1929, the fund would have accumulated more than three billion dollars. By January 1930, at the beginning of the severe part of the present depression, there would have been built up a public reserve for the mitigation of the distress of millions of unemployed Americans. It would have been almost as large as the entire Federal budget and would have just about equaled the proceeds of our whole export of merchandise.

During 1930 and 1931, owing to the decrease in the nation's wage earners' pay roll, which shrank to about two thirds of its normal size, only about three quarters of a billion dollars would have been paid into the fund. Yet this sum would be much larger than the sum that was actually spent by all the private philanthropies, together with Congressional, state, and municipal appropriations for aid to the unemployed. Five million people in 1930 and six million in 1931 would have received a total of over three billion dollars in benefits, while a reserve would have been left in the fund of close to two billion dollars toward the end of 1931.

The advantages of the arrangement would have been twofold: —

1. So considerable an increase of purchasing power as three billion dollars in two years placed at the disposal of the most harassed part of our labor population would have had a healthy, stimulating influence on business activity. Since we did not have it, however, the only thing we could do was to resort to the mysterious aid of such devices as 'Buy now!' and 'Think prosperity!'

2. Millions of wage-earning Americans would have been spared the humiliation of cooling their heels in charity offices, of begging in the streets, of marking time in bread lines, and, after all the torture and humiliation, of being for the most part starved, cold, and bare. Lacking such a system of unemployment reserves, millions of people have had no other choice but to beg or to starve, or both.

II

America, alone of all civilized nations, has failed to set up any organized device for dealing with unemployment. Instead of engaging our energies in evolving the best methods of procedure in the realization of the reform, we have been spending ourselves on arguing the proposition. While in the Old World 48,000,000 wage earners are protected against unemployment in one way or another, the people of our republic have had to fall back on the hazards of luck and charity in this most trying of all emergencies. Yet unemployment is no longer a chance happening. It has become a part of our social experience. It is a chronic disease of our social system.

At all times, in several industries, we have had to cope with *seasonal* unemployment. That problem has been troublesome and exacting enough. But to that, in recent years, a new type of unemployment has been added, as a result of our highly efficient system of industrial management. It is described as *technological* unemployment. What we are confronted with in the present phase of our economic development appears as a compound of both of these types of unemployment. Historic, political, and economic factors have combined to make the problem more difficult and its evil effects more vicious. No doubt the emergence of this social disease is primarily chargeable to our planless, hit-or-miss methods of doing business. Economic anarchy is an old evil of the prevailing individualistic régime, but at no earlier stage of its development have its effects and its ramified consequences been as threatening to the safe continuity of the nation's business as they now are. Indeed, the central issue of our time is the progressively widening discrepancy between the productive capacity of the nation's combined man and machine power and the purchasing capacity of the working men and women who constitute the majority of the nation. This discrepancy must be adjusted.

The question of what we can do about chronic unemployment ranks first among those which will not allow the socially sensitive mind to rest. Upon the satisfactory solution of this problem depends our material and intellectual growth. This nation or any nation cannot long endure one-half employed and one-half totally unemployed or half employed. Steady employment of labor energy is the primary condition of economic and social health. But practically nothing has been done to face the problem, either by the people themselves or by their governing staffs. There has been neither effective action nor thoughtful planning. We cannot shut our eyes to what the coming months seem to threaten. There is no longer any doubt in minds which reason from observable facts rather than

from imaginative self-deception that the coming winter will be even a greater challenge to our national ingenuity than was the winter of 1930–31. It is bound to tax to the very limit the capacity of our people for suffering. The limited resources that some people may have had a year ago, whether as savings for a rainy day or as credit, have been completely drained during these twenty months of depression. Where will they get the means on which to live during the winter that lies ahead?

While unemployment insurance still remains a controversial issue, unemployment has become a serious problem for business. Our legislators, however, refuse to see its significance. Politicians seem to think it wisest not to see, not to hear, not to know. But this is a dangerous policy — especially now that unemployment is no longer just a labor problem. If seasonal employment may be considered primarily one of labor's concerns, technological unemployment — permanent or chronic — is even more a social problem. It affects the community as a whole. In consequence, any solution of this problem, if it is to hold out a promise of success, must be arrived at by coherent action coming from all the active and responsible elements of the business community. Furthermore, it must be based on a broad view of our economic situation as a whole. Now, it is a truism that unemployment is to some degree an ineradicable feature of our social order. To the extent that planless production for uncoördinated distribution is the very core of our individualistic social system, a mobile reserve of unemployed labor is a necessity. Socially speaking, it is an absurd and atrocious necessity, but it is in harmony with the economic logic of the competitive system of doing business.

To that extent, it is well to bear in mind that unemployment insurance is but a half measure. It is a palliative, not a cure-all. Those observers and students who criticize the unemployment insurance systems in operation in England or in Germany may be correct as to details, but they overlook a most important fact: namely, that the partial breakdown of these insurance schemes but reflects the corresponding breakdown of the business systems in each of these countries. However, all unprejudiced students concede the fact that conditions in England and Germany would have been in an infinitely worse state had it not been for the mitigating influence of unemployment insurance. Owing to its benefits the masses of the unemployed have been kept from economic destruction and social degeneration. Only half-informed persons refer to unemployment insurance as the 'dole.' It is in this country, where the charities substitute for unemployment insurance, that we have the despicable 'dole.'

Unemployment insurance is not an antidote for unemployment. Planned and socially oriented economy is the antidote. Unemployment insurance is a means of relieving the acute pains of the economic organism caused by the ever more frequently occurring fits of industrial dislocation. The significance of such a mitigant is thrown into bold relief when we recall that through its operations a billion dollars can be added annually to the people's purchasing power. But if it is to prove effective in meeting the exigencies of the situation, this mitigant must not be left to stand alone. It should be accompanied by a number of other steps and measures. Not the social philosophy of *laissez faire, laissez passer*, but one of social activism, of conscious and purposive intervention in social processes, must be the motivating force behind an effective programme. The practical

experience of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America offers proof of the feasibility of such a programme.

III

The unemployment insurance system instituted in the men's clothing industry dates back to 1920. The country was then in the midst of post-war prosperity. Work seemed to be plentiful. Even the setback subsequently suffered by industry in 1921, while anticipated by many, was not expected to last very long, and it really did not last long. None the less, the organization of the workers in the clothing industry, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, with a membership of 120,000, in their convention in Boston in May 1920, authorized their officers to make a study of the question. They were authorized to initiate a plan of systematic unemployment insurance for workers attached to the industry, if and when they suffered from lack of work through no fault of their own. By agreement with the clothing manufacturers of Chicago, such an unemployment fund was established in that city in 1923. Chicago was chosen as the experimental laboratory for the reform because the men's clothing industry there, on the side of the employees, the employers, and the industry itself, was better organized than any other clothing market of the country.

An agreement was reached with the clothing manufacturers whereby collections for an unemployment insurance fund were to begin on May 1, 1923. The employers were to deduct 1½ per cent of the weekly earnings of each union member, and after adding a like amount, making a total of 3 per cent of the total weekly pay roll, were to forward the sum to the office of the Unemployment Insurance Fund. By a subsequent amendment of the agreement, made in 1928, the employers' contribution to the Fund was increased to 3 per cent, making the total contribution to the Fund 4½ per cent of the total weekly pay roll.

The working programme of the Unemployment Insurance Fund was devised by Dr. Leo Wolman of the President's Committee on Unemployment and economic advisor to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. The operation of an Employment Exchange, a corollary to the Fund, was inaugurated by Dr. Bryce M. Stewart, formerly Director of Employment Exchanges for the Dominion Government of Canada. The Board of Trustees of the Fund was constituted of representatives of the union and the employers' association and a chairman of the board. Professor John R. Commons held the office at one time, and since his retirement Dr. Benjamin Squires has occupied it.

The rules of the Unemployment Insurance Fund provide for benefits to workers at the rate of 30 per cent of their full-time earnings for a maximum period of 7½ full weeks in any one year. All time lost, whether through partial or complete unemployment, is regarded as compensable. The working week in the unionized clothing industry is 44 hours. Together with the levy on the pay roll of each worker, the employer forwards to the Fund a statement of the actual hours of work done by each worker, and upon computation each worker automatically draws on the reserve if his enforced idleness is in excess of one week, or 44 hours. Since these funds are used to pay benefits to those members of the union who are on some employer's pay roll, they are not available for workers who have lost their jobs through the failure or liquidation of an employer. Conse-

quently a fraction of the proceeds of the Fund is now laid aside for relief of workers entirely unemployed, unattached to jobs, and not authorized to receive regular benefits under the original provision of the Fund. During the distressing winter of 1930–31, the union membership in the city assessed themselves an additional amount to provide for those totally unemployed.

From the time of the first payment of benefits out of the Fund, May 1, 1924, to the benefit payment of the spring of 1931, the Chicago Unemployment Insurance Fund paid out more than $6,000,000 to those who suffered from unemployment. There are about 20,000 workers in the Chicago clothing factories. The Chicago Fund has at all times maintained a reserve ranging from $500,000 to $1,000,000, and on July 11, 1931, this reserve was $618,000.

In 1928 an Unemployment Insurance Fund was set up in the men's clothing industry of New York and Rochester. Because of the depressed state of the respective markets, a premium of only 1½ per cent on the pay rolls is contributed by the employers. The workers are not making contributions. It is expected that as soon as the industry picks up there will be a larger premium. While thus deprived of the advantages of an early initiation of the Fund, and despite the low contributions, the boards of trustees in these two cities were enabled to pay out during 1929 and 1930 the sum of $800,000. This experience demonstrates both the value of the reform and the wisdom of establishing insurance funds in times of normal prosperity.

In all, over 60,000 people are covered by joint unemployment insurance in the clothing industry. The total of benefit payments and relief rendered outside the regular benefit provisions since the inauguration of the system amounts to $6,500,000. It is to be remembered that for about 70 per cent of the number there had been no insurance in force prior to the end of 1928. The 60,000 and more under the provisions of the Fund constitute a substantial part of the total of American workers, about 300,000 in all, who are in any way whatever insured against the hazards of involuntary unemployment. It should be added that, in most centres of the clothing industry where the employers have not yet been converted to the acceptance of joint unemployment insurance funds, union members have assessed themselves and established union funds out of which unemployed members may receive assistance.

The launching of the Employment Exchange, a practical necessity for the effective functioning of the Insurance Fund, has proved of itself valuable. It has made impossible the parasitic existence of private employment agencies, and, more than other measures, it has proved a workable check on racketeers whose first approach to gaining a grip on an industry is by way of meddling with the distribution of jobs. The intimate functional relationship between the Employment Exchange and the Unemployment Insurance Fund has eliminated the possibility of abuses by the workers who, as antagonists of organized unemployment insurance sometimes maintain, wait for a chance to receive the premium in order to go loafing. The records of the Employment Exchange show that no worker has refused to be shifted to a new job when the job previously held by him became temporarily inactive. The often expressed fear that unemployment insurance may make labor less mobile than is good for the effective prosecution of industry has been completely dispelled by the experience

of the clothing industry in Chicago under the joint Unemployment Insurance Fund.

An important by-product of the Unemployment Insurance Fund has been the so-called *dismissal wage*. By this term is meant the practice of paying to a worker a certain amount of money if his work in the factory becomes entirely unnecessary. Workers often lose their jobs either owing to the introduction of labor-saving devices or because of the simplification of industrial processes, or because of a shrinkage in the total volume of business in the factory where they are employed. Under the arrangement, workers so displaced are paid a certain amount of money by the enterprise, together with a subvention from the Unemployment Insurance Fund, in consideration of which they relinquish their claim of the right to the job. In cases where the dismissal wage has been effected, it has run from $150 to $500 per person, depending upon a variety of circumstances such as the strength of the business enterprise, the length of time which the worker worked at his job, or his skill and past earnings.

The existence of the Unemployment Insurance Fund in the clothing industry has had an altogether wholesome and stabilizing influence upon the industrial relationship. Incidentally, it has made possible, owing to the detailed weekly reports which employers are obliged to submit to the Unemployment Insurance Office, the accumulation of reliable industrial data giving a clear view of earnings, actual working hours, and other vital phases of industrial life. That both sides to the arrangement have been well pleased with its workings is demonstrated by the inauguration of local funds in two important centres, New York and Rochester, after the experiment in Chicago proved a success. In Chicago itself the employers consented to a doubling of their premium from a 1½ per cent to a 3 per cent assessment on their weekly pay roll.

Of course poverty has not been eliminated by unemployment benefits, but the dollars received by the workers for the working time they lose through no fault of their own have been of great help, and the fact that the unemployed worker can look to his own colleagues for assistance, however limited, in time of need, and thus stave off the dreaded facing of the charity office, has been a factor of deep moral significance.

IV

The effective functioning of the Unemployment Insurance Fund in the men's clothing industry has been made possible by the relationship that has evolved in the industry. Neither the inauguration nor the successful operation of the Fund would have been possible under the cat-and-dog relationship that obtains in most other industries. The question whether or not the experience of the clothing industry may advantageously be generalized can thus be answered best if all the significant elements of that relationship are examined.

The primary condition necessary to the inauguration of unemployment insurance with a promise of success is the existence of a system of collective bargaining based on an elaborate and steadily evolving industrial code with standardized arbitration machinery at its service. The men's clothing industry has accepted collective bargaining as a definite and unquestioned element of industrial economics as well as a condition of decent human relations. But for that acceptance, an employer would fail to see the justice of providing reserves for workers made idle by the

industrial machine. At best he would take a charity view of the matter, but not one which sees unemployment as a social responsibility. In fact, experience in the clothing industry fails to record many instances of an intelligent employer's failing to realize that by paying premiums to the Unemployment Fund he is but discharging an unequivocal obligation.

The 'right to work' was a revolutionary doctrine of the nineteenth century over which great social forces collided and sanguine battles were fought. It is a fairly generally accepted doctrine to-day that society owes the opportunity of making a healthy and worthy living to the men and the women who do socially useful work or are willing to do it. Yet only a relatively small group of men in but one branch of national endeavor, the nation's clothing establishments, have shown willingness to concede the right of the worker to his job as long as he performs his job honestly and competently. The Unemployment Insurance Fund is a living testimonial not only to the validity of this principle but also to the feasibility of its application. It is a credit to the management of the major part of the country's clothing industry that they saw the justice of placing at the basis of their functioning two socially significant principles: —

1. That industry has an obligation toward the workers whose labor and intelligence make the industry possible and profitable.

2. That no industry can be operated efficiently unless the workers are, in their minds, certain of their place and of their economic and human status in the industrial process.

Unemployment insurance, reserves, or relief, or whatever it may be called, is not charity in the view of either the employers or labor. It is a coöperative arrangement by which the workers and the management, working through their respective collective organizations and under a joint agreement, accumulate funds from which those out of jobs have a right to draw, to a certain extent. It is a give-and-take arrangement which helps ioster responsibility on all sides and is especially beneficial to the mental hygiene of an industry that is in most parts fiercely competitive and needs checks and brakes to live healthily. Among other things, unemployment insurance as it is practised in the men's clothing industry is an assurance against the sinking of industrial standards.

The practice of dividing all available work among all employees of the industry is another consequence of the give-and-take relationship we have been discussing. It logically follows from the premise established in the industry that as long as a clothing firm remains in business no worker may be laid off because of lack of work, and that all available work is to be divided among the workers on the force. Under such an arrangement total unemployment is suffered only by the employees of liquidated firms. All others keep their jobs, though they work only part time. This beneficent practice, unheard of in the clothing industry before it was unionized, has now commended itself to many American industries and has, indeed, become a central item in the programme of the Federal Government for dealing with the present critical condition of business. This principle of equal division of work is a constitutional rule throughout all unionized clothing factories and has been so since the Amalgamated Clothing Workers was firmly established.

No one outside of the industry can realize the importance of this practice to the individual workingman in the shop. It is obvious that workers who contemplate the next day free of the

horrors of complete joblessness will have a radically different attitude toward their shop tasks than those otherwise situated. In fact, long before the depression, in the spring of 1928, an effort was made to set up a joint commission charged with studying the feasibility of introducing the five-day week and examining the condition of bringing about the reform. The five-day week was considered as a means of stabilizing employment.

To sum up, the experience in the men's clothing industry has resulted in the establishment of orderly, constitutionalized government by consent of the participants which has (1) tended to stabilize the industry and to standardize industrial methods; (2) placed the worker on a higher plane of self-respect and assurance of his status in the industry; and (3) educated the employers to an assumption of a measure of social responsibility for the people under their management.

V

What has proved possible and beneficial in the men's clothing industry can doubtlessly be made to work over the width and the length of our entire industrial domain. But the industrial leaders have so far failed to grasp the opportunities of real leadership. To-day there is no way out of a critical situation but by legislative enactment. Only the political powers of the nation can force the necessary action. Whatever objections may be raised against a political solution of this problem, and undoubtedly such objections can be raised, there is no way out of the industrial crisis but through State and Federal action. In this we are only repeating the past experience of this country with all of our welfare legislation and with the slow development of a comprehensive system of social insurance. Business has failed to discharge its obligation to the people on whose work, security, and health business prosperity depends; therefore the legislative bodies of the country must assume leadership themselves. We shall face grave complications unless there is speedy and adequate legislative enactment of unemployment insurance.

It has been repeatedly emphasized throughout this discussion that the device of unemployment insurance reserves is but a proposal to remedy a sick situation and can by no means be considered a cure of the condition of unemployment. Really to control unemployment we must think and act in terms of *economic planning* and of the coördination of the industrial endeavors of the nation. It is true that the popular mind is slow to move, and the thought of effective social planning still sounds foreign to most American ears. But is this nation to be permitted to be ruined because certain words are not familiar? So eminent a thinker as Professor Charles A. Beard does not hesitate to engage in devising a Five-Year Plan for America. Must government lag behind intelligence? Yielding to ignorant prejudice when the lives and welfare of millions of humans are at stake is nothing short of criminal. It is the function of leadership to dare and to lead, not to be dragged backward by the hold-over powers of bigotry, recklessness, and arrogance. The tragic experience of 1930–31 is a fair warning of what 1931–32 may bring if the steps that are socially sound are not taken. Chaotic procedure must be ruled out of our lives.

A national economic council should be set up by special law and charged with the task of relating the length of the working day to the economic needs of the nation and to its labor supply,

its production to its consumptive needs, its purchasing power to its productive capacity. Workers are forced to labor fifty-five and sixty hours a week in some sections of the country while in others millions of people walk the streets in vain hope of finding a job. *A National Economic Council working under the authority of a national house of industrial representatives on which management and organized labor are represented is urgently needed if our economic life is to be improved and made to serve the needs of the people.*

In brief, the experience of this writer dictates the pressing need and practicability of (1) the enactment of a compulsory unemployment insurance system based on contributions from industry and labor in proportion to earnings and pay rolls, administered through the agencies of the State and with the active coöperation of labor and management; and (2) the enactment of a bill establishing a National Economic Council with a national planning commission and the necessary collateral research and executive offices.

WHAT THE TARIFF HAS DONE TO US

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

I

ABOUT a year ago, when the Tariff Act of 1930 was in the making, a friend of mine, a Swiss, a scholar and also something of a diplomat, came to visit me, and in the course of a friendly conversation spoke of a puzzle in our public affairs which he could not unravel. Having been in Washington and in New York, he had talked with people of all sorts and kinds, with members of the Cabinet and other officials in Washington, with Senators and Congressmen, with bankers and business men, with foreign diplomats, with newspaper men, with Republicans as well as with Democrats, with persons of all kinds and very different points of view. All had said to him the same things about the then pending tariff bill. Nobody thought it a good measure; nobody wished to see it enacted. It had not a friend. Nobody had any expectation that it would stem the business depression. Some Republicans remarked that they would have to proclaim in public that it would 'help business,' but in their hearts they could not think so. The President of the United States himself (so the puzzled foreigner was told) was much in doubt whether he should veto the act or let it become law.

And yet, though everybody disliked the bill, everybody said it would infallibly be passed. Unwelcome and unsatisfactory as all declared it, all said that it would find its way upon the statute book. 'What,' my friend asked me, 'is the explanation of this extraordinary situation? How does it happen that something which nobody wants done nevertheless is something which everybody is sure *will* be done?'

The question took me aback for a moment. What he said about the situation was indeed in accord with what one heard from many quarters. But that it was such a puzzling situation was brought home by the question from the outsider. An outsider does not accept as obvious the things which we at home take as matters of course because they are familiar; he sees what is anomalous in them. But as I pulled myself together, and considered what had been going on in this country for the last forty or fifty years, I found myself able to say something in explanation.

This curious phenomenon, I answered, is the result not of accident or perverseness or demagogy; it is a consequence of party government and the party system. I will not say 'party politics,' because this might imply that some underhand scheming was chiefly responsible. No, it results from the nature of party contest and manœuvre. By no means everything in the party system is bad; still less does it all rest on bad spirit or motive. But party contests sharpen and exaggerate differences on public policy. The tariff is merely one case of the kind, albeit a striking one.

The Republican Party was not at the outset uncompromisingly protectionist. Fifty years ago, in the first half of the decade 1880–1890, it was something of a gamble which way the Republicans would turn; a strong section in their ranks urged a lowering of tariff rates. Then, in the latter part of the decade, President Cleveland threw down the gauntlet by his famous message to Congress of 1887. When he deliberately and unequivocally took his stand for drastic reduction, it was inevitable that his opponents should take the opposite stand. Under the leadership of McKinley, the Republicans went in once for all and unflinchingly for high protection. After their success in the election of 1888, they passed the McKinley Act of 1890, which, while not so very extreme as compared with our later measures, was deemed portentous in its day.

As time went on, and the question came again and again before the voters, the Republicans had to go further and further. They were not without their qualms. When the tariff act of 1909 was under consideration, President Taft was in the same hesitant and uneasy position as the man now in the White House is said to have been last year. But as the German proverb has it, who says A, must say B. Who begins, must go on to the end of the alphabet. In the series of high-tariff acts that have been passed since 1890 — those of 1897, 1909, 1922, 1930 — duties have been piled higher and higher, reaching at last a range which no one would have dreamed of proposing a generation ago.

II

The extremes to which our system has been carried are familiar enough. In the days before the Great War, the only country which went as far as we did was Tsarist Russia. I am not sure just where we stand now in the competition for this sort of bigness. Our example has infected the rest of the world (about this, more presently), and other countries may have bettered our instruction. It is not easy to make comparison of the general or average height of highly complicated tariff rates of different countries; but I should be surprised if those of any among the so-called civilized countries outran ours.

There has been, at all events, during the last decade a kind of change — a new sort of development — which is significant of the way we have pushed

up and up. This appears in the very high *ad valorem* duties which are scattered here and there in the tariff acts of 1922 and 1930. A few illustrations will point the lesson. On children's toys (which the Germans, as it happens, make in great variety and with much ingenuity) the duty is 70 per cent on the value. Some kinds of dollies are hit even harder; they are put at 90 per cent. Some women's garments pay 75 per cent. Other things much used by the gentle sex — veils, veilings, ruchings, insertions, an extended and very meticulously listed range of articles, embellished in ways that attract the users — pay 90 per cent. Laces also pay 90 per cent.

Now these rates are unprecedented; not so much as regards the effective height, but as regards the overt and fairly unblushing form of statement. Rates just as high have been common enough, but in the past they were disguised and concealed. I do not mean to imply that there has been always or even usually deliberate hushing up. But the high duties have taken the form of specific levies, which are assessed not in terms of a percentage on the value, but at so much per pound or yard or unit, and therefore do not tell their tale on the face. Unless you happen to know the price of the commodity, you cannot tell whether a duty of $28 a ton on steel rails (that was the rate for many years) is equivalent to 50 or 150 per cent; in fact, for a long time it was about 100 per cent. Unless you have happened to know something about the prices of tobacco leaf, you are not aware whether the duty of $2.27 a pound, now in effect, is high or low; in fact, it is about 100 per cent.

The situation is befogged as much, perhaps more, when the duty is partly specific, partly *ad valorem*. On some scissors, for example, the rate is 15 cents each plus 45 per cent of the value; that really means about 150 per cent. Razors have a compound rate which ranges in effect from 100 to nearly 300 per cent. Children's dollies, as I have just noted, ordinarily have to pay 90 per cent; but some cheap kinds, which the little users delight in but Congress finds it important to tax heavily, are subject to a compound duty which comes to 150 per cent. Instances of this kind are of old standing and could be multiplied by the dozen. But they have a certain furtive quality; they do not come into the open.

When, however, you put on record in so many words a duty of 90 per cent *ad valorem*, you tell the tale plainly. Twenty or thirty years ago so high a figure would have been thought an affront on good sense, but now the thing is done in unabashed fashion. I find it curious that the protectionists have not yet gone so far as to impose an *ad valorem* duty at the full figure of 100 per cent. Perhaps there is a little remnant of fearsomeness here; the voters might be taken aback by the round figure. But the process has been carried far beyond the point which would have been thought politic or permissible in the days of McKinley.

III

There is more. The accumulating party exigencies have led not only to the exaggeration of the tariff rates themselves, but to an exaggeration even more extreme in the common talk about them. We hear *ad nauseam* the shouting about the party of prosperity, and the tariff as the great engine of prosperity.

This blatant talk goes back about fifty years, to the eighties of the nineteenth century, when the American Protective Tariff League began propaganda on a huge scale, and started to

distribute handbills by the million (by its own confession, some forty million pages of 'standard documents' were sent out in 1904). Among the titles one reads: 'Protection Is Panic Proof.' Even the collapse of 1929 seems not to have put a stop to this sort of thing — at least not at once. It will be remembered that, during the Congressional election of last autumn, though the Democrats had been extraordinarily cautious in all their references to the tariff question, there was still much campaign talk from the Republicans about the collapse of employment and the bread lines and soup lines which would be seen if the Democrats should come into power. It is part of the irony of fate that the bread lines and soup lines have appeared in this very year 1931, when the wonder-working tariff is still in operation at full blast. The experience may dampen somewhat the talk about the tariff as the one specific for all industrial ills. But that it is such a specific has become almost an article of faith for millions of good Republicans. It has been dinned in their ears that the prosperity of this country is dependent on the protective system, and indeed is assured only if the system is maintained intact.

I do not know whether the cry has lost its power, or is in the way of losing it. From the economist's point of view it is all nonsense. But so is most of the common man's talk about economic matters. In much the same way, the doctors find that most of the everyday talk about health and disease and medicine is nonsense; and they, too, have to face the persistence of widely advertised quack remedies. The tenacity of party loyalty, party prejudices, party doctrines, is such that protection may still continue to be associated with prosperity, and anything in the way of lowered duties with disaster. The device has long worked effectively for campaign purposes, and the political managers will hold on to it as long as it seems to do the job. Whatever the party platforms in 1932, and whoever the nominees prove to be, the cry will doubtless resound through the land; and he would be rash who predicted how far it will still work — or indeed what will happen on this public question or on any other during the years from 1932 to 1936.

IV

Let me not be misunderstood. In all this I am not dealing with the real problems that confront us in the tariff, or offering any plan for legislation about it for the immediate future. The working of protection is far from simple, and by no means everything is to be said on one side. What I would bring to mind is the extraordinary exaggeration in the attitude so long prevalent. I am quite sure — and in this virtually all serious and unprejudiced students of economic problems would agree — that our high tariff is not in fact the mainstay of prosperity. This country would be prosperous under a system of low duties or under one of high duties. Whether its prosperity would be much greater or much less one way or the other is not a matter I care to discuss now. In any case, no one would now propose an immediate abolition of all the protective duties, or welcome the drastic reorganization of the industrial system of the country which would result from such a step.

Some general reduction, moderate but more than nominal, seems to me to be called for; and in this view again I think there would be concurrence by the judicious and well informed among both students and men of affairs. The change would not in itself have any

magic effect in leading to rejuvenation, any more than it would lead to catastrophe. There is nothing in the nature of a panacea in economics, any more than there is in medicine. We can say, indeed, that a simple regimen, with the minimum of stimulants, steady work, and no sprees, promotes health in the body politic as in the physical body. In some mysterious way there is in both respects a *vis medicatrix* that leads the patient to health, if only we do not plague him with quack remedies — a very old-fashioned doctrine, but one not yet entirely superseded.

My main plea at this present juncture is, then, for good sense in our talk on the tariff and for moderation in our legislation. I have some hope that bitter experience may check the shouting about the tariff and prosperity, and that an abiding undercurrent of moderation in our American public will stop the process of piling duties higher and higher. To repeat what has just been said, we should not merely keep them from going higher, but prune them of the many excesses and absurdities. This can be done at once without serious harm to any important industry.

What further may ultimately come, and what shape the system will take in the course of the present century, I will not presume to forecast. A century and a half ago, Adam Smith remarked in the *Wealth of Nations* that it was idle to expect that Great Britain would ever come to the 'natural' system of free trade; yet within seventy years this was precisely what happened. Who shall say where the United States will stand when the twenty-first century dawns?

V

All this exaggeration of the tariff system, as regards both its supposed wonder-working effects and its very high rates, has had ill effect on our international relations. And this in two ways. It has irritated foreign countries, and made them dislike us, do their best to circumvent us, retaliate against us as they saw chance. Next, even more unfortunate, has been the effect on the tariff systems of the foreign countries themselves, and especially on those of the newly established countries of the Continent of Europe. They have been led, much to their own damage and the damage of all, to set up systems of the same extravagant kind.

This sort of extravagance we can stand. Ours is a huge country, and fundamentally a prosperous one. True, at the present juncture we are going through one of the periodic stages of depression and hard times. It is a severe one, not to be minimized or forgotten; but it will pass. Our essential economic superiority persists. We are the wonder and admiration of the rest of the world, and most of all of the newly established democracies. They take their cue from us, and imitate our example. We have a protective system extraordinarily high and severe; we prosper; our public men shout aloud that it is the tariff that has made us prosperous. Foreigners can hardly be expected to discriminate among the utterances of our Senators, Representatives, and Big Business men, and distinguish between those which are mere party slogans and those which may have real weight. It is natural that the people of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Rumania, and, hardly less, Germany, France, and Italy, and even some of the British, should say, 'Why may we not do the same thing? Let us also have high tariffs, and create prosperity.'

These admirers and imitators fail to see that our conditions are fundamentally different from theirs. We

have a huge continent, with extraordinary variety of climate and resources and with untrammeled free trade from one end to the other. The diversity of economic conditions is enormous; the diversity of social conditions is almost as great. The economic diversity brings about, under free trade, a most intricate and at the same time most advantageous division of labor between the different sections; nor does the social diversity seriously impair the good effects.

But a smaller country, with less varied resources and less economic vitality, cannot stand such a system. The industries in which it can operate to advantage are repressed, those in which it is at a disadvantage are artificially stimulated. The evil results have been dilated on again and again, and no one denies them. Yet it is extraordinarily difficult to make even a beginning in getting rid of them; and not least among the obstacles is our own attitude, together with the way in which we proclaim it.

There is more to be said on this score. We are in favor of pacific relations with other countries. The precise way in which we try to cultivate those pacific relations is different from that which European countries have chosen, and is different from that which not a few in this country might prefer. We have turned our backs, in the main, on the efforts of international coöperation and international understanding which centre about Geneva. Here, too, I may remark in passing, a most important cause, perhaps the most important cause, has again been party difference and the accentuation of party difference. It is a saddening circumstance that the dominant party has been led, largely by mere force of opposition, to a more uncompromising attitude in our international relations than the sober sense of the country and the sober thought even of the vociferous adversaries really approve. But still we have repeatedly expressed ourselves — and here the approval is little short of unanimous — in favor of peaceful relations, of international arbitration, of disarmament. As regards tariff questions, however, we are provocative and irritating. It is all bad.

VI

A word in conclusion about the real importance to ourselves of the tariff, and about its significance for us as compared with other matters of national policy. For the material prosperity of the country, the high tariff is, if not negligible, far from being the major factor; and, as regards the social and moral problems which confront us, it is of minor consequence. Other things give us more food for thought, more concern for the future of the republic. Perhaps the worst thing about the tariff question is that it has distracted attention, and for some time to come may still distract attention, from others that call imperatively for answers.

We have to face the enormously difficult liquor problem; and, in connection with this, the hardly less difficult problem of dealing with the murders, robberies, flagrant and systematic violations of law, which put us to shame among the civilized nations of the earth. Again, we see industry conducted on larger and larger scale, control and power concentrated in a few hands to an ominous degree, opportunities given for acquiring fabulous wealth in the management of huge concerns. Our legislative and administrative machinery on these matters has lagged far behind our industrial development. It is in many ways archaic and blundering, indecisive in aim and ineffectual in results, ill equipped to

grapple with the dangers to which industrial development has led.

Not least, we have made hardly a first step toward the crucial problem of stabilizing our economic system, and obviating or at least minimizing the curse of unemployment. That now is in everyone's mind; but it may be forgotten. Probably the worst will be over in a year or two, — who can say how soon? — and there is danger that we shall then relapse into the old do-nothing ways. But the sore effects will long be felt in millions of homes and hearts, and before they have entirely disappeared we may find ourselves in the throes of another crash. Then we may be as dumbfounded and helpless as we are at this day.

Helpless we now are; and I have to confess that all of us are much in the dark as regards prevention or remedy. Perhaps the disease is ineradicable in a society of free enterprise and material progress. But there are at least palliatives which can be got ready. We can promote some rationalization of the production and distribution of goods and the investment of capital, some betterment and control of the financial system, and, most important of all, some systematic machinery which shall at least allay, if it cannot entirely remove, such widespread involuntary unemployment as now shocks our conscience.

For all this, we need not only good will, — thank Heaven, our country does not lack that, — but good sense and an understanding of the proportions of things. It is here that our tariff controversy has done its worst harm. It has distracted attention from the things that most need to be done. It has exaggerated things that are of minor consequence, has led the average man to talk and perhaps think as if prosperity could be universally attained by one simple panacea, has allowed grave evils to come on us and find us quite unprepared to meet them. My plea is for moderation and good sense, for cessation of sham talk about sham remedies, for an earnest facing of the really great, the really ominous, problems.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A More Excellent Way

'You like I show you?' said Hanako san.

We are neighbors on an island in Puget Sound, Hanako san and I. We had been talking about gardens. Hanako san had told me, in her pretty, uncertain English, about her father's 'very nize garden' in Japan. And then she spoke of 'a new way to plant flowers' that she, with other Japanese ladies, had been taught.

The ten-year-old son, Ritsuro, who is interpreter when she must have recourse to Japanese, sometimes translates his mother's English, too.

'My mother means to say,' he put in at this point, 'a way to plant, not by the roots, but when the leaves and flowers go into the houses.'

'A way to arrange cut flowers?' I suggested.

'Perhaps maybe so,' said Ritsuro, and Hanako san repeated with shy eagerness, 'You like I show you?'

'Could you show me, Hanako san?' I answered. 'I should like it very much, but I have read that it takes many lessons and long training to understand Japanese flower arrangement.'

'Zis *new* planting,' she replied, and added firmly, 'Zis afternoon I show you.' Then, gravely, 'Anyway, beeg-inning.'

The English of Hanako san is my delight. It is largely a matter of nouns, pronouns, and adjectives. For verbs in all their tenses the present participle proves adequate. Articles are superfluous. The letter *l* turns to *r* on her tongue; *th* and *s* are *z*. Her enunciation is exquisitely pure and her voice as soft as the lisping of the cedar waxwings in the fir trees at our door.

When the time came for our lesson, it was Ritsuro who arrived first. He carried an armful of evergreen huckleberry (*Vaccinium ovatum*, a characteristic native growth on Puget Sound), sword fern and holly fern, and a handful of small bright-colored flowers.

Then came Hanako san, bringing strong garden scissors and a small sharp knife.

We showed her all the bowls and jars and vases that we use for flowers, but she shook her head. The jars and vases she dismissed at once. The bowls she found too small, and too deep for her purpose.

'May I go here?' she asked at the kitchen door.

Carefully she scrutinized the cupboard. Now and again she took down a soup plate or a dish. 'Platter very good,' she said, but my shelves revealed none that would serve her purpose. Finally she selected a shallow twelve-inch pan of gray granite ware.

'You having potato?' she inquired, and laughed like a child at my astonishment.

With the pan and half a dozen potatoes she returned to the living room, and put these with the heaped-up greenery and flowers.

After long scrutiny, she chose a rather broad potato and cut from the middle two pieces, one about two inches wide, the other perhaps three quarters of an inch. She placed these in the pan with much deliberation, the larger piece a little to the left of the centre, the smaller at the far edge to the right. They were later often lifted from the pan, but their relative position had evidently been determined first of all. After that, as each twig and flower was selected, Hanako san made a cut in the bit of potato, and behold, a perfect stem holder! The incisions could, of course, be made at any angle, and, once in place, the potato gripped the flower as in a vise.

To my Western impatience it seemed a long time before Hanako san chose the first bit of Vaccinium for her 'planting.' When it was thrust into the larger potato stem holder, I exclaimed over the beauty of the pink and white blossoms, each looking like a tiny incandescent light, pendent from the

under side of the red-brown stem below the glossy dark green of the older leaves, the tender pale green of the new shoots, and the bronze-pink leaflets at the very tip.

Hanako san hardly appeared to notice the flower bells, though they were like lilies of the valley and arbutus for fragrant loveliness. She scrutinized the branch from every angle. Then she took it out of the holder and cut off part of the stem. After replacing the branch, she held near it half a dozen other bits of greenery. Then she cut off one of the pale green and pink tips; I barely restrained a protest, the spray had seemed to me so perfect.

As she thrust other stems into the potato, Hanako san's attention reverted constantly to that tallest spray. She clipped it repeatedly, sometimes taking only a leaf, sometimes a whole branchlet. When she had finished, that bit of evergreen Vaccinium stood among the sprays that surrounded it like a tiny stately tree. It made one think of Igdrasil, the tree of life. Protectingly it stretched one little branch across and just beyond the pan.

As the lesson went forward, it became always more evident that here was an affair of relation and proportion rather than selection of individual sprays or blossoms. The work already done was constantly criticized and revised in the light of the work in progress.

Next to the little branch that stood so like a tree above the rest, grave choice was made among the long-stemmed flowers. At last Hanako san selected a stalk of valerian, the kind we know as summer heliotrope, its white flowerets just shading into lavender. Next she took two wiry-stemmed bachelor's-buttons, pale blue as a robin's egg. The valerian lifted its head among the lower branches of the Vaccinium; the ragged robin flowerets touched the valerian blossoms. Grouped with these, but not quite so tall, were other sprays of the evergreen huckleberry, delicately varied in size and shape and looking, before Hanako san was satisfied, as if they might have grown just where they stood.

The color effect, up to this point, was made by shades of green, and by white just shading into the faintest tints — pink, lavender, and blue. Suddenly Hanako san took tiny bits of greenery and many bright-hued little flowers. With these she filled the smaller stem holder. Others were strewn, as if a lavish hand had tossed them there, about the low rim of the pan, — ferns, crimson daisies, yellow mustard, crane's-bill, poppies, anemones, a red wild rose, the motleyest array, — below the rest and carpeting the whole.

With half a dozen final strokes, Hanako san cut a long frond of sword fern into bits. Like all the rest, each piece was measured with a watchful eye.

'To hide potato,' said Hanako san. It was her first remark since the beginning of the lesson. Perhaps it was a sop to Western practicality.

She put the completed 'planting' on our low broad mantelpiece. Then she sat down on the opposite side of the room and, with folded hands, regarded her finished handiwork.

'I zink zat's nize,' she said at last.

We thought so, too. We asked her questions that she did not understand. Was there an unchanging rule for the arrangement? Was there a law of color selection? She looked at us, puzzled and smiling.

We looked for help to Ritsuro, still as a Buddha on the chimney seat. Truth, the relentless mistress who mars so many stories, bids me say that Ritsuro was wrapped in the comic supplement of the *Seattle Sunday Times*. No aid came from that quarter.

So we, too, folded our hands and waited, looking at the flowers.

At last Hanako san crossed the room softly and touched them, one by one. First the Oriental Igdrasil. 'Zis, heaven,' she said. 'Zis,' — she indicated the tallest blossoms, — 'zis, peoples. Zis,' — a wave of the little tawny hand took in the carpeting of low-set flowers, — 'zis, earth.'

'Is it always so?' we asked.

'All ze time,' she answered.

'Hanako san,' I said, after a silence, 'one often reads that there must be this grouping of three parts in Nipponese flower arrangement, but the books I know speak of three upright sprays, balanced, and differing in height.'

Ritsuro, with a regretful backward look at Maggie Jiggs, tore himself away from

the funnies to put that into Japanese.

His mother pondered for a moment. Then her slim hand drew in the air the outline of a tall vase with the three upright sprays familiar to us all.

'Zat *old* way,' she said. 'Zis *new* planting.' Again a silence, a search for words. The little son could not help her, even the wise little son who knew English as she, Hanako san, knew Japanese.

'New planting,' she began again, standing by her flowers, 'always same way as zis way.' The small hand swept from right to left, upward like a sea gull skimming the water and lifting suddenly: 'Earth — peoples — heaven.'

It was my husband who first realized the geometrical figure that must always dominate 'new planting' — an outline softened, decorated, blurred, but never lost, a figure much like digamma of the old Greek alphabet, its dominating line the arm of heaven, which shelters the peoples and reaches beyond the end of the earth, that little Oriental Igdrasil.

When he spoke of it, Hanako san nodded vehemently, her face all brightness because her work was understood at last.

Again her hand made the pretty sweeping gesture, this time from left to right, from the highest point to the lowest, as a bird swoops down to cover her nestlings.

'Heaven, peoples, earth,' said Hanako san.

HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

THE LEADER

I NEVER feel I'm serving on committees
Unless I'm chairman — you know how it is;
A woman if she's capable or witty's
A fool to join the social synthesis;
She may as well direct,
Or be president-elect,
Or something else that measures up to this.

Experience, ability, and vision,
These are the only qualities you need:
The simple gift for making a decision,
And keeping disagreeables agreed.
And swapping *noes* for *yeses*,
And getting out of messes,
And knowing what the budget can't exceed.

Sometimes it's helping with the public welfare,
Or learning of conditions in the slums;
Last week I just reduced the city's El fare —
You take each little problem as it comes.
Officials of all sorts
Have examined my reports
Restoring air to civil vacuums.

So many things can aggravate a mayor,
And aldermen are busy with cigars;
You can't correct malignancy with prayer,
And lodge the proper lads behind the bars.
It takes a good committee
To *excoriate* a city —
And people say that's what we do to ours.

Who would n't call a meeting with a gavel,
And intimate the business of the day?
The threads of intercourse will quickly ravel,
But no one hears much what the others say;
A pleasant antidote
Is to put it to a vote
And get it on the minutes out of way.

Of course not everything on the agenda
Is worth the hot discussion it will get;
You wear a mask like those of Mr. Benda
And beg somebody for a cigarette,
And give your nose a dab,
And speak to Mrs. Crabbe,
And ask if she's investigated yet.

One never knows just *what* about an issue,
It all depends on how it is proposed;
Committees can destroy its very tissue
Unless the chairman's brains are interposed.
I minimize the risk
By being bright and brisk,
And tell them quickly that the question's closed.

The work I do is actually terrific,
With conferences in Washington and all;
My interests are national and civic,
Except the Riviera in the fall.
And if the need is dire
They cable me or wire;
My dear, it proves the world is *very* small.

DAVID MCCORD

Bells

Who invented them, anyway? It may be part of the Youth Illusion which possesses Age, but I seem to recall that there was a time when bells occupied their proper place in the General Scheme of Things. In that remote period they added a touch of gentle sentiment to the quiet life of our sequestered community.

The solitary village clock tolled the hours with decorum and decency, and on Sunday and Friday the church bell invited worshipers to the House of the Lord. Sleigh bells added to the joy of crisp winter mornings, and deep-toned cowbells were an aid to me in my excursions after wandering kine on remote hillsides. Bells in those days had their proper place and proper functions.

But this, like all other idyllic conditions, could not last. A prosperous son of our village, in an excess of misguided generosity, built and presented to the town a monumental structure in the top of which he placed a varied assortment of bells. Through thrift, or through an oversight, he failed to provide for the services of anyone to operate them. Inspired by a new civic pride, the town fathers made up the deficiency from the slender budget of the village and for one clamorous year the bells thundered and jangled on every possible occasion. Horses became timorous, children rebellious, women querulous, and men surly and brutal. In ten months the entire town was experiencing an advanced neurosis.

The next year the necessary appropriation was omitted from the warrant of the town meeting, and now kindly ivy is concealing the more serious architectural defects of the structure and will, in time, enfold the bells themselves in a green mantle of quiet.

Since those happy days I have wandered far, and everywhere I have found the same bell madness. I am at present occupying a small apartment in a foreign city. My abode is said to 'nestle beneath the shadow of the cathedral.' This is true, if a thing can be said to 'nestle' which is on the top of an almost perpendicular hill, very difficult to negotiate in bad weather. But there is no doubt of the cathedral part of the description. It is there, I know it to my sorrow.

During the first months of my sojourn I noticed a growing tendency on my part to be short of speech, unfriendly in judgments, and very prone to 'all uncharitableness.' Then came a sudden sense of peace. Life assumed its wonted cheerfulness and the amiable qualities of my friends once more engaged my attention.

I was not long in discovering the cause of this agreeable change. The bells in the cathedral tower were, for some mysterious reason, silent. For weeks I led a life of perfect peace, undisturbed sleep, and long hours of work and reading. Then to my horror I found that these days of respite had been devoted to an entire rehabilitation of the bells and their adjustment to a new and much longer and more intricate chorus of dissonance. What helpless atoms we are in the whirlpool of circumstance, how vain it is to struggle against overwhelming odds, how futile to match one's puny will against the great forces of a world demented! Philosophy alone can save us.

And it was to philosophy that I turned in my hour of need. I resolutely refused to allow this new torture to affect me. I argued that, if I were destined to live in the most bell-mad city of a bell-mad world, I could at least extract from the experience certain philosophic pleasures. I set myself to study the bell habits of my city. I followed closely the operations, not only of my most adjacent bells, but of all the countless others that showered the hapless city with a babel of metallic discord by day and by night.

In the first place I tried to find out what my cathedral thought it was doing. I tried to discover some semblance of tune or rhythm or cadence in its performance. So far I have been unable to do so. Certain sections of its outpourings seem fairly intelligible, but others are quite beyond me, particularly one part which seems to be devoted to a multitude of the smaller and less tuneful bells engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle to make themselves heard.

The entire programme, in its full richness, is mercifully reserved for the solemn duty of striking the hours. It is only twenty-four

times a day that the city has to survive this particular ordeal, but what is vastly more annoying to me, were I to permit myself to be annoyed in my new philosophic temper, is the quarter, half, and three-quarter announcements. In my youth we used to sing 'John Brown's Body' in a most mirth-provoking manner. As we sang these immortal words over and over again, we dropped the last word until the entire company finished with a tumultuous rendering of the one word 'John.'

Those in charge of my friendly enemy, the cathedral, seem to have been inspired by the same suggestion. They have divided the entire programme into parts. The first is sounded on the quarter, the first and second on the half hours, the first, second, and third on the quarter-of, and all four parts in a glorious whole on the hour. But the effect is not humorous, for it so happens that each of these sections ends on a note that has a peculiarly interrogative quality. It asks a question, it sends out over the city a brazen inquiry which quavers off into a timorous query as to things in general.

It is particularly unpleasant at night after a day rather less well spent than others. It is not agreeable to be asked three times during each still hour as to the use you have made of the day just past, the probity of your actions, and the nobility of all your purposes. Such inquiries induce neither sleep nor repentance, only a peevish dissatisfaction with all bells and all bell ringers, either human or mechanical.

The most sonorous, and I have no doubt the largest, of this collection of bells is devoted, however, to one diverting and human purpose. The meetings of the august City Council are held in or near the cathedral, and the arrival of each member is announced by a single stroke of the bell. I do not need to see them, I can hear them coming. Gentlemen of portly habit, busily important with their civic duties and dignities, breathlessly climbing up the ill-paved and precipitous street. Long-continued attendance at these meetings will either kill them or greatly improve their figures. The conscientious ones arrive early in groups of threes and fours, and the bell hurries to announce their advent. I know their type. Prompt, efficient, brisk in manner and a bit domineering, they control the proceedings. Then the less efficient ones arrive at irregular intervals. The one, however, who has my most affectionate regard is he who arrives last. After a long interval, during which there have been much irritation and the consulting of watches by the efficient ones, there comes a final stroke of the bell and I know that the laggard has arrived. I can see his smiling and somewhat apologetic entrance, and the frowning dignity of the chairman as he calls the meeting to belated order. This I record as the single pleasure a bell has ever afforded me since my early youth.

I have no suggestion to offer. I am not, and never have been, a 'constructive critic.' Like other prophets, I see no light ahead. As bells decline, — if they are declining, which I doubt, — horns increase. Which of the two I dislike most I do not know, but this I will say for the horns: I have yet to hear one that asks embarrassing questions.

MacGregor Jenkins

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A Guide to Good Books

A VERMONTER by birth, Archer Butler Hulbert followed Greeley's advice and went West. Graduating from Marietta College in 1895, he lost little time in staking his claim as a historian. The Western plains lay before him an open and largely unread book. He began by tracing the ancient Indian trails; he edited the Crown Collection of American Maps; he studied the migrations that came down the Ohio. As Professor of History at Colorado College and director of the Stewart Commission on Western History, he has devoted much of the past seven years to the study and identification of the California and Oregon Trails. He traveled every foot of the way; from six hundred township surveys he adduced the authoritative maps; from two hundred and fifty journals and diaries he assembled the mass experience of the Gold Rush. Such were the sources of his book which in June was awarded the Atlantic Prize.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT

Forty-Niners: The Chronicle of the California Trail

[Atlantic Monthly Press & Little, Brown, $3.50]

MR. HULBERT has given us the first realization of the California gold rush. Our generation has added to a bulk of *Californiana*, already enormous, a great mass of prefaces, monographs, doctoral dissertations, and other professional studies, besides several full-length histories and a distressing number of supposedly popular redactions. The professional studies reduce a dynamic spectacle to something like a syllogism, finding in the march of thousands of men over desert and mountains, in pursuit of our most glorious mirage, little that appears more lively or more interesting than debates of territorial legislatures over toll roads. Historians, perfectly at home among legislatures, have usually been impotent when confronted with passionate humanity at the breaking point. The popularizations have been on the level of 'Western fiction,' both in reliability and in literary skill.

A gorgeous field was thus left open, and Mr. Hulbert takes it over with great brilliance and almost unimpeachable success. For the first time we have, grounded on a flawless professional study, an account of the gold rush that actually presents to us the life of those who participated in it. *Forty-Niners* creates a new classification in its subject: it ceases to be a study of the gold rush and becomes, just about as nearly as literature may be, the thing itself, the experience of strong men at the extremity of effort, making a mass surge westward (the ancestral direction), heading through excitement, ecstasy, and agony for the problematical gold of the Sierras. The accomplishment tugs alarmingly at the superlatives of criticism. Since 'brilliant' has already been expended, let not one hesitate to support it with 'superb,' for if this is triumphant as history it is more triumphant still as literature, and will fecundate a good many books to come.

A purely literary problem imperiled Mr. Hulbert at the very beginning. His decision to present his material in the form of a supposed diary of a typical Forty-Niner, a synthesis of hundreds of contemporary accounts, risked disaster. It required him to employ the mechanism of fiction and so involved him in warring criteria. It forced him to cumbersome devices for the presentation of events that could not have happened to any single party of emigrants, and in the early pages these devices disturb the reader. It forced him to lead his typical wagon train through incidents that are atypical, and this necessity sometimes strains credibility. It even necessitated his writing occasional passages in a kind of prose impossible before the last decade and so produced as queer an anachronism as ever horrified a pedant. Nevertheless, Mr. Hulbert fully vindicates his method, and as the book goes on one is convinced that no other method would have done so well. Certainly the climactic passage, the account of the journey down the Humboldt River and over the Humboldt desert, owes its magnificent effectiveness to the belief already established by his mechanism.

It is all there — the cholera and the insanity; the fighting and the drinking, the songs, the dances, the strumming of banjos and guitars; quarrels, murders, massacres, thefts, weddings, births, funerals; the exhilaration of adventure, the group hypnosis and hysteria, the desperation of ill-equipped, exhausted men dying in anonymous hundreds under the desert sky; the darker passions of mankind in a feral pack, and the obbligato of courage, fortitude, kindness, and strength wisely husbanded and spent; above all, the hard-boiled humor of Americans doing heroic things with a realism that derides both romantic posturing and romantic despair. The book is an immense repository of fact — of the

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details of geography, climate, organization, outfitting, management, plains craft, mountain lore, and mining information. That is splendid, but still more welcome is its other aspect. For it is also an interpretation — a description of the American nation and of its moods and manners, myths, jokes, and behavior while it raced through alkali and dust, through storms and stinking water, through the menace of lonely and savage death, for the possession of its most glittering rainbow. It is, in short, social history at its finest expression, an accomplishment whose interest cannot be exaggerated and whose value is no less.

BERNARD DEVOTO

OUR post-war fiction, as personified by Mr. Sinclair Lewis, was strongly realistic and somewhat pessimistic. Then, as attention turned to Proust, Hemingway, Virginia Woolf, the psychological novel took command. And is there now evidence to show that the simpler form of direct narration is returning to favor?

AMERICAN SCENE

FROM the four novels before me this month — all by American authors — one might conclude that our fiction is turning from the psychological to the historical. It does not seem wholly a coincidence that the four are all dated in the past, all present the pageant of life rather than the analysis of an individual personality, and all owe a large part of their appeal to a veracious recording of external fact. I was struck, also, by noticing that all tell 'simple stories,' with little comment, in which the main personages are representative of rather primitive society. In all the sense of time and place is strong.

Rollo Walter Brown's *The Firemakers* (Coward-McCann, $2.50), said to be the first volume of a trilogy, is a story of the coal region of southern Ohio, during the closing years of the last century. It narrates the struggle of Luke Dabney, a young miner, and his sweetheart, Valencia Boyd, a school-teacher, to free themselves from their environment. The central theme is the same as that which Mr. Brown has long been defending in essay and lecture — the importance of artistic creation in the shaping of a happy life. Luke and Val seek happiness in expression through the making of pottery; the mine and its environment symbolize an uncreative activity that cannot fully satisfy the soul; but the author has avoided allegory, and the story of Luke's struggle to master the mystery of the potter is both interesting and exciting. At the end he appears to have failed, but one feels certain that he is not beaten.

It is a moving story, and convincing, though the best writing in the book is that which deals with the life underground in the mine and aboveground in Company Row. The author impresses one as knowing thoroughly not only the methods of mining but the people who engage in it. He presents with power the emotions of miners caught by a cave-in and waiting for days for rescue, and recounts with humor and pathos the genesis and progress of a strike. One grows to know these men and women and to respect them deeply. It is an excellent first novel and suggests little criticism except that some of the incidents seem manipulated and that the treatment of the mine owners savors too much of a laborite tract.

***Hunting Shirt*, by Mary Johnston** (Little, Brown, $2.00), resembles *The Great Valley* as much as any other of her works, as far as the characters and setting are concerned, but it is conceived in a quite different vein. It has the simplicity and lyricism of an old ballad. A young Virginian of the late eighteenth century, in love with a maiden of his town, learns that she has lost a necklace, which has been picked up by an Indian chief of his own age. He vows to retrieve it, and the entire romance is a narrative of his search. His lonely and perilous journey takes him into remote settlements; he fights against Indians at a frontier fort; he is compelled to spend weeks in the dead of winter in a cave; he finally meets a white girl who has for years been brought up by Indians. Story and style are poetic. The reader is refreshed by the smell of forests and of wood smoke. Hunting Shirt, the hero, and his Indian opponent, Fire Tree, may not be believable, any more than are the heroes of old romance; but the wise reader will forget for the time being modern realism and will give himself up freely to the style, which is really beautiful, and to the glamour of the wild woods.

Oliver La Farge's *Sparks Fly Upward* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), the incidents of which occur about 1840, has something of the same simplicity. It narrates the story of Esteban, an Indian, member of a Central American tribe, who, adopted and reared as a young man of high caste, can never forget his origin. A military genius, he rises rapidly in the regular army until he becomes a general. But his duties require him to oppress his own people and at last he leads a revolution against the class of his adoptive father. The division of his sympathies is symbolized by his love, on the one hand, of Favia, his young stepmother, and, on the other, of Marta, his Indian *soldadera* or camp woman.

I have never before so clearly perceived the motives and ideals that lie behind a Central American revolt or understood so well why the people of that troubled region are in a constant state of revolution. But much more important artistically are the power and speed of the narrative; the rich color of the life and its background — conveyed with almost no elaborated description; and the sense of a fated man, who rides the crest of destiny almost without exercise of will. The portrayal of Esteban and of his mother and his *soldadera*, and of all the various officers of the army, is admirably clear-cut and economical. Instead of complex analysis

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The BOOKSHELF

the author has kept faithfully to almost pure narrative and dialogue, and yet he has not only told his story with speed, but has managed to suggest a complete political background. One might say, perhaps, that by avoiding individual psychology he has been able to imply the psychology of two races in conflict.

Merle Colby, the author of ***All Ye People*** (Viking Press, $2.50), has, as far as I know, never written a novel before. It is reported that he inherited from an ancestor a diary which formed the nucleus of this book, and his chapter headings consist of quotations from the 'Life and Errors of John Bray,' though this is ostensibly the diary of his hero, the chapters themselves being expansions of these themes. On a final page he acknowledges his indebtedness to a vast number of obscure and anonymous compilers of data concerning life in America in the period just before the War of 1812. There can be no doubt that an immense amount of research went to the preparation of his novel, and for a few pages I feared that his 'data' might submerge his story. But they never do. Indeed, the really astonishing documentation is in general handled with such ease that it gives to the narrative a circumstantiality and convincingness rare in historical writing. I was reminded of that excellent novel, *Rome Haul*, but was equally reminded of the *Lavengro* of Borrow. For *All Ye People* is in plot a reversion to the oldest of novel techniques, the picaresque, — even though the hero is a clergyman and not a rogue, — in which a whole civilization is suggested by telling a multiplicity of adventures, all happening to one hero, who takes to the open road. Here we follow John Bray from his home in Vermont to Ohio and back, then to Providence, Boston, Philadelphia. At the end, with the girl of his choice, he is off once more to the West.

I am afraid that one cares less than one should what happens to the hero, for he is not entirely comprehensible. But one can have only praise for the vivid panorama, with its countless vignettes of life, as concrete as the descriptions of Sinclair Lewis, but as romantic in their aura of past times as the adventures of Lavengro. And throughout the novel one feels the pulse of the march of the land-hungry, almost as instinctive as migratory birds, seeking freedom and opportunity in the new West. The author has intended to build up a picture of Fredonia, the western empire of a century ago. He has succeeded, and he has written a fascinating book.

R. M. GAY

SOLDIERS AND MORE

THIS season brings us the biographies of four great soldiers, two of whom, Lyautey and Leonard Wood, rose to be proconsuls, and one of whom, Grant, climbed or was pushed to the Presidency, whereas only Phil Sheridan remained the warrior throughout. He may have been the happiest man.

THERE is a sharp contrast between the wilds of Morocco and the gentle English background, and in his ***Lyautey*** (Appleton, $3.00) **André Maurois** has exchanged the *pointe d'ironie* for a sustained note of praise and admiration. The book is a frank and genuine *éloge*, with no affectation of critical detachment. M. Maurois has used an artist's privilege in accenting the picturesque and romantic note of Lyautey's figure, but his interpretation of character is discriminating and sincere and there is always a sense of measure in his praise. Tonkin, Madagascar, Oran, and the inner mountain ranges of Morocco are strange lands to the average reader, but with a practised hand the author spares him any burdensome detail of time or place and deftly brushes in this remote landscape as a background for a spirited portrait. With equal skill he avoids the shifting intricacies of French politics, so that one's interest is centred always upon Lyautey and the peculiar character of Lyautey's achievement — the shortness of the period in which he brought back the *pax romana* to Mauretania, and the achieving of it through dexterity, shrewdness, and nerve rather than unlimited power and authority. The iron hand consisted of few troops and as little fighting as possible; and the spirit in which it was applied was revealed later on when Lyautey lay stricken with a dangerous illness. 'The Imans, with their banners, ranged themselves under the sick room and recited the Ia-el-Attif, the prayer which is spoken only when a great peril hangs over Islam.'

Best of all, the various contretemps and jealousies Lyautey had to face are dealt with philosophically and with unfailing good humor.

Hermann Hagedorn, having also a great and successful career to portray in his ***Leonard Wood*** (Harpers, $10.00), too often allows such shadows to overcast his picture. Impartiality was perhaps out of the question, but the vehemence with which he turns aside to strike back at enmity and criticism stresses the partisan note unduly. Defense and praise rather obscure the day's work General Wood was accomplishing, and at times the author crowds the latter off the stage.

Leonard Wood is no brilliant sketch, but a detailed and well-documented eulogy; very justly the author recognized that his subject was worthy of devoted labor. He has sought out a host of General Wood's friends and colleagues, has had opened to him a mass of private letters and memoranda, and above all has had the guidance of Wood's own very substantial diary. These sources together give a noteworthy body of evidence, call vividly to mind the high place he held in the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations. The letters between Elihu Root and Wood are perhaps the most interesting contribution; it is not common to find, at a critical period and in the most critical posts, two men 'that do both act and know.' Thanks to these two, the straightening out of Cuba became one of the most credit-

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able passages in our history. The Fates then changed, but in 1917, despite all, Wood achieved in the Officers Training Camps one of the things that did most to turn the scale between failure and success.

One regrets that Wood's diary and letters have not been quoted more freely. Always straight to the point, they show a mind thoroughly absorbed by the work in hand, gripping promptly the larger issues, but curiously patient over trifles. They are never querulous or complaining, and the absence of any note of egotism is most striking. At some future time we may see them published in their entirety.

Sheridan (Houghton Mifflin, $4.00), by way of contrast, was a battles soldier pure and simple, and **Joseph Hergesheimer's** excursion into military history is evidence of the fascination the Civil War may arouse even in this later generation. His task has its difficulties: Sheridan's rôle, however brilliant, was usually but one part of campaigns laid out by others, and a general exposition records many things with which Sheridan himself had little to do. The author is keenly interested in the details of battle; but as to style and arrangement they are set forth with a formlessness that is almost disarming. He offers a minimum of comment or appreciation of his own, but occasionally one comes upon a colorful detail characteristic of the not-so-simple Sheridan. After Five Forks, 'General Sheridan lay on the ground with a saddle for pillow, beside a roaring fire, sending orders and receiving reports, and explaining the battle to a reporter from the *New York World*. The reporter, writing rapidly, sent out an account that in the *London Illustrated News* was regarded as a model for war correspondence.'

In ***The Rise of U. S. Grant***, by **Colonel A. L. Conger** (Century, $5.00), the familiar canvas of the Civil War is examined with a fresh vision, from the standpoint of a modern Staff Officer, and with no little pleasure we find Grant emerging from the scrutiny with a still clearer and greater right to his laurels. With no jargon of military doctrine or theory, the author proceeds to this task, as a clear-headed pragmatist, applying a case system of criticism to the tasks Grant actually had to face. Few military biographies will prove so acceptable to the general reader: all technical details and all the mechanism of campaign and battle are rigorously subordinated to the idea being followed out; nowhere is the thread of idea lacking, and at every stage there is the least possible restatement of familiar and known facts. An outstanding book, it will take its place as a permanent and essential contribution to one of the most important periods of our history.

It was in the campaigns in the West that Grant served his battle apprenticeship and experienced the tests of successive stages of command. In tracing this development the author makes clear what is so rarely realized: that as the commands increase in size, 'the task changes not only in complexity but in kind.' This essential point of appreciation inspires the final survey of the campaigns in the East — four brilliant chapters which to many readers will be the crowning interest of the book.

'But when Lee came to fight Grant, the charm was broken. The reason why, Lee never understood; and he never was able to penetrate Grant's plans or moves. The reason was that, while Lee was fighting only the Army of the Potomac, Grant was not fighting Lee merely; his vision was a much broader one: he was fighting the Confederacy — Lee was merely one of the many obstacles standing in the way of restoration of the Union.'

THOMAS H. THOMAS

THE AMERICAN DREAM

***The Epic of America*, by James Truslow Adams**

[Atlantic Monthly Press & Little, Brown, $3.00]

A DISTINGUISHED historian once said to me that his only serious criticism of Mr. Adams's books lay in the fact that they were so entertaining that the reader found it hard to believe they could be historically sound. *The Epic of America* can only intensify the charge that Mr. Adams makes history interesting, so much so that there is danger lest he attain the ambition of Macaulay and find a copy on every young lady's dressing-room table. It is important, therefore, to insist at once that this is a book of the first historical significance, whether for the lay reader or for the professional historian, planned with a rare sense of proportion, instinct alike with a critical and a sympathetic spirit, cognizant of but not slavishly dependent upon the opinions of historical specialists, a masterly synthesis. Doubtless the authorities in each special period of American history will find much to object to, for the range of the subject does not facilitate complete accuracy of detail and the author's generalizations invite polemics; but even the most critical cannot disregard the book.

Mr. Adams has set himself the problem of compressing into a compass of four hundred pages the entire American background of the contemporary United States. He writes as an American explaining why we have come to be what we are, different from the rest of the world, vulgarizing our talents and opportunities, contributing to the world a great idealistic dream. Although he begins with the American rather than the European background of the colonies, his method of presentation is not unconventional: the establishment of an English civilization on the Atlantic seaboard, the secession from the Empire, the pushing westward of the frontier, the industrialization of the North, the Civil War, the end of the frontier and the beginnings of imperialism, and finally participation in the World War. The suggestive

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and the dramatic quality of his succession of pictures is found in the emphasis upon factors that exercised permanent effects instead of the conventional incidents of a political and diplomatic nature generally regarded as American history. Eli Whitney through the cotton gin, De Witt Clinton through the Erie Canal, 'had more influence on the development of the country than 99 per cent of the statesmen in Washington.' He pictures 'Ol' Man River' as dominating the nineteenth century, and, regardless of paper constitutions, compelling eventual unity upon the continent. But the greatest factor of enduring control from the Revolution to 1890 was the frontier, 'always retreating before us and sending its influence back among us in refluent waves until almost yesterday. . . . We began our scramble for the untold wealth which lay at the foot of the rainbow. As we have gone ever westward, stability gave place to the constant flux in which we have lived since.'

In his explanation of current American traits such as the spirit of lawlessness and the worship of size, the author is ingenious. He has also maintained a balance of judgment that is remarkable. It is apparent in his interpretation of the causes of the Revolution, where the American conservatives, anxiously disturbed by the rising tide of radicalism in the colonies, were nevertheless forced unwillingly into alignment with the radicals to oppose English legislative control. It is equally apparent in his treatment of the Civil War, a struggle for liberty on the part of the South, a liberty which could not be preserved in the face of the unifying influence of the Great Valley and the new West.

Mr. Adams's *Epic* achieves unity through the enduring 'American dream,' which he believes to be our distinctive and unique gift to mankind—'that dream of a land in which life should be better and richer and fuller for every man, with opportunity for each according to his ability or achievement.' The paradoxical confusion resulting from the conflict between Hamiltonianism and Jeffersonianism, from the attempt to reconcile 'our Jeffersonian philosophy of democracy with conditions steadily swinging further and further from Jefferson's postulates,' has blurred the vision. But the author, troubled though he is by our present state, believes that the dream has been realized more fully in actual life here than anywhere else, and insists that 'we know not yet to what faith may attain.'

CHARLES SEYMOUR

How few of us in search of books for children know to whom to turn for advice. Miss Anne Carroll Moore, in charge of Children's Books at the New York Public Library, here gives us an appraisal of the more attractive new titles for young children. Books for boys she will discuss in the December issue.

THE most significant changes in the field of children's books during the past few years are to be found in the originality and beauty of books designed for children under ten years old and in the fidelity to background and better writing which distinguishes a fair proportion of the books addressed to boys and girls who are entering the teens. But too many of the books addressed to this latter audience look alike and read alike. Fidelity to background and better writing will not make up for the lack of a good story, and good stories are still very scarce.

I note with pleasure that real children and real fairies in new situations look out of some of the books of the year. Very timely is the reissue of **Bret Harte's *The Queen of the Pirate Isle*** (Frederick Warne, $1.50) with Kate Greenaway's inimitable illustrations. First published in 1887, the book has been so long out of print as to warrant a reminder of the originality and high spirits of this story of American children in the California mining days: Polly, who became Queen; Wan Lee, the Chinese boy whose Oriental intuition sees through all disguises and whose pigtail proves of such practical aid; Hickory Hunt and Patsey and the doll Lady Mary, who loses her scalp on the 'slide.'

'It's lovely,' Ruskin wrote Kate Greenaway. 'The best thing you have ever done — it is so real and natural. . . . It is all delightful and the text also — and the print.'

Out of a childhood peopled by fairies and little animals, in which the big circus tent appeared and disappeared as if by magic in the meadow adjoining the wood where the fairies lived, **Dorothy Lathrop** has created ***The Fairy Circus*** (Macmillan, $2.50). In this picture storybook Miss Lathrop reveals a too long withheld talent for creative writing as well as for drawing. The delicacy, the swift movement, the elfin zest of these fairies playing at a circus of their own, in which squirrels represent the lions, chipmunks the tigers, and tortoises the elephants, are matched by the wording of the story itself. There is an intellectual and spiritual integrity about it which admits of no cheap artifice or sentimental compromise with the visible or the invisible world of childhood.

For two stories by **Walter de la Mare**, republished from *Broomsticks* under the title of ***The Dutch Cheese*** (Knopf, $2.00), Dorothy Lathrop has also designed a book of exceptional beauty. To the second of the two stories, of 'The Lovely Myfanwy' who lived as her father's prisoner in an old castle on the Welsh Marches, she has given a pictorial interpretation in harmony with the romantic quality of the tale and in sympathy with its special appeal to girls in the teens.

Seven tales of old Italy are included by **Mary Gould Davis** in ***The Truce of the Wolf*** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), an exceptionally well printed volume illustrated by Jay Van Everen. These stories were freshly created

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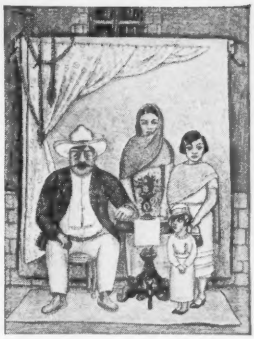

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BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HUMAN BODY

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Probably no book of the kind ever had such a success as *The Human Body* and Dr. Clendening has waited four years to publish a sequel. Here he examines the various panaceas lately proposed for the physical as well as the social and spiritual maladies of mankind. Besides informative discussions of such topics as Exercise, Clothes, Tobacco, Alcohol, Sleep and Reducing, he has included entertaining doubts about the Millennium, Birth-control, Sex and Psychologists. 5⅛" x 7⅝", 336pp., $2.50

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Author of "The Painted Pig"

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and retold under Italian skies out of a deep love of the country and a rich and varied experience of life among its people.

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But it is in the story of Nanni that the author most fully reveals her creative talent. Out of all the Italian donkeys she has known she has created a good and wise and a very amusing one called Nanni. Nanni not only saves the life of the padre in the story, she becomes also the living symbol of all life on her own native mountain. In conception and in its essential atmosphere this story conveys pictorial impressions of Italy to be found in no other book for boys and girls. The stories were chosen for the older boys and girls rather than for children under ten.

In ***Boy of the South Seas*** (Coward-McCann, $2.50) **Eunice Tietjens** has written a singularly clear and vivid account of the lovely island of Moorea, its people, its customs, and its legends. Ten-year-old Teiki, the son of a chief of the Marquesas Islands, is the hero of the tale, and a dramatic and moving story Mrs. Tietjens has made of his boyhood adventures against a background of authentic treatment of racial longings and aspirations.

Teiki is a living boy growing up in touch with two worlds. That his response to the calls of the spirit world never interferes with the reality of his ordinary existence the creator of this unusual story has made evident by the skillful treatment of what she has observed at first hand. The book is a notable addition to books of travel and to stories of heroic adventure. To many an older reader it will give a fresh realization of youth — whether of individuals or of civilizations.

Truly Oriental in color and delightfully original in conception are the drawings of **Ingri** and **Edgar Parin d'Aulaire** for ***The Magic Rug*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). To open this fascinating picture storybook is to go behind the *Arabian Nights* and create a magic rug for one's self. Never again will the beautiful pattern and the lovely colors of an Oriental rug seem lifeless to children who have flown with John over the ocean to that 'small city in Africa where there were large rug markets.' The illustrations, reproduced directly from the artists' drawings on stone, include many rare glimpses of Arabian life. The story is largely derived from the pictures and subordinate to them. Children will appreciate its matter-of-fact treatment of extraordinary adventures and the absence of any appeal to the adult reader. The book is one for the whole family rather than for a specified age.

Winning Out (Longmans, Green, $2.00), by **Marion Hurd McNeely,** has originality of plot and presents vividly for the first time in an older girl's book the nursing profession from first-hand experience in hospital training. In *The Jumping-Off Place* Mrs. McNeely made a distinctive contribution to present-day writing for girls. Her untimely death before the publication of *Winning Out* is a serious loss in a field which, along with the art of the novelist, calls for special understanding of the natures of growing girls.

Among biographies, ***Stonewall*** (Dutton, $2.50) is the best piece of work I have yet seen. **Julia Davis Adams,** in writing about Stonewall Jackson, has taken a character she admires and has given him the setting which belongs to him. Without sentimentality, and with a sure sense of the environment and the ways of the man as well as the general, Mrs. Adams has written a biography of real merit.

ANNE CARROLL MOORE

THERE is no saying when a literary clique will come into being. It needs no corporation papers, no publicity agents; its only requirement seems to be a congeniality in taste and purpose. The Wordsworths and Coleridge once formed a happy clique in the Lake Country. Probably the most articulate clique in English letters to-day is the so-called Bloomsbury group, which embraces Virginia Woolf, V. Sackville-West and her husband, Harold Nicolson, Clive Bell, and Lytton Strachey, three of whom have new books appearing in America this autumn.

V. Sackville-West is a name increasing in significance. She has written a history of Knole House, that huge pile in which she was brought up; her poem, *The Land,* is mighty respected by the knowing few; hers were the photographs that appeared in Mrs. Woolf's *Orlando;* last year she was represented by that charmingly reminiscent novel, *The Edwardians,* this year by her new book, ***All Passion Spent*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). In the two last the touch of the clique is apparent: Miss Sackville-West has committed herself to that purpose which has long been guiding Virginia Woolf and which, as a style of writing, is referred to as the 'stream-of-consciousness.' It is a style which places full emphasis on the inwardness of the characters portrayed. Direct narrative is almost obliterated; instead, the characters are shown to us by their thoughts, speech, and above all, their reflection. Their deeds we see only as they reverberate in thought, and it is by the force and tragedy of what is taking place in the arena of the mind that we are stirred.

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"His conscience," said Disraeli,
"is often his accomplice . . . ."

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by WALTER PHELPS HALL
Professor of History, Princeton University

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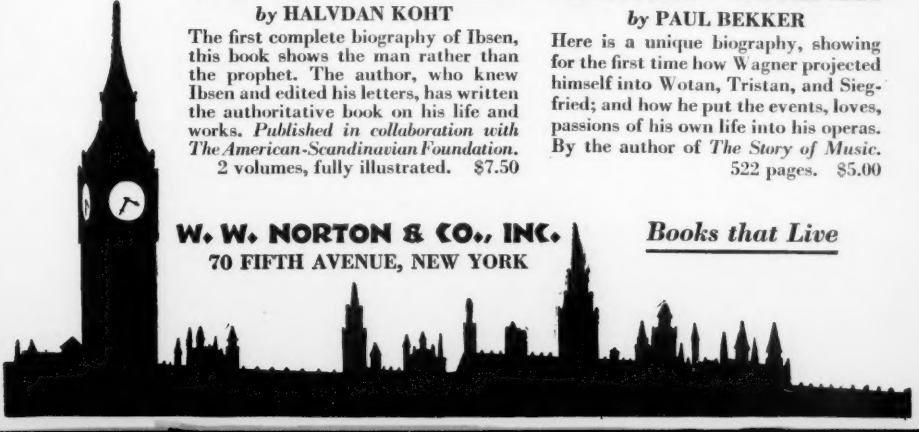
RICHARD WAGNER

by PAUL BEKKER

Here is a unique biography, showing for the first time how Wagner projected himself into Wotan, Tristan, and Siegfried; and how he put the events, loves, passions of his own life into his operas. By the author of *The Story of Music.* 522 pages. $5.00



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Books that Live

The BOOKSHELF

perfectly with the theme of *All Passion Spent*. Here is the story of an old lady of eighty-four. Wife of a distinguished man, once Viceroy of India, once Prime Minister, she spends the few months left her after his death in a seclusion which remains a mystery to her selfish, bickering children, but which for her is a time of mellow reverie. Keeping company with a few old eccentrics, she lives in a Hampstead cottage, and there, threading back through the years, she rejoins the self that she was before her marriage. This reverie — which for the story's sake is not free from surprising interruption — is a poetic thing; it has about it the fading glow and poignancy of an English summer's dusk. Wise, mellow, and without complexity, this story of Lady Slane reaches inward to touch the reader.

The Waves, by **Virginia Woolf** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), is a book of more intricate pattern. Her first novel in nearly three years' time, this marks an advance, but an advance which the reader must equip himself to follow. In reading Mrs. Woolf's novels (and I wish more Americans would do so) you must accommodate yourself to her disregard of those partitions — punctuation, the 'she thought's' and the 'he replied's' — which are commonly used to divide the text; you must allow for some occasional discomfort with the pronouns; you must be prepared for imagery which fatigues, violates the mind with its ever-changing color and import. I say 'you must' because I believe that there are few pages of contemporary fiction which so richly repay the conscientious reader as Mrs. Woolf's do.

In *The Waves* we follow the career of a group of six friends, three men and three women, who grow up together and whose lives continue to touch till death. We may label Susan as maternal, Jinny the sensualist, Neville the orderly scholar, Louis vain, self-tortured, and efficient, Bernard the observer, Rhoda the visionary. But here are no flat characters; these people so twist and turn, they do in Mrs. Woolf's brilliant development so reveal their separate and complex entities, that, as in real life, no simple tag will serve. We are given a rare insight of minds — of people — interesting in themselves, twice interesting in their reactions upon each other. Yet, I must add this qualification: the unfamiliar method, with its trace of artifice, does set up a barrier; I have a close regard for these people objectively, but they hardly touch my feelings. Thus at times the narrative fails to hold my interest.

The title, of course, is figurative. The Waves are the waves of time that beat upon us all. Each chapter of the book is prefaced by a highly wrought description marking the dawn, the early sunshine, the bright midday, or the sunset of life, and each suggesting the time and mood of the narrative which follows. Figures from these preludes — the birds, the waves, the flowers — are woven, Wagnerian-fashion, into the body of the text; motives appear and reappear with intensifying effect. In Mrs. Woolf's writing, poetry is finely balanced with firm prose of common sense.

For a change I turn to two young American novelists easier to read. In ***New England Holiday*** (W. W. Norton, $2.00) **Charles Allen Smart** brings together fourteen people, half, at least, strangers to each other, for a week-end house party. In separate chapters each gives his or her own account — somewhat self-consciously — of this holiday community, which is, incidentally, quite well behaved as such things go. No overshadowing mystery invades the group; there is merely the give-and-take of propinquity. The difficulty with the concept is that the reader, like so many of the guests, never really gets beyond a mere acquaintanceship. Meeting these people is not enough; we have got to follow them to be deeply interested — and that the scope of the narrative precludes. Deftly written, clear in so much of its perception, this book yet seems to me more of a promise than a thorough performance.

The Old Crowd, by **William Fitzgerald, Jr.** (Longmans, Green, $2.00), is a well-rounded job. Here, as in *The Waves*, the author is dealing with a small group of people intimately connected. There the likeness stops. Mr. Fitzgerald writes the language and about the associations of a New Hampshire village. Seven members of 'the old crowd' have their minds disturbed, the recollections quickened by an angry remark. There follows a story of hindsight in which these respected citizens, now in their maturity, go back individually to the early days in the '90s when the town was alive and they the most vibrant part of it. Their attentions centre upon a despicable hypocrite who has left his ugly mark upon each of them; he, 'the Colonel,' may be taken to stand for the degeneration throughout the countryside to-day. He supplies the key to the plot, but is otherwise a stock figure. The warmth, the honest, crude, compelling identities of Racey, Miss Bess, Uncle George, Claire Frey — these are what make the book a sound one and worth reading. These people really lived.

Edward Weeks

On the page following is the Atlantic's list of Readable Books published this autumn

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Albert Jay Nock ('A Word to Women') is a Professor in the Faculty of Literature at Columbia University. In collaboration with Catherine Rose Wilson he has recently published a handsome two-volume edition of *The Works of Francis Rabelais*. In January he will issue another volume containing the Page-Barbour Lectures which he delivered at the University of Virginia last spring. **Herbert H. Lehman** ('A Business Man Looks at Politics') has enjoyed phenomenal success in combining statesmanship with his business career. He is a partner in the banking house of Lehman Brothers, a director of several large companies, and is now completing his second term as Lieutenant Governor of New York, where he has been the right-hand man of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt. **Friedrich Ritter** ('Satan Walks in the Garden') is actually living the Robinson Crusoe life which he describes. Formerly a practising physician in Berlin, he is a Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Freiburg, and a veteran of the World War.

Caroline A. Henderson ('Bringing in the Sheaves — 1931') is both the daughter and the wife of wheat farmers. She lives in Oklahoma, and writes: 'We are now busy preparing ground for another year — whatever it may bring.' **Leonard Ormerod** ('Arms and the Mind') saw service in France with the Twelfth Field Artillery, Second Division, of the Regular Army. He is now Assistant to the Vice President of the Bell Telephone Company at Philadelphia. Δ As an officer in the British Army, **A. W. Smith** ('Between Gentlemen') had many exciting adventures in the Far East. Later he became general manager of a large lumber organization in Rangoon, and has since taken up residence in America. **Ernest Weekley** ('Walter Scott and the English Language') is head of the Modern Language Department at University College, Nottingham, England. He has published numerous philological studies. **Derrick N. Lehmer** ('The Harvest') is that rare combination, a poet and mathematician.

George W. Gray ('Measuring the Divine Spark') is a free-lance student of science who has made it his hobby to explain the mysteries of the laboratory to the lay public. **Edgar J. Goodspeed** ('The Uses of Adversity') is Professor of Theology at the University of Chicago. **Josephine Johnson** ('His Children') is a gifted and versatile young poet who, while still a college student, has had several of her verses published in the *Atlantic*. **Zechariah Chafee, Jr.** ('Remedies for the Third Degree'), is a member of the faculty of the Harvard Law School. **Eugenie Courtright** ('Two Insurgents') travels about from one Indian reservation to another accompanying her husband, who is in the Indian Service. **Bernard Darwin** ('The Perils of Golf') is an amateur golfer of international renown. He is a grandson of Charles Darwin, and for many years has been a correspondent of the *Times*. Δ Although everybody knows that **Norman Thomas** ('Puritan Fathers') was the Socialist candidate for the Presidency in 1928, many will now learn for the first time that he is the son and grandson of Presbyterian ministers and that he himself preached from Presbyterian pulpits for seven years. **Louise N. Trueblood** ('A Plague of Birds') lives at Dobbs Ferry, New York. **Sidney Hillman** ('Unemployment Reserves') is president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and established the Unemployment Insurance Fund in Rochester, Chicago, and New York, the workings of which he describes in this issue. **F. W. Taussig** ('What the Tariff Has Done to Us') is Professor of Economics at Harvard and was chairman of the United States Tariff Commission from 1917 to 1919.

* * *

In the Shakespearean triumph of Dr. Hotson, which we published in the October issue, the Guggenheim Foundation should have its essential share. That singularly enlightened corporation is doing work for American scholarship whose value may be literally limitless. Without the support of the Foundation, Dr. Hotson

could not have spent his years in the British archives, and his selection as a Guggenheim Fellow is a striking exemplification of the skill with which these selections are made. It's not so easy to pick the colt that is going to win the Futurity.

* * *

Apron strings and purse strings.

Some readers of Mr. Albert Jay Nock's article in this issue may be startled by the figures he cites to show that American women now control almost half of our national wealth. The editors of the *Atlantic*, curious to learn more about the matter, instituted an independent inquiry and obtained additional evidence which is conclusive enough to convince even the most incredulous that Mr. Nock's information is accurate.

Recently the statistical department of Lawrence Stern & Company, investment bankers of Chicago and New York, made a study, based on data from governmental and private sources, which led them to announce that '41 per cent of the individual wealth of the country is already controlled by women.' The *Atlantic* secured a copy of their report, and the following significant facts are quoted from it: —

Women are beneficiaries of 80 per cent of the $95,000,000,000 of life-insurance policies in force in the United States.

Women pay taxes on more than three and a quarter billions of individual income annually.

Women comprise the actual majority of stockholders in the largest corporations in America.

Women constitute from 35 to 40 per cent of investment-bond-house customers.

Women millionaires, as indicated by individual income-tax returns, are as plentiful as men.

Women are receiving 70 per cent of the estates left by men.

Women are also receiving 64 per cent of the estates left by other women.

Women to the number of more than 8,500,000 are gainfully employed.

If women should maintain their present rate of financial ascendancy, one statistician has calculated that all the wealth of the country would be in feminine hands by 2025. Of course, no one believes that such a financial matriarchy is coming, but this calculation strikingly illustrates the rapidity of the present trend.

Letters addressed to several of the largest American corporations produced further confirmation of these facts. The two which follow are typical instances.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company submits the analysis of its stockholdings made on June 20, 1931: —

	Number of Holders	
	Number	*Per cent of Total*
Men	231,947	38.5
Women	324,761	53.9
Trustees	14,836	2.5
Corporations, Private Firms, and Joint Accounts	29,956	5.0
Brokers	557	.1
Total	602,057	100.0

	Number of Shares	
	Number	*Per cent of Total*
Men	7,237,361	39.1
Women	6,698,173	36.2
Trustees	1,221,402	6.6
Corporations, Private Firms, and Joint Accounts	2,375,559	12.8
Brokers	986,718	5.3
Total	18,519,213	100.0

The Westinghouse Air Brake Company reports: —

'On March 31, 1931, the last date on which we compiled these statistics, we had 8211 women stockholders holding 1,078,517 shares, as against 7687 men stockholders with 1,332,286 shares. Our total number of stockholders on that date was 17,470, the difference being represented by stock standing in the name of banks, trust companies, etc.'

It will be noted that the women stockholders of both of these corporations actually outnumber the men, although the men are ahead of the women by a small margin in the number of shares held.

Chimney swifts.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am writing this letter at the request of my sister-in-law, Mrs. L. N. Trueblood, who recently sent you an account of an invasion of her house in Dobbs Ferry by chimney swifts. (See 'A Plague of Birds' in this issue.)

I witnessed the events she has described, and can corroborate her statements, which are not in any way exaggerated. I presume the birds were seeking a place to roost. The chimney swift regularly sleeps in flocks, clinging to perpendicular interior walls, such as are found in chimneys, open buildings, or large hollow trees.

Charles K. Trueblood
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

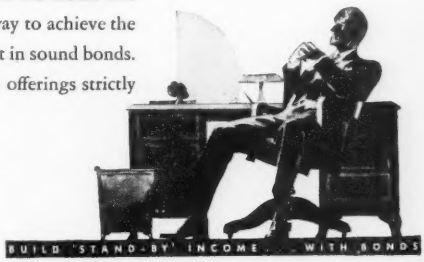
WHAT IS YOUR IDEA OF REAL LIVING

• LEISURE and means . . . to cruise the lazy Caribbean in winter months . . . to play the famed golf courses of the world . . . to lure the crafty musky in northern waters . . . spend a month or a season on the coast of the azure Mediterranean . . . to visit the venerable ruins of Ancient Rome or the crumbling temples of the Orient . . . to collect books or prints perhaps . . . to do as you please and to go where you like? You may have other, and better, ideas of real living.

• Right now you are probably so busy earning money that you haven't time to spend it the way you would really like. But during the years of highest earnings, between 35 and 50 for most men, you can build for yourself an independent income that will later *"stand-by"* and give you the means and leisure to realize your ideas of real living. One dependable way to achieve the goal of financial independence is through regular investment in sound bonds.

• Since its inception, Halsey, Stuart & Co. has confined its offerings strictly to conservative bonds, notes and debentures. This long-established investment house aims to serve those who recognize that well-secured income is the basic aim of sound investment.

• Our booklet, *Looking Ahead Financially,* has already helped thousands achieve financial independence and with it the real joy of living that comes from well-earned leisure and freedom from money worries. This booklet contains a proved and workable plan, practical suggestions, and understandable charts to show you what progress you should make to attain your objective. A copy will gladly be sent without obligation. Write for booklet KG-YI.



THE PROGRAM THAT DOES MORE THAN ENTERTAIN

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BONDS TO FIT THE INVESTOR

The fallacies of economic isolation.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Flanders's article, 'The Tariff and Social Control,' in your September issue, is a welcome indication that serious thinking is now being done about American commercial policy by laymen.

The writer recommends for the United States a policy of isolation. We must, he says, 'avoid unnecessary and fruitless entanglements with world economy,' and 'concentrate on the well-being of our own citizens as the prime requisite of a healthy and profitable state of our industry as a whole.' The instrument of this policy is to be 'a moderate and judicious use of the tariff.' The Tariff Commission is to draw up a bill 'to regulate the whole desired flow of business on a self-contained basis, proper account being taken of the volume of needed imports . . . and those of our exports which would be welcomed by other nations.'

It would make interesting reading if Mr. Flanders would tell us in some future article more exactly what imports America *needs*. Doubtless he would include articles now on the free list, such as rubber, bananas, and coffee. But on what basis would he or the Tariff Commission decide how much, if any, Czechoslovakian porcelain, Belgian cement, or Russian manganese is *needed* by American consumers? And by what method would the Commission discover what exports would be *welcomed* by foreign countries. Does Germany welcome American lard? What is the French or the Italian attitude toward imports of American automobiles? Has it occurred to Mr. Flanders that foreign producers of competing articles may well differ from foreign consumers in the cordiality of the 'welcome' extended to American goods?

And how about the poor Tariff Commission? Its present problems would be as simple arithmetic when compared to those your contributor so light-heartedly thrusts upon that long-suffering body. Can anyone imagine a bipartisan board ever reaching agreement, except by the familiar method of logrolling which Mr. Flanders justly abhors, in the interpretation of his formula?

Like other writers of protectionist leanings, Mr. Flanders seems not to be able to visualize the present position of the United States in international affairs and consequently he fails to appreciate the necessity, nay, the inevitability, of a change in our commercial policy to bring it into harmony with our new situation. In urging that we Americans should 'isolate our problem as much as possible from world-wide disturbances' he seems to be thinking in terms of his own profession, that of the mechanical engineer. It is one of the advantages which engineers enjoy to a larger extent than economists that they *can* isolate their problems. When, for example, in a cotton mill, because of disturbing atmospheric conditions yarn does n't spin properly, the textile engineer by closing the factory windows shuts out the disturbing conditions, and in the isolation of an artificially pure and damp atmosphere successfully accomplishes his task. But because economists deal primarily with people, their problems admit of no such mechanical treatment. We can, indeed, close our ports to foreign goods as the textile engineer closes his windows, but only at the cost of cutting the thousands of lines of international interest and coöperation which are so vitally connected with the import and export of commodities.

Whether we like it or not, America is involved in world affairs, and the logic of events is that we shall witness an ever-increasing interlocking of American economic interests with those of foreign nations. Our extraordinarily rapid transition from a debtor to a creditor country foreshadows in the not-distant future a readjustment in our balance of trade with a considerable increase in imports. The change may be gradual, or it may be so sudden as to precipitate a major business crisis.

How shall we prepare for the new situation? Shall we try to sweep back with our futile tariff brooms the waves of foreign goods, or shall we, recognizing the turn of the tide, lead the imports by selective, gradual downward revision of tariff duties into channels least disturbing to American industries and most beneficial to American consumers?

PERCY W. BIDWELL.
The University of Buffalo
Buffalo, New York

Money goes to work.

Dear Atlantic, —

Allow me to compliment you on the timeliness of the article entitled 'Money Must Work,' by Jonathan C. Royle, in your September issue. I believe it was within a week after I had read the article that the Treasury Department of the Federal Government decided to give some eight hundred million dollars a chance to go to work. Perhaps this action may go a long way in the concerted effort to end the depression.

WENDELL C. THORPE
Washington, D. C.

A plea for the victims.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the September *Atlantic* Mr. Ernest Jerome Hopkins, in his article, 'The Lawless Arm of the Law,' writes convincingly about the poor, misguided underworld character, and his reception at the hands of our police. It is the fashion to-day to criticize courts and detectives because they are severe towards criminals. Sympathy for the victims is well-nigh absent. Most malefactors are not stupid, and one may visualize with what

ON FINDING A BARGAIN WITH YOUR NOSE

Look at the laundry soap you buy. Feel its weight and texture. But also be sure to smell it! Let your nose guide you in making your choice, for it can lead you to a real bargain in washing value.

Next time you go to your grocer's, look for Fels-Naptha. Unwrap a bar and smell it. You'll smell the clean, fresh odor of *plenty* of naptha—the odor that means Fels-Naptha is more than "just soap". For Fels-Naptha, you see, is soap and naptha combined—two safe, active cleaners instead of one. A bargain in washday help!

Prove this. Have your laundress try Fels-Naptha for a few washdays. She'll appreciate the ease with which Fels-Naptha washes clothes—the fact that no hard rubbing is required. Fels-Naptha is gentle to clothes—and to hands, too!

And, we're sure, you will be delighted with the appearance of your clothes when Fels-Naptha washes them. You'll find them so white, so sweet-smelling. So clean! For when Fels-Naptha's two cleaners get busy, they wash away *all* the dirt—even ground-in greasy grime. And they bring back the gleam of newness to porcelain, tile, dishes, or glassware.

There's really no need to wait until you see Fels-Naptha in a store—get a 10-bar carton today from your grocer. When you see the *extra* help it gives in washing clothes and in general household cleaning, you'll be grateful, this once, for having been "led by the nose".

Have you a Chipper? Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with only four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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O.A. 11-31

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Please print name and address completely

grim satisfaction Mr. Gunman reads of his particular case — inferiority complex, improper habitat, abnormal lust of gain, etc.

Thus, when Mr. Victim has been robbed, shot, or abducted, he may console himself. The poor criminal must not be forced to disclose his accomplices or disposition of the plunder. On the contrary, gentleness should prevail because of that inferiority complex. Mr. Victim may not purchase a revolver, save through a long process of official procedure, yet the favored gangsters obtain shotguns, revolvers, and even machine guns with ease.

How should police examine gunmen? Should they be very apologetic — something like this: 'Pardon, but will you please inform us just how and why you relieved Mr. T. of his money?' Too much force? No, not enough. The remedy? Simple. A return to the successful vigilance committees of the old West. Racketeers and gunmen do not fear our courts. Smooth, persuasive lawyers and frequent appeals render justice ineffective.

Abolish the third degree and you render evidence very difficult to obtain. Do criminals follow the golden rule? Our crime record, compared with that of Germany, France, or England, is disgraceful. There, 'Thou shalt not' is obeyed.

They do things better down South. I used to deplore the chain gang prevalent in Dixie. After four winters in the land of cotton I have changed my opinion. In our Southland they compel the criminal to suffer for his evil. With us the victims bear the burden. Not until our people rise against the entire underworld class will these increasing outrages cease.

CALEB CABOT
Andover, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Cabot,

Your sympathy for the victims of gunmen is admirable, but you seem to have missed the essential point of Mr. Hopkins's article. You say, rightly enough, that racketeers do not fear our courts. Mr. Hopkins demonstrates that one reason for this is the prevalence of the third degree. Our police put so much faith in their ability to extort confessions from suspects that they neglect to develop scientific methods of crime detection by which they might secure more convincing evidence. A forced confession, if the fact of force can be established, will not be admitted in court, and many criminal cases are lost for lack of real proof. In England, on the other hand, where the third degree is forbidden, the police have perfected independent methods of detection, and it is no accident that the English record of convictions puts ours to shame. For a more detailed consideration of these matters, see 'Remedies for the Third Degree,' by Zechariah Chafee, Jr., in this issue.

THE EDITORS

Farewell, foolish twenties!

Dear Atlantic, —

An interesting article in the June *Atlantic*, entitled 'Halfway' and written by a man, has started me thinking on the same subject from the woman's point of view. Arriving at thirty next week, I rather regret leaving the foolish twenties, and I am trying to face the responsibilities of 'middle youth.'

Many women lie about their age, remaining 'twenty-nine' as long as they think it plausible. This appears to me foolish. I shall admit my age and take the consequences.

Being 'halfway,' there will be no time for going to endless dinners just for the sake of going somewhere. This winter I shall seek my acquaintances more among men and women who are doing things, and discard the smart set when they bore me.

Eighteen holes of golf, plus several sets of ping-pong, tire me, and in future I shall say so, despite the challenge of: 'Come on! Be a good sport! *You* are not going to back out!' Eight hours of sleep make me a much pleasanter mother and mistress of the house. I shall endeavor to get that much, frankly stating the reason instead of giving my husband's early business hours as an excuse.

It is time for me to read up on children's education. The latest novel will have to wait. Also, the British crisis interests me. I shall find others who want to discuss it, even if a few cocktail parties must go by the board.

I am sorry to leave the twenties, but the thirties promise compensations of their own.

FLORENCE H. DUNLOP
Chevy Chase, Maryland

Sight versus hearing.

Dear Atlantic, —

I was much interested in the contributions of Mr. Calkins and Mr. Lathrop to your July number, and in the letters they called forth in the Contributors' Column in September.

My wife, who has lost her hearing, is quite sure that she prefers her deafness to loss of sight. But I have the statement of a friend which seems to bear out the opinion of Mr. Race. When, in discussing my wife's handicap, the usual remark was made that deafness was not nearly so bad as blindness, this friend replied that he was not so sure of that. He then told the experience of a close friend of his who lost his sight, but later had it restored by an operation. Still later he became entirely deaf. His testimony was that he had tried both and that he much preferred his blindness to the loss of hearing. When sightless, he said, he could still converse with his friends and keep in touch with his fellows to a degree that was impossible in his deafness. The late Mr. H. W. Collingwood also seems to stress this

The **MOST EXPENSIVE** *Sables in the world* (Courtesy of Gunther, New York)

This coat costs the most because it has a selection of skins such as even the most exclusive furriers are seldom able to assemble.

★

But it could never be for everybody

★

It takes something above mass thinking to appreciate certain exceptional things. Pebeco Tooth Paste, for example.

Pebeco has no mass appeal. It is not sweet, it has not what might be called a "popular" taste. It is not just another tooth paste. It has character, distinction... its bite is its signature.

You have to *think* to get yourself to try Pebeco. You have to think, perhaps, to get yourself to like it. Because it *does* taste different—it *must* taste that way to do the good it was created to do.

Wherever people use a dentifrice for *the good it will do their teeth—there* you will find Pebeco.

If you belong among these thinking people, next time your tooth paste needs replenishing, try PEBECO

A product of Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

***Pebeco is the* MOST EXPENSIVE *tooth paste in the world to make*—** but it costs you no more. Of every tube of Pebeco, 40% is an expensive ingredient found in no other tooth paste.

The Toothpaste for Thinking People

greater 'aloneness' of the deaf, and the lack of sympathetic understanding of their plight, in his book, *Adventures in Silence*.

I am wondering, however, if in this discussion of the question of preference the determining factor would not in each case be found in the individual bent or personal idiosyncrasy of the afflicted.

FRANK T. CLAMPITT
New Providence, Iowa

P. S. My wife suggests that she would like the opinions of some of the *women* who are blind or deaf!

Our baby picture from an old album.

Dear Atlantic, —

You and your readers may be interested, as I was the other day, in an excerpt which I found in *Peterson's Magazine* of the date February 1858: —

'*Atlantic Monthly*. — This is a new candidate for popular favor, in the shape of a monthly Magazine; and is published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., at three dollars per annum. It resembles what *Putnam's Magazine* was in the palmy days of the latter; but is even more ably conducted, the articles generally having more muscle in them. Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Prescott, and Parke Godwin appear to be the principal contributors; and if they continue to give their best things to it, it cannot but succeed. Like *Blackwood*, *The Dublin Universily*, and other British monthlies, it is a magazine not only of literature, but avowedly also of politics. It will doubtless, however, find, in so vast a country as this, a circle of readers who cherish its social and political opinions, and who will be proud to have so potent a champion of them.'

BERTHA LOUISE SOULE
Brooklyn, New York

Bill Adams's flicker.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the Contributors' Column of the August number Bill Adams refers to a red-shafted flicker, locally known as a yellow-hammer, which frequently drummed upon the metal chimney of a neighbor's house. Mr. Adams evidently regards the drumming on metal as a futile act, and asks for an explanation. On page 161, volume 2, of *Birds of New York*, published by the New York Museum, is the following: 'Flickers, like other woodpeckers, are good drummers, especially in springtime. The flicker will select a dry limb, or a conductor-pipe, or old stovepipe, and mounting thereon many times a day, batters away with his quick rolling tattoo.' It would therefore appear that the habit of drumming on metal is common to flickers.

No reason for this action is given on the part of flickers, but in the same volume it is explained that the drumming of a cock partridge 'is a signal to the hen that her lord is at the accustomed rendezvous.' This explanation may account for the habit of the flicker as well as the partridge.

A. MOSSMAN
Coaticook, Quebec

Another explanation.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am not acquainted with the red-shafted flicker, but I know that some woodpeckers drum on trees as a challenge to other woodpeckers, this being analogous to the songs of most birds. To explain the song of birds as a challenge to rivals seems to fit the facts better than to say that the song is a hymn of thanksgiving arising from a source of well-being. I could quote many instances to support this view. Many birds have a strong sense of their rights over a piece of territory. The English robin (no relation to the American, which is a thrush) appropriates a patch of orchard or garden and defends it against all comers. His song seems to mean: 'Keep out — this means you! This is my feeding ground and I need it all to support my wife and family.' If an intruder appears, the song increases in intensity; he dashes at the stranger and drives him off, often uttering snatches of song during the flight.

Mr. Adams's flicker was, I think, warning intruders off its stamping ground, possibly pleased that it had found such a resonant drumming post.

J. d'A. NORTHWOOD
Honolulu, Hawaii

The prize contest for new book ideas.

In the June issue of the *Atlantic* the editors announced a prize contest for the best suggestions of new books which readers would like to see written. Contestants were required to draw up a list of six titles and authors, with brief descriptive paragraphs about each. Cash prizes of $25, $15, and $10 were offered for the three best lists, the Editor of the *Atlantic* to be the sole judge of the contest.

Several hundred papers were received, and every entry was carefully read and considered. It was curious to note that certain subjects and authors reappeared upon list after list, thus indicating definite overtones of interest in the minds of a large group of readers. The subjects most often suggested were international finance, popular science, and social problems. There were repeated calls for books by Stuart Chase, Andrew Mellon, Sir James Jeans, Robert A. Millikan, and, of course, George Bernard Shaw. Among the writers of fiction, Willa Cather and Sinclair Lewis were easily the favorites, while the only poet in consistent demand was Edna St. Vincent Millay.

GF

WELL WORTH STUDYING!

A 30-YEAR RECORD OF DIVIDENDS IN THE FOOD INDUSTRY

EVERY DAY the people of the United States and Canada eat approximately 400,000,000 meals. Supplying the needs of these millions of people gives to the food manufacturing industry a high degree of stability. This basic soundness is illustrated by the business record of General Foods. For 30 years — since 1901 — General Foods, and its predecessor, the Postum Company, the nucleus around which General Foods was built, have paid dividends regularly. This record, matched by few companies in any industry, emphasizes the stability of consistently advertised foods. The public's increasing interest in the food industry is reflected in the growth of this organization's stockholders from 1,783 in 1927 to 46,000 at the present time.

This interesting story is told in human, readable fashion in a new booklet called "400 Million Meals a Day". It is a booklet containing information already known to many bankers and business men and deserving close study by the general public. A copy will be sent free upon request to any interested person.

GENERAL FOODS

DEPARTMENT 7A 250 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Maxwell House Coffee, Log Cabin Syrup, Jell-O, Certo, Post's Bran Flakes, Minute Tapioca, Postum, Hellmann's Mayonnaise Products, Walter Baker's Chocolate and Cocoa, Franklin Baker's Coconut, Calumet Baking Powder, Grape-Nuts, Sanka Coffee, Swans Down Cake Flour, Post Toasties, La France, Satina, Diamond Crystal Salt, Whole Bran.

The commonest defect of the suggestions offered — and one which few contestants altogether escaped — was their disregard of practical limitations. Only in that Happy Hunting Ground to which publishers go when they die would it be possible to persuade many of the authors named to write upon the subjects prescribed for them. One gentleman, for example, predicted a sale of a million copies of the following book if we were enterprising enough to get it into print before the next Presidential election: —

What I Think of Calvin Coolidge, by Herbert Hoover. The President tells all about his famous hair shirt and the silent, canny little Yankee from Vermont who made it to measure for him.

Before announcing the prize winners in the contest, the editors wish to give honorable mention to Mr. William Graham Kennedy of Fort Myers, Florida, for his ingenious suggestions which, he said, did not call for the prescribed paragraphs of explanation. Here is his list: —

The Consolations of the Christian Faith, by Clarence Darrow.

The Secret of the Success of the Hoover Policies, by Honorable Alfred E. Smith.

The Golden Age of Greece: A Critical Study, by Henry Ford.

Modesty as an Asset of Personality, by Margot Asquith.

Why We Should Join the League of Nations, by Senator William E. Borah.

Break! Break!! Brake!!! by the President of the American Bankers' Association.

FIRST PRIZE. Awarded to Mrs. Tom B. Bartlett, Marlin, Texas. Her list is varied, the ideas interesting, the several authors well qualified to write upon the subjects indicated. Moreover, it is conceivable that her six books might actually be written.

Domestic Architecture, by Royal Cortissoz. A history of domestic architecture, explaining the geographical and artistic influences and the historical periods of this most fundamental art.

The Black Year, by Andrew Mellon. The causes and influences that brought about 1929–1930, by the one man who really knows.

Talleyrand, by André Maurois. A biography and an appreciation of a great statesman.

Now They Can Be Told On, by Lytton Strachey. Biographical and historical estimates of the English statesmen of the World War.

World Trade, by Stuart Chase. An ABC of the world market, explaining the interdependence of nations and the effect of tariff walls.

Psyche, by Willa Cather. A novel showing the religious orientation of a thoughtful but passionate woman.

SECOND PRIZE. Awarded to Elizabeth B. Cowley, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The titles are rather heavy, but the ideas are sound and would make much better books than their captions would seem to promise.

Scientific Research and Everyday Living, by Robert A. Millikan. A great scientist explains that scientific research contributes to our everyday living not only the knowledge that makes material conveniences possible, but also a point of view and habits of thinking and acting — the habit of looking for the facts in a case and using them, the habit of facing every situation squarely and of solving every problem by using the means at hand.

Motivating and Vitalizing Education, by Arthur E. Morgan. The President of Antioch College tells of the notable progress he has made in overcoming the greatest sins of American education — its lack of serious purpose, its inefficiency, and its excessive cost.

Health as a National Asset, by Drs. Charles and William Mayo. Men who are universally recognized as authorities explain to the layman the function of modern medicine and surgery in conserving the health of the nation.

American Diplomacy, by Dwight W. Morrow. An evaluation of America's participation in world problems since the World War.

The Poet's Transmutation of the Commonplace, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. A book of essays explaining how the poet discovers law, order, symmetry, variety, harmony, and beauty in people and things that are ordinarily regarded as dull and drab.

Labor Conditions in the Mines of the United States To-day, by Philip Murray. The Vice President of the United Mine Workers of America gives a fair and impartial statement of mining conditions, with special reference to the soft-coal industry of Western Pennsylvania, where there has been so much trouble.

THIRD PRIZE. Awarded to Harold Johnson, Trevose, Pennsylvania. His first three suggestions are brilliant; the others only fair.

Farmington, U. S. A., by H. M. and R. S. Lynd. A minute report of life in a typical farming community; a survey of wages, profits, working hours, and conditions of farmers, their employees, families, and the community dependent upon them; and a comparison with the pre-Ford era.

Truth in Wartime, by Walter Millis. A study of the means used to promote the martial spirit among the soldiers and civilians in six of the great wars of modern times.

Memoirs of a Banker, by Frank A. Vanderlip. The 'now it can be told' story of twentieth-century finance, with observations upon the present situation.

Russian Footnotes, by Harry A. Franck. A close-up of Russia by a veteran observer.

Economics, Modern Style, by L. G. Chiozza Money. Up-to-the-minute views on the theory and practice of economics in a changing world.

The Mid-West Times, by Sherwood Anderson. A novel of the rise and fall of the individual in journalism.

THE EDITORS

How Your Business Would Be Served by This Bank

YOUR organization, as one of our banking clients, would receive the advantages of experienced *individual* service and the complete *institutional* facilities of one of the country's largest banks.

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The FINANCIAL COUNSELOR

OUR MAN-MADE DEPRESSION

by A. LUDLOW KRAMER

THE late President Eliot of Harvard said that the great danger of America was that it would act as a herd. I suppose this is the danger of most countries — certainly of most democracies.

We are a very emotional people; consequently our judgment is frequently bad. We have not achieved equilibrium, poise. Good judgment can be defined as a balance between courage and prudence. Success tends to make us overconfident, and we became very overconfident in 1928 and 1929. The lesson of 1921 remained with us for six years, but success finally made us forget, and prudence was thrown to the winds. The inevitable reaction from this is the lack of courage — the fear that is with us now.

In high and low places there was the obsession of our American greatness. We had 'changed the tides,' and 'only a war with England or a total crop failure could ever cause a depression again.' We had discovered a new political economy. All we had to do was to consume goods, which would in turn increase production, which would make work and create additional power of consumption.

It was thought to be a happy circle. 'Every man in America had ten slaves working for him in the form of machinery,' and it was even suggested that he should not work as many days, so that he should have more time to spend. Our emotions, our enthusiasm, ran away with our intelligence. Our courage ran into conceit. Our judgment became bad, nationally and internationally.

The cause of the depression, then, is wholly psychological, in the sense that our previous debauch was psychological. The list of the mistakes we made while we were 'too enthusiastic' is a long one. As individuals we bought beyond that which we could reasonably expect to receive in income over a long period. We had a right to expect that we could gradually improve our scale of living, but we had no right to regard it as reasonable that we should jump from mere shelter and food to all the real luxuries of life in a few years. Instead of being advised to lay up something for a rainy day, we were taught that it was sound economy to buy things this year and hope to pay for them next year.

As corporations we were overbuilt, overborrowed, and overloaned. Our Federal Government, and particularly our state and municipal governments, were reckless in their expenditures. In short, our industries, mines, and farms became keyed to a consuming power, a scale of living, that could not last. Other countries tried to follow us. As a consequence commodity prices, including silver, representing the purchasing power in money of a large part of the world's population, fell drastically, making profits difficult or impossible because of continuous inventory losses.

We are not the victims of invisible undercurrents and unseen economic forces. We are not suffering from the results of a natural law which we cannot understand. Prices fell simply because we produced more than we were in a position to consume. Our consumption was curtailed because our income became smaller; and our income was decreased because we lost and wasted our capital, and absorbed it in enterprises that were not profitable, largely because of reduplication. This has been the primary cause of all of our major depressions.

In our recent boom years, capital was scarce, yet reckless expenditure continued. Now capital is plentiful, but it is being hoarded because we are afraid.

Largely as a result of this economic lack of equilibrium everywhere throughout the world, there have been many political revolutions, which have increased the reaction from our overconfidence, until now fear has taken the place of audacity. Largely through this fear, gold has become concentrated in the strongest countries, and this has increased the world's difficulties.

MAN has so far not made an intelligent use of the machine. It has been used to produce more than we could consume — both in agriculture and in industry. Germany followed our example, and we lent her money and encouraged her to do so. In addition to the above, and aside from it, our railroads were faced with a revolution in transportation. Twenty-four million motor cars and other facilities are making previous heavy investments of less value. Prohibition has

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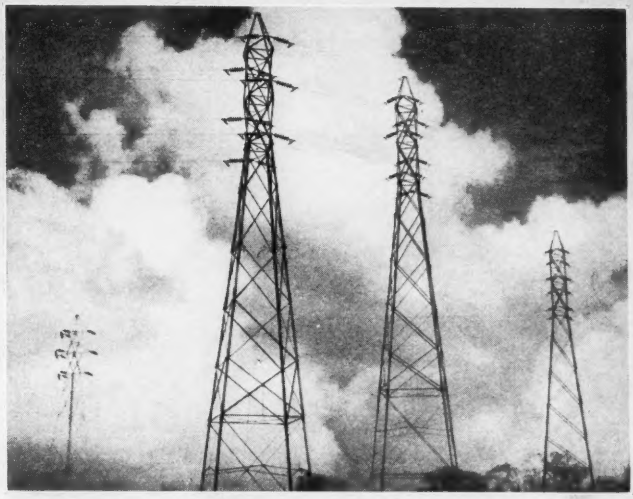


The NATIONAL GROUP

NATIONAL ELECTRIC POWER COMPANY
NATIONAL PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATION
PART OF THE MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES SYSTEM

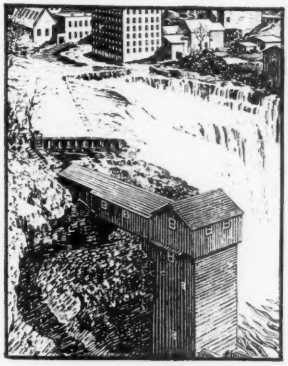
at Dawn with the Electric Industry

IN 1880, two years before Edison started his famous Pearl Street Station in New York, the Rochester Electric Light Company was supplying arc light service in Rochester, New York. This company, which has since become part of the Associated System, had to string wires between buildings as poles had not yet come into use.

Other Associated properties that started at dawn with the electric industry include those serving:

Reading, Pa. . . 1883 Johnstown, Pa. . 1885
New Bedford, Mass. 1883 Cambridge, Mass. 1886
Binghamton, N. Y. 1884 Hornell, N. Y. . 1886

Associated electric companies, seasoned in service, are participating in the rapid growth of the industry, an expansion that promises to double electric output in the next decade.



1882 — Electric Plant at Genesee River, Rochester, New York

To invest, or for information, write

Associated Gas and Electric System

61 Broadway New York

brought riches to an undesirable element in the community, and has hurt our moral fibre.

If we can see clearly where our thinking went astray when it was controlled by our emotions, we may be able to avoid mistakes that will make our recovery more difficult. In the first place, let us put the blame where it belongs — on ourselves. The depression was not caused by an 'act of God.' It was not caused by droughts, floods, or earthquakes.

Let us get back to first principles and admit that the way to increase wealth is by saving. By saving I do not mean hoarding. I mean that we must balance our budget, and have something left over to be used as capital — for the production of additional wealth. We must do this as individuals and we must do it as corporations.

We have largely failed to do it. Much of our wealth was wasted — it was used in unproductive ways, and a great part of it was put in enterprises that could not have been expected to be remunerative for a long time, if at all, if we had used our intelligence, instead of being carried away by our feelings and desires. We have not been alert as to changes in our needs and wants.

In short, we have gotten ourselves into a mess. We have, however, achieved humility, although it had to come through humiliation. Perhaps that is the only way to get it. Just as our confidence was overdone, so our humility is being overdone — it is running into fear.

Our immediate tasks are to work and save and to get back our courage. In this, all classes can be mutually helpful. They should be, as all classes are more or less to blame. The laborer overspent, and the heads of financial and industrial corporations encouraged him to do so. Our leaders, with very few exceptions, led in the wrong direction. Our legislators shared in the general extravagance. They have no right to blame anyone. Of all classes, the wage earner deserves the most sympathy, since he had perhaps the right to expect more able advice than that which he received.

The most discouraging part of our situation is that, until very recently, many of the attempts to help ourselves out of the mess we have gotten ourselves into have been as emotional and unintelligent as our previous conduct which brought about the condition. With human nature as it is known to be, it was unreasonable to suppose that the acreage of wheat and cotton would be cut down with the government standing by ready to purchase at a fair price. The advice that food and material for clothes should be destroyed in order to raise prices, at a time when there are millions of people needing both, is probably the most serious indictment against the ability of capitalism that has been made.

Is there not an opportunity for a greater programme of road building — a use of capital which is always productive, when intelligently directed? Is it not better for men to be building roads than for them to stand around idle, humiliated by receiving bread and soup? The advisability of the five-hour day and shorter working hours depends upon how the idle time will be employed. If the advice of the 'new school' of political economy is followed, and the idle time is employed in useless spending, it would be a bad thing in the long run. If the time is used in a way that is conducive to health, or in education, or in constructive work, it would be a good thing.

Under critical conditions, Germany and England have developed leadership — seemingly a leadership that points to being successful, if it is not too late, *because it is working for the good of the country as a whole.* We do not want anything approaching dictatorship in any form in this country. It is therefore up to our legislators and our Barons of Industry to be humble and to recognize their mistakes, to help those who are less fortunate than themselves, and to do this in a constructive way. We must realize that one of our mistakes was in believing that our American scale of living, of which we are so proud, could ascend as rapidly as it had and hold on that level. We must straighten out our ideas of political economy or we shall take the wrong direction.

There are great opportunities for all of us to be leaders in our own sphere, and no one in a position to help us out of our man-made depression should be merely a looker-on. It is not becoming for those who cheered the loudest in 1929 to hide in a storm cellar.

If we will forget the other fellow's mistakes, and unite in a spirit of service and coöperation, we shall pull out of this slough of despond, poorer, but wiser and happier men. We shall have laid the foundation of a period of prosperity more sound and more widespread than any our present civilization has known — a prosperity that will be shared by all nations, small as well as large corporations, and all people, rich and poor.